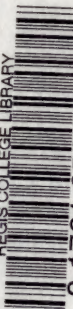


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PHILOSTRATUS
IN HONOUR OF
APOLLONIUS OF TYANA

TRANSLATED

By J. S. PHILLIMORE

PROFESSOR OF LATIN IN THE UNIVERSITY OF GLASGOW

IN TWO VOLUMES
VOL. I

COLL. CHRISTI REGIS
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PREFACE

‘WHAT labour took Philostratus to make a book full of lies whereby he would have had Apollonius Tyaneus in miracles match unto Christ? And when he had all done, he never found one old wife so fond to believe him.’

So wrote Thomas More in his *Dialogue*, Bk. II (Works, p. 201 B).

Old wives are easier to find now; and particularly during the last century, this caste has risen to take an honoured place in our intellectual scheme. The rapid modern revival of the credulous, and decline of the rational, habit of mind brings in a renewal of interest in Apollonius of Tyana. Brunetière had the pleasure of remarking that the nineteenth century, which at its opening affected to regard Religion as *vieux jeu*, went on to spend an unprecedented deal of ink and thought and passion on religious debates. And now the difficulty is how to keep any question away from this obsession. Apollonius interests our time just because we are repeating the experiences of the third and fourth centuries: the ignoble welter of modern variations recognizes its own forecast image in those times. All the principal heresies of the early period are now thriving again: nothing of them is unpopular but the names. We have our Gnostics, our Montanists, &c. And above all we have a modern Syncretism which corresponds to those courtly polygamies of the Soul, with which the Graeco-Levantine influences under the Severian dynasty attempted to debauch Europe. The study of the first centuries of the Decline is alive with

actuality for us : we read Lucian's *Alexander* and feel ourselves in the United States. Apollonius would be a nine days' wonder in modern Paris ; in London or Boston he would almost certainly succeed in starting a very fashionable religious movement.

The vital questions in the Christian controversy are now what they were to Celsus. Of Pascal's arguments, that of the Wager has perhaps gained weight by process of time in history ; but, for the rest, the credibility of the Church, i.e. in the last resort, of the Apostles, remains the crucial point of faith. But the issue is seldom tried squarely. As the Pantheistic attack, ever since the Romantic Revolt began, has shaped itself to challenge Christianity before the Courts of the imagination, not by logical debate but by a competition of glammers ; so Philostratus, instead of calling and cross-examining witnesses, conducts the case wholly by an imaginative appeal to the Graeco-Roman Jury on their sentiment of the antique prestige. An analogous modern book also would infallibly be a novel. So near to us is that distant age.

The Introductory Essays will show more particularly how the student of religions, of literature, or of history may find his account in *Apollonius*. Not least, the explorer of Christian origins will find that this is a seam which has not yet been worked out for his purposes.

But though the subject has such seasonable fitness to recommend it, there is nothing on it in English at all adequate. Greekless critics who discourse about Apollonius use Berwick, whose translation is a hundred years old, and (though readable enough as English), as a translation, quite untrustworthy. Philo-

stratus is not an easy style; and, even with the help of Olearius' great edition, Berwick was no match for the subtleties of the Greek: he often sketches vaguely and often positively misrepresents.

All the real work has been done in France and Germany. Naturally the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge have not done much for the study of a writer who is outside the sacred period; if undergraduates were to read Philostratus, they might write Greek like this most brilliant of the Atticists, instead of writing Greek like their tutors or their tutors' tutors. Even such a scholar as Sir S. Dill is content with a perfunctory and uncritical account of the book: uncritical, in that he does not estimate how far Philostratus' work is *tendancieux*. In a recently published bit of popular Arianism, Mr. Glover surveys the first three centuries without saying a word about Apollonius; Mr. J. M. Robertson in his *Pagan Christs*—if one may scan so closely the intellectual pastimes of a busy politician—makes a praiseworthy endeavour to acclimatize the last word of German or Franco-Jewish rationalism, which (so pathetically often) only crosses the Channel when it is already last-word-but-one. He repeats his lesson about Apollonius. Mr. Whittaker's essay likewise adds nothing to our knowledge, though interesting as a remainder of the nineteenth-century mentality. The sense of fact is missing; and an *idée fixe* is a poor substitute for an acquaintance with the literature.

The main questions at issue about Apollonius are questions of historical criticism; and any writing on the subject by those who are not qualified to read and weigh the original documents is mere journalism. Any

account which may be based on Berwick's version is founded on the sand; any book which takes Philostratus' work at its face value and makes no inquiry about the author, his sources, his motives, and his times, is negligible for the discovery of the truth.

There is one modern work on which I may be permitted to speak rather more at large. Scholars who are not acquainted with Mr. Tredwell's *Apollonius of Tyana* miss a great deal of entertainment. And, perhaps because another member of Mr. Tredwell's family appears as the publisher, the book has modestly eluded just those readers who would be able to appreciate its quality.

This author seems to have set out to write his treatise armed only with his ample ignorance of both Greek and Latin and the abundant faith of a sciolist in the asserted results of processes which he is unable to control.

Here are a few specimens of Mr. Tredwell: '*It occurred in the same year that the chief minister of Augustus, the companion of and adviser of Octavius—Maecenas—died; and was the same year that Archelaus, son of Herod the Great, was recognized by Caesar Augustus as King of Judea.*'

Considering Mr. Tredwell's other performances, it appears most likely that he took Augustus, Octavius, and Caesar Augustus for three different persons.

To read with accuracy would be an unreasonable demand to make of one who writes as Mr. Tredwell writes; so we need not wonder if in his pages Thespion appears as 'Thespasian'—doubtless a cognate of Vespasian; Sidonius Apollinaris as 'Apollonius Sidonius', &c.

On page 46 we are informed that Apollonius was the author of 'many epistles, some of which have been preserved by Philostratus and others by *Cajucius*'. A new author, *Cajucius*! Let us hasten to welcome him.

But the next is even richer:

'When Apollonius was in his eighteenth year Titus Livius (*Livy*), whose philosophy (lost) and style of rhetoric he had made his model, died at Padua. He felt severely the loss of his preceptor, and from his frequent mention of this great man proves that he cherished his memory to the end of his life.'

On p. 47 we learn that 'Stoicism was introduced to M. Aurelius through the writings of Apollonius of Tyana'.

One would think that a man who knew nothing else about the Tyanean, might know that he was a Neo-Pythagorean! And Mr. Tredwell even quotes Eutropius to the effect that the Apollonius who taught Marcus was *not* the Tyanean; Dio Cassius might have taught him that it was Apollonius of Nicomedia (*Epit.* lxxi. 35); but what has Mr. Tredwell to do with Dio Cassius? He is happier with such authorities as 'the Rev. Chas. Shakespeare, B.A.'

On p. 52 he quotes Sallust as an authority on Pliny. With this tersely eloquent specimen of Mr. Tredwell's learning, I leave him. Scholars will find plenty more as good as this in his pages.

My first design was merely to make the much needed new English rendering of Philostratus; but I soon saw that a translator must not excuse himself from the duty of forming an opinion about the main questions involved. And even a summary treatment of these has stretched the Introduction far beyond the expected

compass: yet each essay in it must grow to a volume for the matter to be exhausted.

The views to which my studies in these matters have brought me will be ungrateful, I fear, to pious Apollonians; I beg them to forgive what disillusiones an accurate rendering of the principal Greek authority may comport. If people want to talk about Apollonius, it will be for the best, eventually, that they should know something about him. Devout eloquence will not for long be disconcerted.

I owe thanks to Messrs. B. and G. Teubner, of Leipzig, for permission to use their text of Philostratus, edited by Kayser. My translation follows this unless where a variant is noted in vol. ii, p. 257; and it has seemed convenient to fall in with the general practice of recent writers on these subjects and refer by the pages of Kayser's text. But the *Apollonius* greatly needs a new recension; Mr. H. Richards has recently (*Class. Quart.* vol. iii, p. 104) done something for the emendation of Philostratus; I have noted a few conjectures of my own in this book, and I wish to make acknowledgement here to Mr. Platt, of University College, London, Mr. Goligher, of Trinity College, Dublin, and to my colleague Mr. Rennie, Lecturer in Greek in Glasgow University, for suggestions and counsels concerning some particularly vexed questions of reading. To the kindly offices of another colleague I owe whatever degree of readableness the book may possess; Mr. Steuart Miller had the patience and good nature to read over the whole draft and castigate the style.

Mr. W. M. Calder, of Aberdeen University, read the Introduction in proof and suggested some important corrections. Mr. V. A. Smith deeply obliged me by

lending me his copy of Priaulx' very rare book. I had some help, too, from my friend the Rev. C. C. Martindale, S.J., a high authority on all matters which touch the sphere of Comparative Religion. And finally, four Students of this University, Messrs. Graham B. Jardine, Andrew McCracken, Raibeart M. MacDougall, and Joseph F. Scanlan, did me a great service by making the index.

Messrs. Teubner's favour may be reckoned to the comity of letters; others have been personal services; but there is one debt which I neither can omit nor need emphasize here, for the Introduction confesses it freely and often. It is to Dr. Karl Muenschcr, who has done so much for Philostratean studies, in organizing what was already acquired certainty, in pioneering by soberly ingenious new combinations, and in clearly directing attention to the outstanding defects of knowledge. As a man goes to Tredwell for amusement, to Olearius for a view of the obscure state of the questions as they stood 200 years ago, and to Mons. J. Réville for luminous generalizations, so must he go to Muenschcr for information.

In conclusion, I ought perhaps to state that this book makes no pretence of handling the Theosophistic side of the matter. It is an attempt to lay (by means of literary and historical criticism) some fixed stepping stones of fact on which the curious may cross a bewildering morass of apocryphal mystification; but I leave it to others to add a chapter on Apollonius and the Brahmins in the light of such works as P. Oltramare, *La Théosophie brahmanique*, G. R. S. Mead's *Apollonius of Tyana*, and Jacolliot's *La Bible dans l'Inde*, &c.

GLASGOW, June 1912.

CONTENTS OF VOL. I

	PAGE
INTRODUCTION :	
I. APOLLONIUS	xi
II. THE PHILOSTRATI	xxxiv
III. APOLLONIUS' REPUTATION BEFORE PHILO- STRATUS	xlvi
IV. THE AUTHOR AND HIS TIMES	lvii
V. APOLLONIUS AFTER PHILOSTRATUS	lxxxvii
VI. ON THE AGE OF APOLLONIUS	cv
BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTE	cxxvii
TRANSLATION, BOOKS I-III	I

CONTENTS OF VOL. II

TRANSLATION, BOOKS IV-VIII	3
VARIANTS FROM KAYSER'S TEXT	257
NOTES	261
INDEX	283

INTRODUCTION

I

APOLLONIUS

A MAN called Apollonius was born at Tyana at some date unknown,¹ probably in the reign of Tiberius. *Alienigena tum sacra amovebantur, sed inter argumenta superstitionis ponebatur quorundam animalium abstinencia*, says Seneca² of this time ; but the persecutions which made it dangerous for Seneca at Rome to continue his experiment in vegetarianism did not extend to Cilicia, and Apollonius addicted himself to Neo-Pythagoreanism. From the ordinary humanistic training of a sophist, he seems to have passed into the ascetic discipline of a sect which, originally Oriental, and afterwards reaching its highest success among the decadent colonial aristocracies of South Italy, was now again coming into vogue as the Roman Empire began to orientalize, and as the world began to grope after a union between two things always hitherto officially at variance in the established Hellenism—religion and philosophy. Indian theosophy, a natural science chiefly drawn from Stoic authorities, antiquarian ritualism in certain Greek cults, a great copiousness of moral sentiment, the asceticisms which usually appear at the times when the white corpuscles predominate in the body politic of any civilization, viz. vegetarianism, teetotalism, &c.—such appear to have been the main ingredients in Apollonius' religion. It is a reasonable conjecture that the Oriental element was

¹ See Essay VI. ² *Ep. Mor.* 108. 22 (emended).

actually much greater than the other, and that the emphatic Hellenism does not belong to the historical, but to the Philostratean, Apollonius.

This man travelled widely in the Greek world and beyond, perhaps as far as India and Ethiopia: if indeed we may be certain that these alleged journeys are not symbolic fictions signifying his attitude in regard to Brahminism and Cynicism respectively.¹ In Greece he lived the life of an itinerant sophist, which a Protagoras or a Gorgias had followed for professional profit, and others—like Diogenes—moved by curiosity and moral cabotinism; the Pharisees of Greece, aggressively ‘laic’ in their didacticism, posing for the applauses which are seldom denied to self-advertisement; just as those great earliest masters of style (in whose debt all European prose-writers have been ever since) had posed and declaimed, delighting the public and enriching themselves by exhibitions of intellectual culture. Apollonius liked frequenting the great fairs, the Panêgureis; he was much at Antioch and Ephesus. He is likely to have visited Rome, perhaps (as the story tells) twice—once in Nero’s reign and once in Domitian’s. For a philosopher to be brought into conflict with Nero is almost *de rigueur*; considering the superstitious temper of the Flavians, it is not unlikely that Apollonius may actually have had dealings with Vespasian, who allowed himself to perform miraculous cures at Alexandria,² and with Domitian, who took pains to summon the last of David’s line who might be discoverable in Judaea.³

¹ Reitzenstein’s *Hellenistische Wundererzählungen*, p. 42.

² Tacitus, *Hist.* iv. 81.

³ Hegesippus, quoted by Eusebius, *Hist. Eccl.* iii. 20.

But he was certainly a person of little importance, since he never so much as once comes into the horizon of any contemporary author, although the supposed scene of his alleged activities was now Rome, now Athens, now Alexandria, centres of resort and publicity. We have very abundant literary testimonies of the later first-century period surviving: Apollonius of Tyana is unknown to them all. Of his works, one at least, a life, or rather an edifying *Aretalogy*, of Pythagoras, was used by Porphyry and Iamblichus; and Suidas quotes from it. Another, *On Sacrifices*, was known to Eusebius. His alleged Letters¹ remain a problem which awaits a French or German thesis-writer's industry to solve. I venture here to express the opinion that they are almost wholly apocryphal.² Yet there must have been genuine letters, for Hadrian had a collection of them at Antium, and an imposture so early as the time of Hadrian is surely incredible.³

He attracted followers from the various sects of philosophy, and formed a sort of community. The term 'Church' is often used in the North of Europe and in the United States of America to denote a club of persons combining to hire and employ what the Greeks would have called a *sophist* to lecture to them on moral and literary topics. In this sense Apollonius may be said to have founded a 'church'; but there was nothing commercial in the institution: he was not salaried by his admiring disciples. In another sense, his magic powers, which seem to have been consider-

¹ Kayser, pp. 345-68.

² Since writing this I find that Reitzenstein (*op. cit.*) is of the same opinion.

³ See p. xlvi.

able, procured for local piety his recognition as an object of cultus in his Cappadocian birthplace. He would be a divinity of second-class rating, a daemon. Daemonships were easily obtained in the heyday of Syncretism : a deification in various grades might derive from any one of many Fountains of Honour.

Though his literary production was too insignificant to be saved or rehabilitated, and though no evidence warrants us in crediting him with any political or philosophic significance—History has no place for his name beside those of Seneca, Plutarch, Musonius, Demetrius, Dio, Epictetus—Apollonius survives. As Claudius was dragged out of a cupboard to become Roman Emperor, so Apollonius has emerged out of a back-stairs notoriety among illiterate and superstitious provincials to cut a considerable figure in the world. In virtue of what merit, or by good luck of what accident ? Renan said, in a characteristic sentence :

‘ La légende a tellement recouvert la trame de la biographie véritable d’Apollonius qu’on ne sait s’il faut le compter parmi les sages, parmi les fondateurs religieux, ou parmi les charlatans.’—*Les Apôtres*, p. 340.

Sage and charlatan he was—both ; much ink has been vainly spent in drawing a definite line of demarcation between the *sophos* and the *goēs* in Greek ; the frontier incidents are too many and too awkward. A religious founder he was not : his Brotherhood hardly outlived him ; and for scriptures, at the most he left a Testament without authorized trustees to execute ; that is to say, a dead letter. Where Renan makes a capital mistake is in saying that legend has so covered up the original warp of fact that the truth is grown undiscover-

able. Legend has had little to do with it. The legendary and the literary traditions are parallel streams. There was doubtless some local legend at Tyana, at Ephesus, perhaps elsewhere.¹ But the legendary stream ends with Balinas the Sorcerer. We have the literary, not the legendary, Apollonius. And it is Philostratus, not the vague workings of popular fancy, who has obscured and abolished the historical Apollonius for us; and (this is the best of it) by the very Renanesqueness of his treatment. Only, more favoured by time and circumstances than Renan, Philostratus' romance holds the field, and all the documents have disappeared.

For this is the true designation of the τὰ εἰς Ἀπολλώνιον—a Romance. Apollonius survives, in the long-run, by the quaintness of his personality; there was force and drama enough to awaken the best literary powers that were in Philostratus, and inspire him to execute and transcend his commission with triumphant success. To call the book a Romance is to take sides in a debated question, but it is to take sides with the overwhelming majority, one might almost say the unanimity, of expert opinion.² But we need not merely

¹ See pp. ci, cxvii.

² Muenscher details them: the list includes Rohde, Reitzenstein, Schwartz, Gsell, &c. When M. Réville says of the Apollonius 'C'est un évangile', that is only his Renanesque way of saying the same thing. Scholars, literary critics, historians, and geographers, all from their respective points of view have converged on a disbelief in the historicity of Philostratus' Apollonius. I quote a single specimen: 'From this abstract of his narrative it will be seen that Damis is an arrant story-teller. His description of the country between the Hyphasis and the Ganges is utterly at variance with all

rest on the authority of names, however many and however great. There is one point which has been undeservedly neglected: what is the book itself called?

The title¹ of Philostratus' book is commonly translated 'Life of Apollonius', and Suidas (s. v. Philostratus) gives the title in Greek as βίος; but the phrase in Suidas (s. v. Apollonius) is worth remarking—εἰς τοῦτον ἔγραψε Φ. ὁ Λήμνιος τὸν φιλοσόφῳ πρέποντα βίον. This is a different thing from τούτου ἔγραψε τὸν βίον; and the scope of the book differs correspondingly. To discover exactly what is meant, we must translate, 'It was *in his honour* that Philostratus wrote the Life of an Ideal Philosopher.' Truly the work is not exactly so entitled in the MSS., but the significant preposition is there.

This is not to be interpreted by the analogy of known facts regarding it. As Alexander had not carried his arms into that part of India, it had remained quite unknown, and hence for his account of it Damis had to depend entirely on his own imagination. For the geography, however, of the country between the Indus and the Hyphasis he was not without guidance, for it had been traversed by Alexander and described by his historians. Yet, even here, he is not free from errors, into which one who had personally visited the Punjab could not have fallen. Damis, in fact, tells nothing that is true about India except what had been told by writers before him, and hence we are free to doubt whether Apollonius had ever visited India at all.—*Ancient India as Described in Classical Literature*, by J. W. McCrindle, M.A., LL.D. (Constable, 1901), p. 195. (Confirmed by Priaulx, p. 56.)

¹ It is guaranteed not only by the manuscript headings but by his own words in *Vitae Sophist.*, Kays., vol. ii, p. 77, εἴρηται σαφῶς ἐν τοῖς εἰς Ἀπολλώνιον. Bergk (*op. cit.*, p. 181) notes this and calls the title 'surprising', but does not explain it. Nor does Leo, *Griech. u. Röm. Biographie*, p. 261.

Palamedes' *ὑπόμνημα εἰς Πίνδαρον*, Seleucus' *εἰς τοὺς Λυρικοὺς*, Soteridas' *εἰς Μένανδρον*, Astyages' *εἰς τὸν Καλλίμαχον*, Gymnasius', Zeno's, and Salustius' *εἰς τὸν Δημοσθένην*, &c., &c. Philostratus does not call this a *ὑπόμνημα*. Nor is it quite analogous to Nicostratus' *ἐγκώμιον εἰς Μάρκον*, or Aspasius' *εἰς Ἀδρίανον*; nor yet to Zenobius' *γενεθλιακὸς εἰς Ἀδρίανον*, or Pollux *ἐπιθαλάμιον εἰς Κόμοδον*. But all these suggest Philostratus' idea: dedication. A Hymn was regularly addressed *εἰς τὸν θεῖνα*; and in fact we have exactly our title in the *Apollonius* itself,¹ *τὰ ἐς τὴν Ἀρτεμιν*, 'The poem in honour of Artemis.' All these considered, I think the only adequate translation of Philostratus' meaning is the title which stands at the head of this English rendering, '*In honour of Apollonius of Tyana.*'

Even those who recognize that Philostratus' book is not what we call a biography, have not sufficiently noted that Philostratus calls it no such thing. To treat it as Mr. Petrie has done is, in the first place, to neglect Philostratus' own profession of his purpose in writing. He wrote *εἰς τὸν Ἀπολλώνιον*, and the scope of his writing, still further defined by those words of Suidas, 'The Ideal Philosopher's Life,' is finally made plain in his work itself, especially at such a juncture as the preface to Book VII. Suidas' *τὸν φιλοσόφῳ πρέποντα βίον* then agrees both with Philostratus' own designation of the book, and with what is technically implied by such a phrase as that of vi. 35,² *οὐδαμοῦ ἐλλείποντι τὸ μὴ οὐχ ὁμοίῳ φαίνεσθαι*. The model of consistency is one aspect of the ideal philosopher: Apollonius succeeded in being always and

¹ Kays., p. 32. 15.

² Kays., p. 247.

everywhere ὁμοίως ἑαυτῷ. Dio Cassius uses the very same cant phrase in speaking of Marcus Aurelius, to imply that *he* was the Perfect Philosopher.

The *Apollonius* is a book, then, in which criticism almost unanimously recognizes a fiction, which *ex professo* is not a biography, and which (to advance a third point) can be shown to be full of incredible improbabilities. I do not mean the miracles in themselves; for what interferences with, or exceptions to, a natural 'law' are possible, is a question which will be variously answered according to the dogmas of various philosophers at various times: but the logical improbabilities. Take, for instance, such an account as Apollonius' disappearance from the Emperor's tribunal.¹ That this should happen at Rome, in the Emperor's own court, in the presence of all the Notables (ἐλλόγιοι) of the capital—and yet, everywhere else but in Philostratus, dead silence about it! And then, considered in itself, what a fiasco! What could be more incredible than Domitian's behaviour? And, again, the very miraculous disappearance, how shyly, shamefacedly, does Philostratus shrink from asserting it with the proper emphasis of conviction! He has the candour to admit that Damis was not in Rome during the trial; and this allows him to arrange his Emmaus meeting,² which is prettily told, but at what expense of plausibility to the trial-narrative! And such instances might be multiplied in dozens.

We have to deal, then, with a romance; not an amatory, sentimental romance like *Chaereas and Callirhoe* or the *Ethiopica*, but a philosophical and historical

¹ Kays., p. 300.

² Kays., p. 327. Cf. Aubé, ii, p. 470.

romance. The historical setting of *Chaereas and Callirrhoe* is of the very slightest; since Callirrhoe is to be the daughter of the greatest man in the city, and the author takes a city within Hellas, he cannot avoid making him an historical personage; given Syracuse, Hermocrates follows of necessity. Philostratus' romance is immensely superior in every regard, for he was a man of much greater ability and learning than Charito. Probably he would have denied any affinity between the two genres.¹ What he would have admitted, perhaps, in candour, would be an affinity with the *Cyropaedia* of that Xenophon whose Greek was the favourite model of his particular school. Yet we must not dismiss the melodramatic type of Romance from our mind if we are rightly to estimate *Apollonius*; for the encounter with Tyrants is as much a convention of the one as is the encounter with Pirates in the other. Read attentively that prefatory chapter to Book VII, and see if Philostratus does not come as near as could be expected of him, to an actual avowal of fiction; for neither Charito nor Heliodorus nor any of the novelists call their works expressly fiction. Philostratus impersonates, as he had learned in the schools, and himself afterwards taught others in the schools to impersonate, heroes, statesmen, philosophers, bereaved fathers, disinherited sons, &c., &c. He is not such a clownish craftsman that he need say:

In this same interlude it doth befall
That I, one Snout by name, present a Wall.

¹ I assume the early (before saec. iii) date for Charito which is now generally accepted since Grenfell and Hunt's discovery of the papyrus fragment. Cf. Reitzenstein, *op. cit.*, p. 94.

No, no! the perfect Snout of the Rhetoric School sinks himself in the Wall; mortar and hair must be his very flesh and blood for the time.

The *Young Man captured by Pirates*, or the *Gallant Tyrannicide* (such as you find in Seneca Rhêtor's handbook of Declamations, or in those which go by Quintilian's name), is to the Declamation in Historical Character—e.g. *Cicero invited to recant*, or *Socrates before his judges*, as is *Chaereas and Callirrhoe* to our *Apollonius*. But when a rhetor declaimed in character as Cicero, he must of course (good part of the value in this much-decried discipline lay here) know the period and avoid anachronisms; and the more lifelike to the local colour of the time he could make his background by allusions, the more successful was his *meleté*. Just so with Philostratus. Only his task is much heavier and more embarrassing because he is working on a far bigger canvas. Nero, Vespasian, Titus, Domitian, and Nerva are presupposed *ex hypothesi*; he will therefore bring them into striking relations with his hero, relations which are vastly exaggerated if they are not invented *ae toutes pièces*. What dealings he actually had with any famous persons of the time can only be guessed. Euphrates happens to be attested by the precious fragment of Moeragenes.¹ Apollonius being a quack, a bonesetter in religion, might naturally never meet with a Seneca or a Plutarch; his acquaintance with the ragged, genial, vagabond Dio, I take to be true, being intrinsically nowise improbable. Only one may suspect that Dio would say in the words of the modern satirist:

I do not know him quite so well as he knows me.

¹ See p. xxv.

We have no fair ground of quarrel, then, with Philostratus, for he does no less than he promises in his title, while doubtless he does what was desired of him by his patroness and relished by his public. But looking at the matter historically, we are precisely at the disadvantage of one who must extract, as best he may, the truth of fact out of a work of imagination; and from this point of view, Kayser rightly¹ holds Philostratus to blame for our difficulty in deciding about Apollonius' character, inasmuch as 'he unwarrantably rejected the testimony of an apparently serious authority, Moeragenes, and preferred instead the memoirs of an uneducated fool like Damis; though we are bound to think that he sometimes paid no attention even to these'.

Thus much premised in justice to Philostratus, we must now inquire what were his documents. The manner of composition in Damis' papers will be discussed in another chapter:² upon that we can form a sufficiently sure opinion.

But what is to be said of their authenticity? If they were altogether a forgery, we must conclude that the forgery was collusive between the empress, the temple-staff of the Apolloniseum at Tyana, and Philostratus. I think it highly unlikely that Philostratus invented Damis. Actual papers, I take it, were put into Julia Domna's hands by the mysterious 'kinsman of Damis'. It is certainly suspicious enough, the story how these 'hitherto unknown documents were brought to knowledge'; and Philostratus' own phrase

¹ Praef., p. iv.

² See p. cxvii.

is cautious. 'Damis says he was the companion of Apollonius' journeys.' One thing is clear: whenever and by whomsoever written, Damis' memoirs are the work of an Oriental, not well versed in Greek. And it was the gospel according to Damis (I borrow M. Réville's phrase) which hit Julia's fancy. My present conclusion, after long weighing the matter, is that Damis did really exist, the credulous, enthusiastic, foolish, but loyally devoted Levantine, whom Philostratus portrays so skilfully. I confess that anybody who has studied the type of *Wundererzählung* which was produced on the edges of Hellenisticism, where it marched with the Oriental world, is tempted to flirt with the opinion that Damis and those mysterious documents which, after lying more than a century unpublished, fell so opportunely into Julia Domna's hands, were but a contrivance and a framework in which to present the story of Apollonius; but at any rate I am convinced that they are not Philostratus' fiction: he took 'Damis' for what he was worth.

He was writing *εἰς Ἀπολλώνιον*, not *περὶ Ἀπολλωνίου* nor *βίον Ἀπολλωνίου*, an Aretalogy, if you like, a glorification, not an account or a biography; and he chose his materials, or accepted materials chosen for him, accordingly; approving some and damning or slighting others. Damis he accepted; Maximus of Aegae was of some use to him, but not much; Moeragenes he damned. We have considered Damis; what are we to make of Moeragenes and Maximus of Aegae?

Maximus was Philostratus' authority for chapters vii-xii of Book I; his book (a single book) seems to

have been entitled 'Apollonius at Aegae'—τὰ ἐν Αἰγαῖς Ἀπολλωνίου¹—and to have consisted mainly of anecdotes about his prodigious adolescence. It was quite a short account.² Our author, in his gay irresponsible fashion, tells us nothing of Maximus except that he was promoted to the Imperial Secretaryship and had a famous style.³ All that Hierocles could say in his praise was that 'he was a highly educated man', but the same compliment includes the idiotic Damis.⁴

To which Emperor was he secretary? What a pity that the elegant Philostratus so disdained dates! We have nothing but conjecture left to us, and our conjecture has a full century's range to expatiate in. I know not by what authority Friedlaender⁵ assigns him to the third century. It would be interesting to know that Maximus' pamphlet was a minor result of the same official movement for Apollonius' rehabilitation which prompted Philostratus. But there is only a slender thread of evidence to proceed by: just this much—since Philostratus names no emperor, the inference commends itself that he means the reigning emperor, or one who had reigned during Philostratus' lifetime. If, then, Maximus was secretary to Septimius, or Caracalla, or Elagabalus, or Alexander, his evidence is contemporary with that of Philostratus. And so

¹ Kays., vol. i, p. 4. 9.

² Eus. *adv. Hier.* 3.

³ Kays., vol. i, p. 2. 29. Or a famous voice: εὐδοκμήσας τὴν φωνήν can mean either. But the former is far the more probable qualification. (Cf. the phrase in *Apoll.*, p. 139.)

Hier. *apud Euseb. loc. cit.*

*Sittengesch.*⁸, vol. i, p. 192.

we are probably not much the poorer, in point of historical information, for the loss of his book.

Moeragenes' case is different. Philostratus names him twice; once, a mere incidental reference (iii. 41), to say that Moeragenes mentioned Apollonius' four books on Astrology; the other place is where he is giving his bibliography in the preface (i. 3). We learn the fact that Moeragenes' work was in four books; but we learn also, what is more interesting, that Philostratus—or Julia—or Julia's inspirers, had an animus against him. 'Moeragenes is the last person we must pay any attention to' (οὐ γὰρ Μοιραγέει γε προσεκτέον), for though he wrote four books (and not a mere pamphlet like Maximus?), 'there was much in Apollonius' history that he did not know.' Such emphasis arouses a critical suspicion. Possibly there would be much in Philostratus' narrative which he would not recognize. But who was Moeragenes? We hear of him from Origen,¹ whose words, often quoted, have not yet been fully exploited. Origen says that Celsus had digressed from his attack on Christianity to record that 'one Dionysius μουσικὸν Αἰγύπτιον, whom he had met, had informed him that magic is only of power against uneducated and dissolute persons, and avails nothing with philosophers because they observe the wholesome rule'. In this Dionysius, contemptuously, rather than ignorantly, described by Origen as μουσικὸν Αἰγύπτιον, I believe we are to recognize Dionysius the Milesian, whose life is sketched by Philostratus in *Vit. Soph.* i. 22. He was a member of the Museum and the Egyptian Table² by Hadrian's favour, which exactly

¹ *Contra Celsum*, vi. 41.

² Kays., vol. ii, p. 37. 3.

accounts for Origen's designation of him.¹ Philostratus defends him from a charge of magic.² Compare this with *Apollonius* vii. 39 (which contains a possible allusion to Lucian in the phrase 'some have made broad fun at the expense of the magicians'), and with the language of *Vit. Soph.*,³ 'no educated man will ever be brought under the arts of sorcerers,' and the identification seems pretty likely.

'Since,' continues Origen, 'magic is not the point at issue, I content myself with saying that if anybody wishes to put it to the test, whether philosophers can ever be caught by magic, he has only to read Moeragenes' work "Memoirs of Apollonius of Tyana, magician and philosopher" (τῶν Ἀπ. τοῦ Τ. μάγου καὶ φιλοσόφου ἀπομνημονευμάτων). In it Moeragenes, who was no Christian, but who was a philosopher, says that certain rather distinguished philosophers, who resorted to Apollonius as a sorcerer, were caught by his magic; among them, I think, he recorded the cases of Euphrates and a certain Epicurean.'

Putting this together with the many hostile allusions to Euphrates in Philostratus' account, and recollecting the persistently scornful attitude towards Epicureans, which Philostratus shared with the other sophists of the Severian court, we shall see why Moeragenes' evidence for the life of Apollonius is so peremptorily dismissed. It is a case of *odium philosophicum*. Moeragenes' point of view was not pious towards Julia's candidate for apotheosis, but sceptical, Lucianic, Epicurean. It

¹ For this corporation of Sophists see Spartian, *vit. Hadrian.*, 20, and the note on Philostratus, *loc. cit.*, in Olearius, p. 524.

² Kays., vol. ii, p. 36.

³ Kays., vol. ii, p. 94. 7.

is to Celsus that Lucian dedicates his *Alexander sive Pseudomantis*, in which (ch. 21) he explicitly says that Celsus had written a work *Against Magicians*. Celsus and Lucian are contemporaries. Celsus' book against Christianity is supposed to have been written about the year 178,¹ Lucian's *Alexander* a few years later. Dionysius of Miletus might be a generation older. Origen's retort to Celsus would be most in point if Moeragenes had belonged to the same date (as he belongs to the same school of thought); and in the absence of any other known earlier account of Apollonius, it is not too much to assume that Moeragenes was the authority for Lucian's very unfavourable estimate of the Tyanean.² One other piece of information is to hand about Moeragenes; slight as it is, one welcomes every clue that may serve to reconstitute this important witness, whose evidence, could we but bring him into court, would make possible a historical verdict on Apollonius. The persons in Plutarch's fragmentary *Quaestio Convivalis* iv. 6 are Symmachus, Lamprias, and Moeragenes. Symmachus is probably the commentator on Aristophanes,³ Lamprias is Plutarch's brother, and Moeragenes—who is this Moeragenes? An Athenian; an adept of the Mysteries, who professes himself able and willing without breach of the secret to show the others that the God of the Jews is Dionysus, if the truth were known. Is he the same as the sceptical biographer of Apollonius? There is no evidence to warrant a definite *Yes* or *No* in answer. Zeller⁴ denied it, and Muenscher

¹ See the discussion in Aubé, *op. cit.*, ii. 158. So Pélagaud: but I do not accept his duplication of Celsus (pp. 213-51).

² Lucian, *Alexander*, 5. Cf. pp. 1-liv.

³ Rutherford, *Schol. Aristoph.*, vol. iii, p. 36.

⁴ *Phil. der Griech.* iii. 2², 133, note 2.

agrees ; on the other hand, Koetschau ¹ implicitly accepts the identification. Considering the rarity of the name, I think it is on the whole probable that this Athenian Moeragenes, of whom, if we know nothing else, we at least know that he was a dabbler in Oriental religions, and contemporary with Plutarch, is the Moeragenes we are seeking. If so his information would, in point of time, carry much authority, for we can hardly suppose him to have written later than the reign of Pius, perhaps as early as Hadrian ; we shall see ² that a courtier's motive might then direct a sophist's attention to Apollonius.

Reitzenstein's ³ treatment of Philostratus' authorities is quite unsatisfactory. Firstly, he makes no inquiry into Moeragenes, whose work he coolly asserts to have been 'corresponding with an *Acts*'. Secondly, he asserts that 'Moeragenes' collections were combined by a Pythagorist (still in the second century) with a Travel-Aretalogy ; in order to a complete and plausible transmogrification, he adopted the character of one Damis, represented as a barbarous companion of the prophet, a simple, unphilosophical Assyrian from Hierapolis'. This may amuse as guess-work, but there is not a particle of evidence to show that 'Damis' is posterior to Moeragenes and conflated out of his materials. Granted that, as Reitzenstein ingeniously conjectures, added to Lucian's other testimonies we may take *Philopseudes* and *Fugitivi* to allude to Apollonius ; and granted that a Lucian scholiast (perhaps Arethas) says that Lucian's *Vera Historia* is a satire on Damis the Assyrian ; what does it prove about the relations of Moeragenes to the

¹ Origenis *Op.*, vol. ii, p. 110, Leipz. 1899.

² pp. xlvī-xlvii.

³ *Op. cit.*, p. 40.

Damis documents? Simply nothing. Again, Moeragenes being lost, it is idle to assert that from Damis, and Damis alone, can Lucian take the particular view of the History of Philosophy which is found in *Fugitivi*. And yet again, to assert ¹ that 'had we Moeragenes' work we should probably be forced to constant comparisons with the Gospels, especially the Fourth', is another extravagant piece of levity, such as brings the conclusions of learned philologists into contempt. Even one of those luckless 'Theologen', at whom Mr. Reitzenstein so often wags a superior monitory finger, could give him a lesson in logic; so little does he escape the *cacoethes fingendi* which besets the learned votaries of the comparative method. After collecting a great number of interesting evidences on the popular literature of Hellenistic Egypt, in which as a philologist he is beyond praise for his copiousness and acuteness, just when real criticism should begin to do its work, he fails, and we find ourselves fobbed off with the methods of the literary hypnotist—assertion instead of inference, suggestion for proof, imaginative hypothesis for conclusion. What is the good of making an enormous motley category of the Marvellous, if no critical examination is going to sift and distinguish? Two stories may both be marvellous, and yet one be fiction and the other attested fact, one original and the other derived. What would be the use of a critic who should treat a novel of Jules Verne and an eye-witness' account of submarines or aeroplanes as two equal and equivalent instances of *Wundererzählung*? Damis, Mr. Reitzenstein decides, never existed: well, that is possible, I admit; but criticism is bound to note

¹ See p. 53.

that it is a little difficult to believe that a man of letters in the Antonine Age could keep up the elaborate impersonation of a silly-sooth Oriental so successfully as to deceive Philostratus, a generation later, into thinking him 'an exact but unskilful chronicler'.¹ To conclude, merely because the quality of marvellous enters into certain biographies and certain novels, that therefore a biography = a novel, is unreason; and none the less unreasonable because the conclusion is suggested or assumed instead of stated. To see books and men under types and classes is the beginning of criticism, but only the beginning; they must afterwards be extricated from generalization and seen in their several particularity—each live man and each real book.

The peculiar morbus of so much of this modern criticism is that by dint of constructing types and categories it loses all sense of reality, and remains sunk in a superstitious contemplation of its own arrangements. He was a great man, no doubt, who first made that luminous generalization of places beginning with M; but, alas, to Macedon and Monmouth must be added Mare's-nest also. Mr. Reitzenstein leaves one question not merely unanswered, but unasked; one problem apparently never struck him while he was writing his inquiry into the Apollonius business. Did a man Apollonius ever really live, and act, and preach, and write? That is a question which is not touched by pointing out that there are miracles in Philostratus' account, and miracles in the Gospels, and miracles in fairy-stories. But unless that question be answered, and unless testimony be scientifically examined and not flouted by dogmatic scepticism,

¹ Kays., p. 4.

the eventual results of all such work remain unattained. The admirable collection of materials is so much gained, and a gain for which all students of the History of Religions must be deeply grateful ; but the architect who shall know how to make a philosophical use of them is still to seek. The bricks are too good to be wasted in building castles in the air.

So the main question still tantalizes and eludes us. What was this Apollonius? With the Balinas of eastern legend we might be content ; had Moeragenes survived, we might have had some certitude. Something uncommon there must have been in the personality which gave Philostratus a theme to embroider on ; something captivating in the linen-clad itinerant ascetic whose quaint fads and picturesque poses made him a welcome visitor in the market-places of Ephesus, or Athens, or Antioch ; whose eloquent sermons of rebuke (in the Stoico-cynic manner) often entertained a crowd in some temple precinct on a fine afternoon ; whose magnificent pretensions easily hypnotized a Levantine mob to take him at his own estimate—for a god. Human reason has little confidence in itself ; the East consecrates madness, and the West can usually be *bounced* by any sufficiently solemn and methodical absurdity, at least for long periods of time.

But unless he was indeed very different from the figure that Philostratus draws, no attempt to revive the cult of Apollonius (and we may expect these attempts to recur periodically, being symptoms of a certain phase of thought which recurs) will be any more successful than those of Hierocles or of Edward Blount. He can no more be disengaged from Philostratus' account ;

and if we strip off all that seems to us to be of Philostratean fashion in the figure, we have less than dry bones left. Is all the rhetoricianly prating, Philostratus? All the pedantic allusions to the history book and the Atticist's classics, Philostratus? If so, what is left? Sun-worshipper, theosophist, magician, prophet. . . . Much of the East, no doubt, but what of Hellenic quality? I see but one thing left, and it is a thing which damns Apollonius' claim ever to be judged a great mover in the history of human thought: the antiquarian ritualist remains.

Now to found a religion, or even to execute a great religious reform, a man must be absolutely clear from antiquarianism. For the essence of antiquarianism is a morbid or at least a sentimental attachment to the dress of the past. When we read of Dio Chrysostom that one of the two choice books with which he comforted himself in exile was Demosthenes' *de Falsa Legatione*, the man is diminished into the Atticist, even the humanist into the pedant. When we read that Apollonius was ἀρχαιολογίας ἥττων, 'could not resist antiquity,' we know at once that neither will his work resist time. The ritualist is a dilettante. To let the dead bury their dead is of first necessity to the eagerness and detachment which qualify an apostolate, whether in a St. Paul or a St. Ignatius of Loyola. When an Apollonius takes the quaint antiquities of Hellenic usage (infinitely dear and intimate and venerable as these may be, even to us) for primary truth and ultimate principle, he does what Petrarch did, what Matthew Arnold did, what we all do in ages of culture. Who has not a piety for such *teraphim*? But we are

thereby assured that he will do nothing which we cannot all do in some measure—nothing transcendent. His place is in the curio cabinet and not on the altar. Votaries of the beauty which is truth, have no more patience for this renaissance temper of aesthetic sentimentality than Charity has for Humanitarianism.

Apollonius was not a great thinker, nor a man of exceptionally fine or strong spiritual perception, nor of commanding erudition, nor of singular eloquence. What he was I leave it to the reader to decide, forming his own opinion on the evidence, faithfully submitted in this translation, and in the survey of his reputation before and after Philostratus. To my view the old mage still remains facing both ways. One must move long amongst the neglected ways of the third-century literature in order to be qualified to speak on these questions at all; to take the *Apollonius* and draw conclusions from merely internal evidence, without considering Philostratus and his times, would be the casual and impertinent intrusion of an amateur. The longer I have habituated my eye to the owlet-lights in which those strange and distant scenes and persons allow themselves dimly to be evoked, the more convinced I am that the true formula for Philostratus' book is—a romance about a real person. A romance with a purpose; and a person who really existed—but how baffling and equivocal!

The following quotation, which shall serve to close this chapter, will at least show the reader that it is not only our incompetence, under the handicap of remoteness and of documents amissing, which hinders us from giving a clear, hard, detailed photograph of Apol-

lonius. The quotation is taken from the Letters of Apollonius, No. 48, addressed to Diotimus. Must I say that it seems to me apocryphal? Its value is no whit lessened thereby. It cannot be later in date than Philostratus' book: which is to say, it is a sort of document on the limbo which divides the actuality from the apotheosis. It is our comfortable warrant for assuring ourselves that he already was confronted by the equivoque which puzzles modern curiosity:

‘If two stories of me are told and shall be given in the future, is it any wonder? There must needs be contradictory stories of any person who stands very high in any particular. Thus there are contradictory stories, not merely told but written, about Pythagoras, Orpheus, Plato, Socrates: indeed, the accounts concerning God himself are not consistent. But good men accept the good version, as though by some affinity; and the wicked, the contrary. Mockery is the attribute of this sort, I mean the worser sort. This much it is fair to record about myself now: that gods have spoken of me as a divine man, not only in many communications to individual persons but publicly. It is embarrassing to talk any longer or any bigger about oneself.’

Are the scoffers always in the wrong? Lucian and Voltaire may give the saints no quarter, but the world would be a paradise for impostors without them.

II

THE PHILOSTRATI

THE Philostrati were a literary and professional dynasty of some say three, some say four, generations; copious writers, all of them; and mostly, if not all, engaged on coincident or allied themes. What with the confusion of the record and the strong mutual influences of style which made it for a long while possible to think the whole *Corpus Philostrateum* (with one exception) the work of a single pen, it is no wonder if the discrimination of the several authorships makes a very intricate problem. But it is a problem which recent researches (motived by the great revival of interest in the Antonino-Severian epoch) have gone far to solve. Karl Muensch's¹ arguments appear to me decisive on most of the points in controversy; and after many laborious attempts to find another combination which should take in all the data, I resign myself in the main to his conclusions: though remembering that Jüthner² still suspends a final judgement. Our first concern is merely to determine who is the Philostratus who wrote *Apollonius of Tyana*; but in order to assigning his part in the Philostratean *Corpus*, it will be convenient, and perhaps also not uninteresting, to define what belongs to each of his namesakes and kinsmen.

¹ *Philologus*, Supplement, vol. x (1905-6). See also J. Fertig, *de Philostratis Sophistis* (Bamberg, 1894).

² *Gymnasticus* (Teubner, 1909), pp. 88-9.

Apollonius' biographer is the witty feuilletonist with the light touch and the well-furnished memory, who makes the mandarins of professional culture parade before us in the lively pages of the *Vitae Sophistarum*. The identity is established by an allusion to the *Apollonius* in a passage of *Vita Alexandri Peloplatonis*,¹ so phrased that it cannot be doubted that the author is referring to another part of his own writing. It was noted by the Vatican epitomator² of the *Vitae*. But the Philostratus who wrote the *Vitae* speaks in four places of a namesake whom he distinguishes as Philostratus *the Lemnian*.³ He concludes the book with a most generous homage to this Philostratus *the Lemnian*, adding that he cannot write of him, any more than he can write of Apsines or Nicagoras, 'for I should be suspected of partiality because I was intimate with them.' That he is speaking of a kinsman, the identity of name makes probable; but how near a kinsman, remains a question: had the relation been father and son, or uncle and nephew, he might be expected to mention that, instead of a vague *φιλία* which included also Nicagoras and Apsines, intellectual affinities. Next, we find Menander Rhetor twice naming a Philostratus in a treatise which seems to have been written in the year 274. He cites as examples of writers who have used a style 'neither rugged nor periodic and sententious but simpler and easier, flowing and inartificial', Xenophon, Nicostratus, Dio Chrysostom, and *the Philostratus who wrote the Heroica and the Imagines*. And again 'Grace may be got even from an elaborate and decora-

¹ Kays., vol. ii, p. 77.

² Cod. Vat. 96.

³ Kays., vol. ii, p. 117, pp. 121-2, p. 123, p. 126.

tive prose : e. g. Plato, Xenophon, and of the moderns, Dio and *Philostratus*, and such of the Sophists as are esteemed masters in a graceful treatment of the formal, composed style'.¹

Now it seems beyond question that the person called *Philostratus tout court* in the latter of these passages is the author of the *Life of Apollonius*, the most celebrated bearer of the name. Who is the *Philostratus* in the former passage? The same, or another? Can the same person be meant, whom the name '*Philostratus*' by itself would naturally designate, when Menander adds to the name *Philostratus* a defining and distinguishing clause, '*The one who wrote Heroica and Imagines*'? I do not see that we can reasonably avoid the conclusion that Menander means two different *Philostrati*, one, the unspecified, whose fame as author of the *Apollonius* made it needless to specify him, *the Philostratus*, in fact; and the other, author of *Heroica* and *Imagines*.²

¹ "Όταν μὴ τραχεῖα χρώμεθα τῇ ἀπαγγελίᾳ μηδὲ περιόδους ἐχούσῃ καὶ ἐνθυμήματα ἀλλ' ὅταν ἀπλουστέρα τυγχάνῃ καὶ ἀφελεστέρα οἷα ἡ Ξενοφῶντος καὶ Νικοστράτου καὶ Δίωνος τοῦ Χρυσοστόμου καὶ Φιλοστράτου τοῦ τῶν Ἑρωϊκῶν τὴν ἐξήγησιν (al. τὸν Ἑρωϊκὸν) καὶ τὰς Εἰκόνας γράψαντος, εἰρομένη καὶ ἀκατασκεύαστος.—Walz. *op. cit.* ix, p. 249 = Spengel, iii. 390.

Γένοιτο δ' ἂν καὶ ἀπὸ λέξεως ἐπιτετηδευμένης καὶ κεκαλλωπισμένης χάρις ἐν λόγῳ οἷα ἐστὶν ἡ Πλάτωνος καὶ Ξενοφῶντος καὶ τῶν νεωτέρων, Δίωνος καὶ Φιλοστράτου καὶ τῶν σοφιστῶν, ὅσοι καὶ συντιθέναι τὸ συγγραφικὸν εἶδος ἔδοξαν χαριέντως.—Walz. ix, p. 270 = Spengel, iii. 411-12.

Metrophanes of Lebedea also wrote a treatise on the style of Plato, Xenophon, Nicostratus, and Philostratus.—Westermann, *Biogr.* 346. 34.

² Compare also what the scholiast (*Arethas*' says on Lucian,

And Menander, in virtue alike of his early date and his technical qualifications as a professional stylist and man of letters, is a witness of decisive importance. Confusions which are possible and probable in a Photius or a Suidas are excluded when we are dealing with a rhetor whose lifetime approached, nay, almost certainly overlapped, the lifetime of Philostratus. The four chief pieces in the Philostratean *Corpus* are thus assigned; and to these may be added a fifth, for the author of the second series of *Imagines* proclaims himself for the son of Philostratus *Lemnius'* daughter. I quote the opening sentences¹:

‘Do not let us rob the arts of their perpetuity by regarding antiquity as something beyond competition; nor let us, merely because some writer in the old days forestalled a particular subject, shrink from doing our best endeavour at it. This is a specious pretence to flatter indolence. Rather let us press to overtake our anticipator. For if we succeed, it will be a considerable achievement; and should we fail, we shall at least have the satisfaction of being recognized for admirers and emulators of what is good. You ask the purpose of this prelude? It is this: my *namesake and maternal grandfather* made an elaborate translation into words of the effects of painting, in most Attic language, and uncommonly charming and vigorous diction. We have formed a wish to follow in his footsteps. . . .’

de Salt. (*Schol. in Lucianum*, ed. Rabe, p. 189. 13). ‘Lesbonax was the author of other stylistic exercises, of admirable quality, and comparable to the work of Nicostratus and Philostratus, the most brilliant of modern sophists; especially of Erotic Epistles.’ (Nicostratus wrote *ἐκτόνες*, the immediate model of the Philostratean ecphrastic, in the reign of Marcus Aurelius: see Muensch, p. 513.)

¹ Kays., vol. ii, p. 390.

μητροπάτωρ can only mean maternal grandfather, and Olearius is driven to strange shifts in order to make it mean maternal uncle. What this youngest Philostratus says about competing with *antiquity*, and a *writer in the old days* (παλαιότερος), would be somewhat ludicrous if it referred (as Olearius would have it refer) to an uncle; understood of a grandfather, the phrase is possible enough. Actually the interval of years between the earlier and the later *Imagines* can hardly be less than 70-80 years. Now the work which is to be emulated in *Imagines* must itself have been, nay, is explicitly stated to have been, *Imagines*.

Having now based ourselves firmly on proofs either internal to the Philostratean *Corpus* itself or commended by the evidence, almost contemporary, of Menander Rhetor, we can proceed to judge with independence of the confused and contradictory statements that later writers make.

Apollonius' biographer is distinguished as *the Athenian* by Hierocles (quoted by Eusebius)¹; and Hierocles is a witness hardly less well qualified than Menander in point of date; for he was born either in, or not long after, the reign of Philip the Arab. Eunapius (writing *circa* A. D. 400) and Hesychius call him *the Lemnian*: not an absolute error but a misleading equivoque, naturally likely enough to begin as soon as there was no living tradition left to correct the confusions of homonymity. Synesius, in the preface to his *Dio*, gives the epithet *Lemnian* to the author of the *Lives of the Sophists*. Eunapius and Synesius weigh nothing against Hierocles as an authority for this

¹ Kays., vol. i, p. 371.

matter. Photius¹ and Arethas (ninth century) call him the *Tyrian*. This surprising name is plausibly explained by a theory of Muenscher's, of which more presently.

But we must next examine Suidas' account, on which all the earlier editors² (Meursius, Fabricius, Olearius) founded their inquiries, and which remains a principal document despite its proved confusion and inaccuracies. The following is a translation of the text as given in Kayser's (Teubner) *Philostratus*, vol. ii, praef. xii.

Philostratus, son of Philostratus (who was son of Verus), the Lemnian professor; himself also a Lemnian,³ the Second, a professor; after professing at Athens, he was afterwards at Rome in the time of Severus, the Emperor, and until Philip. Wrote Studies,⁴ Amatory Epistles*; Imagines*, or word-pictures, in four books; Discourses; The Goats, or On the Flute; the Life of Apollonius Tyaneus*, in eight books; the Market⁵; Heroicus*; Lives of the Professors*, in four books; Epigrams; and certain other works.

(However Philostratus the First ought to be put first; A Lemnian, son of Verus, and father of Philostratus

¹ Photius has two articles (44 and 241); in the former of which he calls Philostratus a Tyrian. The second, much fuller, only begins to abstract, at the twenty-fifth chapter of Book I, the description of Babylon. He notes that the Fourth Book is 'nothing but legends and fictions compiled by Philostratus to suit his partiality for Apollonius and tend to the glorification of his hero'.

² Detailed statements in Olearius' dissertation.

³ Reading Δήμνιος καὶ αὐτός.

⁴ Μελέται, i. e. declamations or essays.

⁵ Ἀγορά.

the Second ; also a Professor ; professing at Athens . . . ; was in the reign of Nero.)

He wrote a great number of Panegyrics ; Four Eleusinian Addresses ; Studies ; Inquiries with the Orators ; Resources for Orators ; on the Name¹ (it is directed against the professor Antipater) ; on Tragedy, three books ; Gymnasticus* (it is about performances at Olympia) ; Lithognomicos ; Proteus ; The Dog, or the Professor ; Nero* ; the Spectator ; 43 tragedies and 14 comedies,² and many other important works.

Philostratus, son of Nervianus, nephew³ to Philostratus the Second, also a Lemnian ; taught at Athens ; died and was buried in Lemnos ; scholar and son-in-law of Philostratus the Second. He wrote Imagines* ; a Panathenaic address ; a Trojan address ; a paraphrase of Homer's Shield ; Studies, five books.⁴ Some also credit him with the Lives of the Professors*.

(An asterisk fixed to a name in the foregoing list signifies that the work is extant.)

Now it will be seen at once that Suidas' article is in disorder. The most famous bearer of the name Philostratus was put first, chronological order notwithstanding⁵ ; then a corrector, possibly Suidas himself on

¹ *Or* on the Noun.

² For τραγωδίας μγ' must we not read περὶ τραγωδίας γ' καὶ περὶ κωμωδίας δ' ? The 43 tragedies are a mere dittograph.

³ This is Meursius, reading ἀδελφύπαις for ἀδελφύπαιδος.

⁴ I suggest that we should here read, τινὲς δὲ καὶ τινα ἐν τοῖς τῶν σοφιστῶν βίοις ἐπ' αὐτὸν ἀναφέρουσιν. 'Some take certain phrases in the *Vitae Soph.* to refer to him', i. e. the allusion to *the Lemnian* (Kays., vol. ii, pp. 117, 121-2, 123, 126).

⁵ The words πλὴν ὅτι πρῶτον δεῖ, &c., do not merely indicate an accidental transposition : compare Suidas' account of Hippocrates, προτετάχθω γὰρ καὶ τοῦ πάππου, τοῦ Ἡρα-

second thoughts, tries to amend the confusion by interpolating the passage which I have italicized and bracketed. This passage contains one statement which nearly every one¹ agrees must be an error: γεγονὼς ἐπὶ Νέρωνος. The father cannot have lived in Nero's reign, A. D. 54-68, if the son survived into the reign of Philip, A. D. 244. Olearius cut out γεγονὼς and read ἐπὶ Νέρωνα ἔγραψε, but by lexicographical idiom ἔγραψε ought to have stood first word to the catalogue of writings. Kayser transposes and supplies, reading after the word Νέρωνα in the catalogue a clause, ἐστὶ δὲ περὶ τῆς ὀρυχῆς τοῦ Ἰσθμοῦ γεγονυίας ἐπὶ Νέρωνος, which he justifies by the opening words of the little dialogue *Nero*,² ἡ ὀρυχὴ τοῦ Ἰσθμοῦ καὶ σοί, Μουσώνιε, διὰ χειρὸς ὡς φασι, γεγονυῖα τῷ τυράννῳ νοῦν εἶχεν Ἑλληνα.

I prefer to take it that γεγονὼς ἐπὶ Νέρωνος is either merely a blunder, suggested by the title *Nero* in the catalogue of writings, and negligible in our calculations: or a misreading for ἐπ' Ἀντωνίνου.

According to Suidas, there are three Philostrati; but since none of these will fit the particulars which the author of the second series of *Imagines* furnishes about himself, it is generally admitted that he is a Fourth, grandson either to Philostratus Secundus or to Philostratus III (Nerviani f.). But of Suidas' three we can safely recognize Secundus as our author, and credit him with the extant *Epist. Eroticae*, the epigram

κλείδου πατρός, εἰ καὶ ὁμώνυμος ἦν, διὰ τὸ ἀστέρα καὶ φῶς τῆς βιωφελεστάτης ἱατρικῆς γενέσθαι.

¹ W. Christ, *History of Gk. Lit.*, retains it, supposing yet another Philostratus.

² The text is printed in Kayser, vol. ii, pp. 220-4.

in *Anthol. Planud.*, as well as *Apollonius* and the *Vitae Sophistarum*, and if for *Τρωικόν* we read *Ἡρωϊκόν* in the catalogue of Philostratus III's (Nerviani f.) works, and combine this with Muenschcr's other evidences,¹ we shall also recognize in him the person whom our author calls *the Lemnian*. What has confused Suidas' list is this: the most famous bearer of the name has absorbed the credit for his kinsman's works. Or—it is conceivable—both wrote *Imagines* and both wrote a *Heroicus*.² This leaves unassigned only the *Nero* and the *Gymnasticus*. There is no reason to quarrel with Suidas' attribution of the *Nero* to Philostratus I; and though most modern critics³ give the *Gymnasticus* to Philostratus II, there are no grounds beyond the date. It was written after 219. What age was Philostratus I in 219? His dates remain to be assigned: but anyhow there is nothing for or against the supposition that the *Gymnasticus* was written by an old man. So we may leave it at this: nothing disproves Suidas' statement that Philostratus I wrote it. The fragment on Epistolary Style⁴ belongs to Lemnius.⁵ For the fragment (*Dialexis*) on a *Contrast between Nature and Law*,⁶ see Muenschcr, *op. cit.*, p. 522.

So much for the respective authorships; and now for the relationships. According to Suidas, the Philostratus whom we have distinguished as *Lemnius*, the

¹ p. 495 *seq.*

² The citation from Thomas Magister (Kays., vol. ii, p. xi) favours the hypothesis of another *Heroicus*.

³ Jüthner, p. 87.

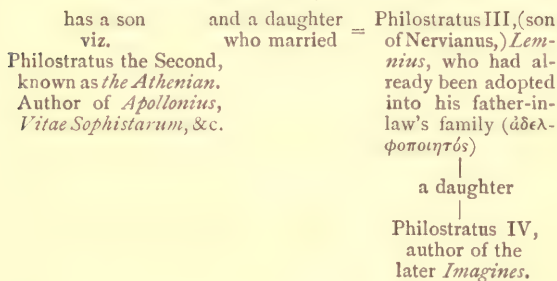
⁴ Kays., vol. ii, p. 257.

⁵ Cf. *ibid.*, p. 126, and Proclus in Hercher's *Epistolographi*, p. 7.

⁶ Kays., vol. ii, p. 259.

author of *Heroicus* and *Imagines*, was great-nephew, son-in-law, and disciple of Philostratus 'the Second': a singular, not to say an incredible, domestic combination. Meursius' emendation (ἀδελφόπαις for ἀδελφόπαιδος) would make him nephew, not great-nephew. Unluckily, Suidas' inversion of ὁ πρῶτος and ὁ δεύτερος deprives the numerals of significance: does he mean 'first' and 'second' in the order of his own article, or in the chronological order? If one may risk a further conjecture, where all is so uncertain, I would read ἀδελφοποιητός for ἀδελφόπαιδος, and thus constitute the family tree:

Philostratus the First, son of Verus



I allow that the difficulty which has been stated on p. xxxv remains; but I submit that the probabilities are in favour of making the Lemnian, though younger by a few years, still belong to the same academic generation as our author, and Nicagoras and Apsines. That he predeceased his contemporaries is suggested by the tenses in *Vit. Soph.*,¹ which was published before 238.²

¹ Kays., vol. ii, pp. 126-7.

² Muenschcr, p. 472.

This scheme leaves one great difficulty, but it is a difficulty which none of the suggested solutions succeed in reducing: indeed, it has been frankly ignored. How is it that, if our Philostratus' father was such a distinguished sophist, his son makes no allusion to him whatever in the *Vitae Sophistarum*? Why is it not to him, as well as to Damianus, &c., that the biographer has recourse for information about the great professors of the Marcaurelian era? There seems to be a possible clue to this mystery in the person of Antipater. We know from Suidas (s. v. *Philostratus*—Suidas has no article on Antipater) that the elder Philostratus had a controversy with Antipater, against whom he wrote his *περὶ τοῦ ὀνόματος*. The son expresses an unusually formal judgement on Antipater,¹ that while many excelled him at the improvisation and the set narrative (*συγγραφή*), he was unsurpassed as a writer of Imperial dispatches, 'like a brilliant actor representing the part of royalty'. And though I deny that young Philostratus' expressions² imply that he was himself regularly his pupil, they certainly imply that he was one of those who were privileged to hear the eloquent Syrian's courtly addresses and reminiscences of earlier triumphs on the professional platform. And it is no great stretch to assume that it was through Antipater that Philostratus got his footing in Julia's circle of *littérateurs*. We seem to distinguish faint outlines of an antagonism between the Syrian School, who floated into honour and power on the rising tide of Orientalism, and the Hellenistic

¹ Kays., vol. ii, pp. 108-9: to estimate the phrase, compare *Apollonius*, Kays., pp. 293. 22; 336. 18.

² See p. lviii.

Tradition of Marcaurelian days. For the only other piece of news that Suidas has to tell us about the first Philostratus is that Fronto of Emesa was his 'rival in education' at Athens (ἀντεπαίδευσε); this Fronto was Longinus' grandfather. Now Emesa was Julia's native place; and we can hardly err in supposing that it was thanks to her influence that this rival of Philostratus' was given preferment at Rome in the reign of Severus. If this combination be not too fanciful, we may conclude that our Philostratus had gone over to Syrianism, and (in every sense) turned to the rising sun, while his father remained in the other camp.

Failing this, I can see no other way of accounting for Philostratus' silence but to suppose that his father died before he was grown up. In which case, Suidas' attribution of the *Gymnasticus* to Philostratus I becomes untenable, since it was written not earlier than 219.

III

APOLLONIUS' REPUTATION BEFORE PHILOSTRATUS

A REFERENCE in Book VIII, Chapter 20, of the *Apollonius*, gives us the first hint of the sage's posthumous reputation. He brought with him, we learn, when he reappeared after a week underground with Trophonius in the cave at Lebadea, a book of *Pythagoras' Doctrines*. 'This book', says Philostratus, 'is preserved at Antium, and held in great esteem because of its origin. Antium is in Italy, on the sea. The facts, I admit, were confirmed to me by the inhabitants of Lebadea, but, as for the book, I wish to declare my opinion that it was conveyed to the Emperor Hadrian at a later date, in fact at the same time as some of Apollonius' letters—certainly, not all of them—and left in the palace at Antium, his favourite Italian residence.'¹ Plainly Philostratus has not himself seen it, or he would say so.

It is pretty certain that Hadrian, intimate as he was with Dio of Prusa, had heard of Apollonius: and it is likely that the curious dilettantism of the restless, cruel emperor, a Spaniard by birth, a Gracculus by intellectual affinity, *omnium curiositatum explorator*,² would be interested in Apollonius. *Peregrina sacra contempsit*, says

¹ Mr. Tredwell characteristically makes of this: 'This book was accessible at Antium in the time of Philostratus, and it was regarded as the most curious of all things in this little town'—quoting Bayle's Dictionary!

² Tertullian, *Apol.* v.

Aelius Spartian: if so, it was a contempt that did not exclude curiosity. He received Quadratus' apology for Christianity, the first.¹ The charge of ritual murder, perpetrated for divinatory purposes, which was preferred against Apollonius, must have interested Hadrian, who, according to Dio Cassius' positive assertion,² caused Antinous' death 'because he required a willing soul for his (occult) purposes'.³ And another particular which Dio Cassius records⁴ smacks of the Tyanean: when Hadrian completed the temple of Zeus Olympius at Athens, he dedicated in it a snake fetched from India.

But a closer inspection of Philostratus' sentence, just now quoted, shows that he feels the Lebadean tradition might not be thought conclusive proof, and that he thinks it necessary to make a very positive assertion of what, in his view, was the provenance of the book in question (*γνώμη ἀποπεφάνθω μοι*),⁵ which looks as if there was some incredulity to be met.

However, whether or no Hadrian was an admirer of Apollonius, there is the same absolute want of any contemporary literary evidence for his reputation, or his very existence, in the works of any Greek or Latin author. Just as he was ignored by Dio of Prusa, Seneca, Pliny the Elder, Josephus, and Tacitus, so is

¹ Eusebius, IV. iii. 23; S. Jerome, *Ep.* lxx. ² lxix. 11.

³ For such divinatory murders see Ceulenaer, *op. cit.*, p. 42; Didius Julianus and Elagabalus also had them performed.

⁴ lxix. 16.

⁵ The same phrase as he uses in *Vitae Sophist.* (Kays., vol. ii, p. 109), where he is speaking of Antipater. I take it in both cases to mean that this is a point on which he is expected and bound to make a pronouncement (cf. p. xlv, *note 1*).

he ignored by Pliny the Younger, by Suetonius, by Plutarch. Pliny the Younger had known and admired Euphrates almost from his boyhood (i.e. before Domitian's accession—he was born A. D. 62), and draws a very favourable portrait of his character and accomplishments.¹ Well, his silence might be set down to the score of Euphrates' jealousy of Apollonius, about which Philostratus has so much to say. But the same excuse will not serve for Plutarch, who by the bent of his studies is often led into topics (e.g. Pythagoreanism, Trophonius' cave at Lebadea, the Gymnosophistae, &c.) where his silence becomes for us an eloquent testimony that he had nothing to say of him. And Plutarch actually lectured in Rome during the reign of Vespasian.² It would beat even Mr. Tredwell to assert that this was the Apollonius to whom Plutarch addressed a Consolation . . . on the death of his son! If Josephus has nothing to say about him, let that be because Apollonius disliked Jews³: yet Josephus was at Alexandria with Vespasian⁴ and at Rome afterwards. How is Tacitus'⁵ silence to be explained? I leave this to Mr. Petrie as a problem worthy of his ingenuity. Or Seneca's? Well, it may be allowed that if Apollonius did visit Rome under Nero, it was after Seneca's death: yet Seneca's interest in Pythagoreanism⁶ and Neo-Pythagoreanism⁷ is sufficient to justify an argument from silence here.

¹ *Ep.* i. 10. ² *De Curiositate* xv; Didot, *Moral.* 632. 35.

³ v. 28 and 33.

⁴ Joseph. *Vita* 75.

⁵ 'Dignitatem nostram a Vespasiano inchoatam, a Tito auctam, a Domitiano longius provectam.'—Tacitus, *Hist.* i. 1.

⁶ *Ep.* 108. 17.

⁷ *Ibid.*, 22.

But the case of Dio deserves more particular attention. It is surprising, no doubt, to find that Dio never mentions him by name—surprising, if we took Philostratus for history; and even recognizing Philostratus for historical romance, it is surprising to find no more certain allusions. When Dio speaks of India and the Brahmins,¹ there is no hint of Apollonius. On the other hand, if the reader will compare Philostratus iv. 22 with Dio's *Rhodiaca* 121, 122,² and Philostratus v. 26 with Dio's *Ad Alexandrinos* 31, 41,³ he will scarcely escape the conclusion that our author has been helping himself to some contemporary material of Dio's, in order to give colour to his narrative. But the place where I do seem to detect a probable allusion to Apollonius is in *Orat.* xxxv *ad Celaenenses* 3, 4⁴: the allusion is not complimentary. He talks with ironical humour about strolling sages, who know everything, who grow long hair and wear outlandish costumes; and some 'who have been thought a great deal of, just from their silence'. Celaenae is not found in Philostratus' itinerary; but, from its communications with Tyana, Apollonius must surely have been well known there if anywhere.

A terrible deal of explaining away and supposing is required if any room is to be made for the Tyanean to bulk at all large in the history of the first century. Just the possibility that Apollonius was known (though not named) to Tacitus among the various occultists who

¹ xxxv. 18–23, vol. i, pp. 336–8, von Arnim.

² v. Arnim, p. 258.

³ Ibid., p. 275.

⁴ Ibid., vol. i, p. 331.

gratified Vespasian's superstitious curiosity¹ when he was at Alexandria; and just the one allusion—disparaging, even if it be allowed to subsist—in Dio Chrysostom. Not a word in Epictetus—the dictum quoted in *Diatr.* III. xii. 17 plainly refers to Apollonius the Stoic²; nor in Arrian. And so on into the Antonine Period—a deep universal silence. Not a word of him in Aelius Aristides (b. 117), in Galen (b. 131), in Pausanias (about his contemporary); nor in the Christian writers, Irenaeus, Justin, Tatian, Hermas. Nor—still more remarkable—in Apuleius (b. 125), whose defence *de Magia* gave direct occasion to have named Apollonius, had it been a name that anybody would have known.³ A little longer silence would give colour to the modernistic notion that Apollonius really never lived at all; but in the later Antonine Period, evidences at last begin to appear. The text is so important that it deserves to be quoted in full. The author is Lucian, in his account of that glorious impostor, Alexander of Abônuteichos, precursor and model of all the Brigham Youngs and Prophet Dowies and Eddys, who shine amid the chaos of modern American Syncretism.

Lucian, *Alexander sive Pseudomantis*, 5 μειράκιον μὲν οὖν ἔτι ὦν πάνυ ὥραϊον ὡς ἐνῆν ἀπὸ τῆς καλᾶμης τεκμαίρε-

¹ Vespasian kept an astrologer named Seleucus who had served Otho before.—Tacitus, *Hist.* ii. 78.

² The same story is told of Plato by Stobaeus, and Arrian (vi. 26) quotes a like instance of asceticism in Alexander the Great.

³ The alleged mention in *de Mag.* xc is now admitted not to be authentic.

σθαι καὶ ἀκούειν τῶν διηγουμένων, ἀνέδην ἐπόρνευε καὶ συνῆν ἐπὶ μισθῷ τοῖς βουλομένοις. ἐν δὲ τοῖς ἄλλοις λαμβάνει τις αὐτὸν ἐραστῆς γόης τῶν μαγείας καὶ ἐπὶ φῶδ' ἀθεσπεσίους ὑπισχνουμένων, καὶ χάριτας ἐπὶ τοῖς ἐρωτικοῖς καὶ ἐπαγωγὰς τοῖς ἐχθροῖς, καὶ θησαυρῶν ἀναπομπὰς καὶ κλήρων διαδοχάς. οὗτος ἰδὼν εὐφυνὰ παῖδα καὶ πρὸς ὑπηρεσίαν τῶν αὐτοῦ πράξεων ἐτοιμότατον οὐ μείον ἐρώντα τῆς κακίας τῆς αὐτοῦ ἢ αὐτὸς τῆς ὥρας τῆς ἐκείνου, ἐξεπαίδευσέ τ' αὐτὸν καὶ διετέλει ὑπουργῶ καὶ ὑπηρετῇ καὶ διακόνῳ χρώμενος. ὁ δ' αὐτὸς ἐκεῖνος δημοσίᾳ μὲν δῆθεν ἱατρὸς ἦν ἡπίστατο δὲ κατὰ τὴν Θῶνος τοῦ Αἰγυπτίου γυναικα,

φάρμακα πολλὰ μὲν ἐσθλὰ μεμιγμένα, πολλὰ δὲ λυγρά·

(*Od.* Δ 232)

ὦν ἀπάντων κληρονόμος καὶ διάδοχος αὐτὸς ἐγένετο. ἦν δ' ὁ διδάσκαλος ἐκείνου καὶ ἐραστῆς τὸ γένος Τυανεύς τῶν Ἀπολλωνίῳ τῷ Τυανεῖ τῷ πάνυ συγγενομένων, καὶ τὴν πᾶσαν αὐτοῦ τραγωδίαν εἰδότες. ὁρᾷς ἐξ οἷας σοι διατριβῆς ἄνθρωπον λέγω;

Most of this is 'dyed so black with Greek manners' that it may well be left in the decent obscurity of the original, but I translate the last sentence: 'His (i. e. Alexander's) teacher and amorist was a Tyanean born, one of those who had been with the egregious Apollonius and knew all his mummery. You see what sort of school the man came out of?'

Now Lucian is not faultless in chronology, but the dates present no difficulty here. Alexander died, aged less than seventy¹: Lucian met him (and inflicted the famous bite on his hand, instead of kissing it) in A. D. 164; he ended his prophet's career in the one hundred and sixties: so his birth falls about A. D. 100. The disreputable Tyanean, his teacher, would be, say, from

¹ Lucian, *op. cit.* 59.

twenty to thirty years old when Apollonius came to Rome in Domitian's reign. Lucian wrote the account a good many years after the event. There is in the *Apollonius*¹ a darkly significant hint about unsatisfactory disciples of the master; and we are certainly not justified in concluding upon Lucian's evidence that Apollonius was in fact an impostor. But, allowing that Lucian was not scrupulous and had the temper of a zany towards all enthusiasms whatever—until, late in life, he began to feel a comical piety for Epicurus and the Epicureans,—such is the first mention of Apollonius in literature.

Possibly there is a second hit at Apollonius where Lucian says that Demônax had no eccentricities of dress or diet.² Demônax is the idealized type of a rival school. And he is conspicuous by his absence in a third place: for it is significant not to find him named in company with Musonius, Dio, and Epictetus in *Peregrinus*, ch. 18. Reitzenstein sees allusions to Damis in *Philopseudes*, *Fugitivi*, and *Vera Historia*.³

One other Antoninian author has, not a mention, but perhaps an allusion: Artemidorus Daldianus, who died about A. D. 200. In the *Oneirocritica*, ii. 69, we read a vehement tirade against Pythagoreans in particular and all other quacks whatsoever. From this it seems lawful to infer that either Artemidorus had never heard of Apollonius as a Pythagorean, or he intended the depreciatory phrase to include him with the rest. And it is a curious coincidence that Artemidorus should say⁴ that 'to dream of Proteus or

¹ Kayser, p. 131. 18.

Op. cit., pp. 40-1.

² *Vit. Demonactis*, 5.

⁴ *Oneir.* ii. 38.

Glaucus or Phorcys or their attendant *daemones*, means frauds and deceits, because of the versatility of the gods seen. But they are good for prophets'. According to Philostratus, Proteus appeared to Apollonius' mother during her pregnancy.¹

But if we follow the historical sequence of testimony one stage further we shall arrive at the most decisive proof that before Philostratus' work appeared, Apollonius had only the limited and dubious notoriety of a Levantine thaumaturge.

Dio Cassius² (Cocceianus), a descendant of Dio Chrysostom (Prusaeus), was born about A. D. 155. His father was governor of Cilicia; and as there is no authority for denying that a man may be a false prophet in the neighbourhood of his own country, we may guess that Dio Cassius' *contubernium* with his father would favour him with peculiar opportunities for learning the tradition about Apollonius, if Philostratus' story in Book I, Chapter 4, were true. He mentions him twice: first in his account of Domitian—

'I have another most extraordinary piece of information which I shall indicate when I come to speak of his (Domitian's) end.'

He then describes the assassination, and proceeds:

'What I meant when I spoke of one astonishing particular was this. A certain Apollonius, a Tyanean, on that day and at the very hour of Domitian's murder—for this was afterwards calculated exactly by comparative evidence—mounted upon a high stone at Ephesus, or somewhere else, and summoning the people, spoke these words, "Bravo, Stephanus! well done Ste-

¹ i. 4.

² See Peter, *op. cit.*, p. 431.

phanus! strike the foul murderer! Struck! Wounded! Killed!"'

This did so happen, even if you choose to disbelieve it 10,000 times.¹

Dio's History is thought to have occupied him from A. D. 201 to A. D. 222.² Note these points in this account :

(1) Apollonius is 'A certain Apollonius, a Tyanean'—how different from the *ὁ Τυανεύς* of the devout Apollonici!

(2) 'At Ephesus or somewhere else': the story is vague.

(3) The fact had been and was largely denied.

(4) No mention of Philostratus: which makes it probable that his book was not published when this was written—at least it might have been expected that Dio, instead of a mere emphatic assertion, would cite some testimony, if testimony had been to hand.

The account can hardly be *derived* from Philostratus, for the detail 'on a high stone' corresponds to nothing in Philostratus' narrative—unless *προβὰς τρία ἢ τέτταρα τῶν βημάτων*³ implies that he stood on a flight of steps. The expression sometimes means a stone pulpit.⁴

The other passage occurs not long afterwards.

'Caracalla so delighted in magicians and sorcerers that he actually praised and honoured Apollonius the Cappadocian (who flourished in Domitian's time), an arrant magician and sorcerer; and erected a chapel to him.'⁵

¹ *Epit.* lxxvii. 17, 18.

² Dindorf, *ed. ex Reimar.*, ed. Teub., vol. v, p. lx. Peter, p. 432.

³ viii. 26.

⁴ See Lucian, *Vit. Demonactis*, 50.

⁵ lxxvii. 18. 4.

‘The Cappadocian’ is plainly a term of reproach.¹ Philostratus is careful to tell us that Tyana is ‘a Greek city among the Cappadocian tribe’.² All that Dio Cassius knows about the great man is the story that he had second-sight of Domitian’s death: that is why he dates his *floruit* by Domitian. And here we can see the motive that prompted Philostratus’ warm defence of Apollonius against the imputation of sorcery.

‘The sillier sort of people ascribe this power to sorcerers; and we see cases of similar credulity in many sides of human life. Professional athletes call in their services, and so do all sorts of competitors, in their eagerness to win; it contributes nothing to their victory, but the unhappy men rob themselves of the credit for their casual successes and account it to these arts. Even the defeated do not lose faith therein: “*Had I but offered such and such a sacrifice, or burnt this and that incense, the victory would not have slipped through my fingers*”: that is what they say, and what they believe. And the sorcerer is a frequent visitor at the doors of merchants on the same errand; for we shall find them also crediting their lucky strokes of business to him, and their failures to their own parsimony and neglect of the proper sacrifices. But lovers more than all others are attached to this art: their complaint is so credulous, that they will listen even to old women talking of magic, so it is no wonder if they resort to these professors and attend to their similar instructions. The sorcerer gives them a girdle or an amulet to wear, mystical stones either got from the earth or the moon or the stars, and spices of aromatic

¹ Θᾶπτον ἔην λευκοὺς κόρακας πτηνὰς τε χελώνας
εὐρεῖν ἢ δόκιμον ῥήτορα Καππαδόκην.

Lucian, in *Anth. Pal.* xi. 436.

² i. 4.

Indian plants, and makes them pay a handsome fee and does nothing for it. If they make any impression on the feelings of their beloved or gain their compliance by presents, the craft is extolled as all-powerful ; but should the amorous enterprise fail,—immediate resort to what they left undone ! Such and such an incense was not burnt, this was not sacrificed, that did not liquify : a great and impossible obstacle ! Well, books have been written about the superstitious uses they make of weather-signs and what not, by authors who laugh outright at their art. But my precept is not to let young men have to do with the scoffers either, so that they may not get familiar with such practices even in jest.

But this digression has been long enough. Why should I treat any further of matters which nature and law alike denounce ?' ¹

This same controversy had raged in Apollonius' lifetime, if his letters to Euphrates may be trusted. And, for further evidence of Philostratus' own opinions on this point, see *Vit. Soph.*, Kays., vol. ii, p. 36 and p. 94. We can hardly doubt that among the 'scoffers' he includes Lucian.

Only one other author need be named before we pass on to consider the literary epiphany of Apollonius. Tertullian never mentions his name ; yet it is possible Tertullian had heard of him, for in the *Apologeticum* (composed before the year 200) he has this sentence : 'We are not Brahmans or Indian gymnosophists, inhabiting the forests and outlawed from life.'² Tertullian here rebuts from the Christians the very charge which Euphrates makes against the Jews in v. 33.

¹ vii. 39.

² Ch. 42.

IV

THE AUTHOR AND HIS TIMES

MUENSCHER tries to ascertain a birth-date for Philostratus by calculating from the Professors under whom he himself tells us, incidentally in the *Vitae Sophistarum*, that he studied: Proclus of Naucratis, Hippodromus of Larisa, Antipater of Hierapolis, and Damianus of Ephesus. This is unquestionably a good method; but I cannot agree with the results to which it brings him.

Proclus was dead when the *Vitae* were written in 238, at latest; he lived to be ninety; his birth therefore falls in the one-forties. It seems to me only natural to infer from the account in the *Vitae*¹ that he was already old when Philostratus followed his courses.

Hippodromus died aged about seventy, at some date later than 213.² He was born later than 143—a good deal later, since he defers to academic seniority in Proclus.³

Antipater of Hierapolis was probably born about 144; if Philostratus really attended his classes, it must have been before Antipater showed the world that no dignity was so high but a Syrian rhetorician could aspire to reach it in the reign of Julia's husband.⁴ Presumably he ceased to teach after he became Tutor

¹ Kays., vol. ii, pp. 104-6.

² Ibid., p. 117.

³ Ibid., p. 116.

⁴ Aelian has a rather bitter sentence (in the *Épilogue* to his *De Natura Animalium*) about money-grubbers and place-hunters at Court.

to Caracalla¹ and Geta, and Greek Secretary to the Emperor. But I deny that Philostratus' words² mean that he had been a student in Antipater's class: just as the words *θεῶν διδάσκαλον ἐκαλοῦμεν αὐτόν* are referred by Muenschler (p. 474 *note*) to the audience at a public *ἀκρόασις*, at which Philostratus might assist; so ought the words *Ὀλυμπικούς τε ἡμῖν διήει καὶ Παναθηναϊκούς*³ to be taken in the sense that the ex-rhetor, now promoted to be a grand functionary, gave descriptive reminiscences of his performances in panegyric. This seems a natural meaning of the word *διήει*: though it could be used of actual declaiming.⁴ Damianus of Ephesus had been pupil of Aristides and Adrianus,⁵ and to him Philostratus owes his information about these two.⁶ Adrianus was yet alive in Commodus' reign (after 180) and Aristides probably did not die before 189. If Philostratus was already grown up and engaged in teaching as early as Muenschler contends, there would be no reason why he should derive his information about these two men from Damianus. It is plain that Philostratus must have found in him a last surviving link of tradition with a generation which he could not himself remember. Damianus was getting old and broken-down in health⁷ when Philostratus three times attended his instructions: he died aged seventy.

I cannot agree, therefore, with Muenschler's inference

¹ Born in 188.

² Kays., vol. ii, p. 109. 2.

³ Kays., vol. ii, p. 109. 2.

⁴ Ibid., vol. i, p. 113. 26.

⁵ Adrianus is a candidate for the doubtful honour of having written the Epistles of Phalaris. A 'Phalaris' is among the list of his works (Suidas, s.v.).

⁶ Kays., vol. ii, p. 107.

⁷ Ibid., p. 108.

(p. 476) from these data that Philostratus' twentieth year is to be placed between 184 and 194: it seems more probable that his student years began about 200. Nor can I discover any grounds for the statement¹ that Philostratus 'manifestly lived to a great age'. We are told by Suidas that he lived into the reign of Philip (244-249): that is all.

His kinsman's date, 'the Lemnian', is absolutely ascertainable²: he was born in 191. It also might be thought probable, as has been suggested (p. xliii), that our author outlived his kinsman, and the other two famous members of the group, Nicagoras and Apsines³; but even this is not certain, for though Apsines may have died before 238, Nicagoras (according to Suidas) was alive in Philip's reign. Which was the elder of the kinsmen? Our author pretty certainly; for though Muenschcr's argument that he was with Severus in Britain A.D. 208 fails (the statement⁴ that he has seen Atlantic tides, *περὶ Κελτούς*, may equally well be referred to W. or NW. Gaul), he was certainly at the Court of Caracalla already in 212,⁵ when the Lemnian was only rising twenty-two.

So when Muenschcr assigns a date between 164 and 174 for Philostratus' birth, one must object that neither his first recorded presence at Court, nor the dates of his teachers seem to give sufficient warrant for placing it so early. Clinton makes his birth-year 181. This seems to me an earliest limit; I prefer to say merely that he was born within the reign of Commodus.

¹ Ibid.

² Muenschcr, *op. cit.*, p. 500.

³ Kays., vol. ii, pp. 126-7.

⁴ *Apollonius*, p. 166. 9.

⁵ Kays., vol. ii, pp. 121, 124.

The interval of age between himself and his kinsman is thus reduced to a maximum of ten years, a figure which certainly accords more easily with my hypothesis that the relation between them was that of adopted brother and brother-in-law, than if they were uncle and nephew or great-uncle and great-nephew. He is almost exactly Origen's contemporary; a generation junior to Tertullian, about fifteen years senior to St. Cyprian. Aulus Gellius and, perhaps, Apuleius were oldish men when he was a child.

It now remains to sketch an historical setting for the conception and birth of his great work.

From the accession of Septimius Severus in 193 to the death of Alexander Severus in 235, Syrianism is the dominant force in pagan thought. And one or another out of the group of magnificent Semitic adventuresses, the four Julias, actually governed the empire during about seventeen years: the decay of Rome is the typical heyday of feminine influence. Julia Domna, wife to Septimius, mother of Geta and Caracalla, great-aunt of Helagabalus and Alexander Severus, is Philostratus' patroness: Julia *la philosophe*, he calls her. Her handsome head with the elaborate coiffure of tight ringlets is familiar in galleries of antique busts; her portrait has been delineated also in an inimitable page of Gibbon:

‘Like most of the Africans, Severus was passionately addicted to the vain studies of magic and divination, deeply versed in the interpretation of dreams and omens, and perfectly acquainted with the science of judicial astrology; which in almost every age, except the present, has maintained its dominion over the mind

of man. He had lost his first wife, whilst he was Governor of the Lyonnese Gaul. In the choice of a second, he sought only to connect himself with some favourite of fortune; and as soon as he had discovered that a young lady of Emesa in Syria had a *royal nativity*, he solicited, and obtained, her hand. Julia Domna (for that was her name) deserved all that the stars could promise her. She possessed, even in an advanced age, the attractions of beauty, and, united to a lively imagination, a firmness of mind, and strength of judgement, seldom bestowed on her sex. Her amiable qualities never made any deep impression on the dark and jealous temper of her husband; but in her son's reign she administered the principal affairs of the empire, with a prudence that supported his authority, and with a moderation that sometimes corrected his wild extravagancies. Julia applied herself to letters and philosophy, with some success and with the most splendid reputation. She was the patroness of every art, and the friend of every man of genius. The grateful flattery of the learned has celebrated her virtues; but, if we may credit the scandal of ancient history, chastity was very far from being the most conspicuous virtue of the Empress Julia.¹

Philostratus may have owed his first steps of preferment to Septimius, for Septimius was a patron and amateur of letters²: 'he liked to gather about him talent from all the world'.³ He listened with pleasure to

¹ *Decline and Fall*, ch. vi. The imperial blue-stockings of Rome make a bad tradition—the first Julia, Augustus' daughter; Sabina, Hadrian's wife, whose intrigues with Suetonius caused his dismissal from the Secretaryship; this Julia; and even Eudocia did not escape the tongues of slander.

² Dio Cassius, lxxvii. 11.

³ Philostr. *Vit. Apollonii Atheniensis*, Kays., vol. ii, p. 103.

rhetorical displays, and favoured rhetoricians with splendid and even exquisite munificence.¹ But Philostratus owns no debt to him; only to Julia. Julia had many interests, many ambitions. The amazing African, whom Herodian, who hated him, yet allows to have been the most glorious in war of all the emperors; cunning in policy, rapid in decision and in execution, merciless in triumph, as greedy for money as a Tudor; had not made his way to a despotic throne over the bodies of three rivals to play Prince Consort to his second wife. Statecraft was for him, literature and religion for her. Plautian saw to it that she kept within her own department. He was powerful enough to gain Septimius' ear against her and forestall any political interference: it was his brutality (he even had her house searched and her ladies-in-waiting put to the torture) which 'drove her to spend her days with sophists'.² And though the favourite minister was no match for her in the long-run, when her quite uncommon charms and talents, her great popularity with the army, and her faithful and spirited companionship in all her husband's campaigns and expeditions, gave her at last the victory, she never ruled till she became a widow. But she learned during these years the administrative experience which she was to put in practice as Empress Mother during her virtual regency for Caracalla.

¹ His benevolence was sometimes ill-considered. Philostratus tells a good story (Kays., vol. ii, p. 111) how the Emperor insisted on marrying the brilliant and wealthy Hermocrates, Polemo's great-grandson, to the elderly, ugly daughter of Antipater, his Secretary of State.

² Dio C. lxxv. 15.

Caracalla was no fool, only, like the Lerians in the epigram, he behaved as such. Julia was fond of him, though fonder of Geta, and fondest of power. To maintain this, she stuck at nothing. In her a jealous and unscrupulous mother's-love coincided with ambition. Of her two sons, one murdered the other in her very arms. Sooner than lose her power she not only condoned the crime, but allured the murderer to incestuous familiarities with herself. One of the motives for Caracalla's hideous *battue* at Alexandria was that the populace had called 'the old woman' Jocasta: and such taunts, Herodian¹ adds, are bitterest when true. One is tempted to question, was it in the 'Jocasta' or in the 'old woman' that the sting of the taunt lay? After the wholesale assassinations which completed his fratricide, Caracalla took to the simple life.

Ce fils, ce Bassien cher aux légionnaires
(Car il aime auprès d'eux à manier l'outil,
La truelle, ou le pic, ou la hache), qu'est-il ?
Un bouffon aux instincts charnels et sanguinaires.²

The big, hulking half-breed, living like a private soldier, was a popular figure with the armies on the Danube, his favourite residence; he assumed barbarian dress (trews, &c.), and wore a yellow wig to disguise his Afro-Syrian colouring under the admired Northern style. Meanwhile Julia governed the empire, and, above all, kept the exchequer full. 'He got his unscrupulous cunning', says Dio Cassius, 'from his mother and the Syrian stock that she came from.'³

¹ Herodian, iv. 9.

² Plessis, *La Lampe d'argile*.

³ lxxvii. 10. Cf. also Peter, *op. cit.*, p. 93.

(Herodian has an equal dislike and contempt for the Syrians.¹) Either Julia, however, or his tutor, Antipater of Hierapolis, another Syrian, had indoctrinated Caracalla with some Greek tastes; a superstitious enthusiasm for Achilles and Telephus (it is notable that Philostratus' only surviving epigram is on Telephus);² a devotion to Asclepius; and he asserted in a letter to the Senate that he was Alexander the Great metempsychosed, and had been Augustus in an intermediate stage.³ He inherited from her a restless curiosity in religion;⁴ from his father, a hankering after magicians and astronomers. Aristotelians he could not bear, holding Aristotle for part guilty in Alexander's death.⁵

The enthusiasm for Apollonius, which induced him to build the temple at Tyana,⁶ was doubtless inspired by Julia; but probably Julia employed Philostratus to put the new craze in such a literary light as might most favourably appeal to Caracalla's fancy: this is why we have so much of Asclepius, of Achilles, of Telephus, and so much theosophical stuff in the book.

I cannot better conclude this brief sketch of the prince to whose reign belong Philostratus' years of brilliant renown than by quoting the episode which he relates in *Vita Philisci*.⁷ It illuminates the man and the times.

Philiscus of Thessaly, kinsman of Hippodromus,⁸ was involved in a lawsuit with a Macedonian corpora-

¹ II. vii. 9.

² Anth. Planud. 100.

³ Dio C. lxxvii. 7.

⁴ Herod. IV. xii. 3.

⁵ Dio C. lxxvii. 7.

⁶ Cf. pp. 5, 344.

⁷ Kays., vol. ii, p. 121.

⁸ Cf. p. lv.

tion. He appealed to Rome, and took occasion of his presence at Court to 'insinuate himself into Julia's circle of mathematicians (i. e. Cabalists) and philosophers'; he made such an impression in this quarter that he got *from her* the Chair of Literature at Athens which was in the imperial gift. But (says Philostratus) like Homeric gods, whose mutual concessions are sometimes made willy nilly, the son of *la philosophe* was in a very bad temper at having his signature taken for granted, and angry with Philiscus for stealing a march on him. Being in this mood, he was delighted to hear that the offending rhetorician was presently to be a suitor before his tribunal; he would pay him out. Everything about the luckless Philiscus increased the capricious young maniac's prejudice against him; his gait, his attitude, his dress, his voice, his language, his irrelevant discursiveness, everything offended. Caracalla browbeat him and disconcerted him with insults and interruptions, until at last Philiscus let fall the unhappy plea that by giving him the Chair at Athens, the Emperor had given him exemption from taxes also. This was too much. Caracalla burst out with, 'No immunity for you or any other teacher! I shan't deprive the cities of their revenues for the sake of your little miserable phrasemongeries.'¹ 'Yet', continues the biographer, 'it was after this that Caracalla did confer the immunity on Philostratus the Lemnian, then aged only 24, for an Essay which he presented.' This essay was, as we shall see, the extant *Heroicus*;

¹ Compare the furore of success which the Arabian Heliodorus achieved by declaiming before Caracalla in Gaul this same year. (*Vit. Soph.*, Kays., vol. ii, p. 125.)

and it was probably Flavius Philostratus' great influence at Court in the year 215, just when he began the *Apollonius*, that gained his kinsman this privilege. The scene with Philiscus belongs to the year 212, and our author was already about the Court: it is the year when Origen, after completing his studies under Ammonius Saccas, came to pay his visit to Pope Zephyrinus at Rome.

Tyana lies a little north of the Taurus, where the high road from the upper Halys basin (past Caesarea Mazaca) joins with the high road from Ancyra and Nicomedia. All the main stream of the traffic from Bithynia, Galatia, and Cappadocia to Cilicia and Syria must pass through Tyana on its way to debouch by the Cilician Gates into the plain of Tarsus. It had been the capital of the second Hittite kingdom¹; the famous marches of Cyrus and of Alexander, when they passed this way, had followed a road that was marked by monuments of already millennial antiquity, and was to be familiar to Roman armies six hundred years later. Septimius Severus was twice at Tyana: on his eastward march in 193 and again in 202. Probably it was in the latter year that Plautian's dangerous attack of illness caused the army a long delay²; and thereby (as has generally been supposed) gave Julia occasion to employ her curiosity with the local devotion. *Grande morae pretium ritus cognoscere*: a literary princess and a Julia might well have this Ovidian taste. One is tempted to conjecture that, if Maximus of Aegae was indeed Secretary to Septimius, his collection of

¹ Garstang, *The Land of the Hittites*, index, s. v. Tyana.

² de Ceulenaer, p. 75; Muenscher, p. 485.

the Aegae traditions about Apollonius was the first-fruits of the empress' interest. But Philostratus was still a mere boy in 202. There is nothing positive to show that he was attached to the Court in Septimius' lifetime, and there is a possibility of dating the *Apollonius* at least approximately. For it appears very probable that all the Achilles business in iii. 20, iv. 11, 12, 16, was written in 214-15. When Philostratus makes the 'divine Iarchas'¹ panegyricize Achilles, and Apollonius after a visit to Asclepius at Pergamum, proceed to visit and evoke Achilles from his tomb, we recognize our courtly sophist's compliment to Caracalla, who in this winter varied his routine of debaucheries by an interlude of extravagant devotion to Achilles, at whose tomb he performed elaborate ceremonies of worship, and erected a statue in his honour.² In fact, what Muenscher³ proves to be the motive which prompted the Lemnian to write his *Heroicus*, and thereby gain the imperial favour, may quite as plausibly be assigned as a motive for these passages in the *Apollonius*. Now the Court was again at Tyana, in the spring of 215, *en route* for Syria. It was probably now that Caracalla dignified the town by the addition *Colonia Antoniniana* and *Aurelia*, and built the temple to Apollonius of which Philostratus speaks in the last sentence of the book⁴ (using terms which seem to me to imply that Caracalla was still reigning when the sentence was penned), and which seemed to Dio Cassius one of the

¹ Book iii. 17 (Kays., vol. i, p. 97 foll.).

² Dio Cassius lxxvii. 16; Herodian viii. 4.

³ Muenscher, pp. 500-8.

⁴ Kays., vol. i, p. 344; cf. also p. 5.

most outrageous monuments of the mad Afro-Syrian's perversity.¹ Certainly Philostratus writes of Tyana as one who knows the place and the local traditions.² Perhaps the inadequacy of Maximus' pamphlet, published at some time in the preceding ten years, moved Julia to get the thing done more amply and thoroughly by her chief *littérateur*-in-waiting. If we combine the clue of the Achilles and Asclepius business with these other indications, we get a fair probability that Philostratus actually received his commission on this occasion. How had he earned the honour? We cannot answer the question. He had been about the Court for some three years at least, and he had lost no time. It may have been the courtier-like qualities which appear in the sixty-third of his Letters³; it may have been his brilliant success as a public lecturer at Athens; he may have already made a great name in modish *belles-lettres* by his Essays (*μελέται*) or by the pretty Sentimental Epistles in which Ben Jonson found the original of *Drink to me only with thine eyes*⁴; he may have acquired or simulated an interest in the imperial visions of a grand East-and-West-Amalgamation Religion, in which the federated phrase-mongers of all the sects might exercise a lucrative and self-complacent ministry of Prating. Or

¹ See p. liv.

² v. 16.

³ Kays., vol. ii, p. 256. He had heard her discoursing on Aeschines' style a little while before, and he gallantly appeals to her to convince Plutarch whether Chaeronensis, or a later namesake, remains doubtful not to be so hard on 'mere literature' and speak so harshly of Gorgias. 'If he will not listen to you, you Madam have wit and wisdom enough to know the right name for such behaviour; so I must not say what I might say about it.'

⁴ *Ep.* xxxiii and *Ep.* ii.

was it thanks to the good offices of Antipater, for whom he had fortunately a great admiration? ¹ Whatever the particular reason for her choice may have been, the choice justified itself by the event; the author rose to the height of his opportunity, and immortalized himself by a work most ingeniously contrived to tickle the literary appetites of the day, and thereby doubly precious to us: for though the *Apollonius* be chiefly romance, it is a great historical document on the mind of the Severian epoch, and pleasant enough as a book.

And indeed Julia did Philostratus a very good turn when she put into his hands those very suspicious papers of Damis, and charged him to make literature of them. For what were the chronic plagues of the men of letters in the Hellenistic Renaissance, but penury of ideas and impotence of the creative faculty, the poor pennyworth of thought to the intolerable deal of verbiage?

In this, as in so many other respects, they resemble the Humanists of the Quattrocento. Duruy compares Julia's circle to the court of some Renaissance princess. The quarrels of a Polemo and a Favorinus ² suggest the ferocious literary duels of a Beroaldus, a Politian, a Sannazarius. The great Sophists of both epochs are the favourite 'orators' of cities; Domitian, Hadrian, the Antonines, or Severus listened with a connoisseur's appreciation to the plea of some Asiatic city for immunities and subventions, exquisitely phrased by Scopelian or Herod Atticus or Apollonius Atheniensis, just as the Venetian or Florentine commonwealths sent their great Latin stylists on diplomatic errands to Pope or King or Emperor. The Humanists' devotion to

¹ See p. xliv.

² Kays., vol. ii, p. 10.

Culture was certainly less well paid in money. But Culture was the idol of both. Only, alas, Culture only teaches us to be well dressed, not well made. Decorative writing is but a beautiful vesture, which grows tawdry with age and falls in dust about a skeleton; the style, in which form and thought is all one, remains eternal as statuary: γόνιμον δὲ ποιητὴν ἂν οὐχ εὖροις ἔτι, was a thousand times truer now than of the age when Aristophanes penned it.

We have not intimate aesthetic appreciation enough of pure style to taste now in a Dio Chrysostom or an Aelius Aristides what a modern Englishman can still admire in Ruskin. What modern scholar can pretend that the supreme music of Ζέφυροι δ' ἐρήμην καταπνέουσιν does not elude him? And will the Japanese critic of a thousand years hence find anything in Ruskin but the melodious flatulence? Sophists might cap one another at the old game of declamation (never has the pulpit known such glory), and outbid one another in the perverse rivalry of affectation; but subjects were scarce. 'O for a subject on which I might encrust my rich collections of literary artifice and ornament!' This was the secret prayer of every one of them. O for something new! Think of three centuries of traditional exercises on 'Hannibal deliberates whether to attack Rome'—'Ajax soliloquizes before his suicide'—'Orestes' defence on a charge of matricide'—'Cicero refuses to recant his Philippics', &c., &c.; and recollect that queer medley of improbable incident and rhetorical ingenuity—that world of tyrannicides, pirates, step-mothers, and Old-Roman fathers, amidst which the reader of Seneca's or Quintilian's *Controversies*, or

Charito's and Heliodorus' novels, moves, and is amused to discover that he is moving among the ghostly ancestors of the modern narrative melodrama! Philostratus lets the cat out of the bag when, in one of the most undisguisedly academic passages of the book¹ (that old 'set-piece', the Respective Merits of Monarchy and Democracy), he makes Dio say to Vespasian, 'Restore the Republic, and afford us rhetoricians a topic which will supersede Harmodius and Aristogeiton.' New topics, new ἀφορμαὶ λόγων!

A big order from an important customer, and the materials found. Novelty, and a nucleus of modern reality in the theme: it was a godsend to such a pen in such an age. And poor Damis' stuff need never tempt Philostratus to regard it as anything but raw material to be worked up. 'See what you can make of this'—we may suppose Julia saying to him—'this Cappadocian mage, who combined all the lore of Greece, Egypt, and India. Show us the true philosopher, the traveller, the seer, the mystic, the reformer, the second Pythagoras, the god on earth.'

The courtier willingly complied. Begun in 215, the book was perhaps executed in bits, which might serve as pieces for declamation or themes for a *causerie* in the imperial *salon*.² Philostratus well knew the palate he had to cook for. They worshipped the Sun at Emesa: Apollonius must be a devout Sun-worshipper if he is to

¹ v. 34.

² That Aelian's *De Natura Animalium* was thus delivered is proved by the rhetorical turn in general, but in particular by such phrases as e. g. ἐκείνους ἔρεσθε in viii. 4, which suppose an audience present.

suit the taste of the Emesan Prince-Prelate's daughters. The Court believed in *Daemons*—intermediate beings were to be a great factor in the grand-Amalgamation Religion: the *Heroicus* is a very pretty tract in favour of Hero (= Daemon) worship.¹ So there must be plenty of *Daemons* in the book, including Apollonius himself. Julia's Court (like some others in history) loved Encyclopedias—so there must be plenty of titbits of science, geography, physics, and zoology; the Court was greedy of Anecdotes—Philostratus must show that he was a match for Aelian or Athenaeus or Diogenes Laertius.² He must gratify the Syncretist appetite for all that is either novel or eccentric, or of racy local flavour, in ritual and belief; and since the Christians churlishly refused any accommodation with the other religions, he might pilfer their sacred books for the

¹ Réville and Dill both fail to see the equal importance of the *Heroicus* and the *Apollonius* in this regard: indeed Dill's treatment of the *Apollonius* must be called uncritical as quite failing to distinguish what is manifestly *tendancieux* in Philostratus. Cf. also Peter, *op. cit.*, p. 45.

² Rudolph (*Philologus*, Suppl.-bd. vi, p. 14) shows that the common source from which Aelian, Athenaeus, Oppian, and Diogenes, as well as Aulus Gellius, derived many of their titbits of popular polymathy, was the παντοδαπή ιστορία of Favorinus: in particular, that much quoted affair of Empedocles' symbolic ox. Philostratus might have been added to the list of compilers. He actually names him once (Kays., vol. i, p. 144) as an authority for Demetrius the Cynic. Favorinus was disciple of Demetrius and of Dio Chrysostom; his only surviving speech is that which appears as the thirty-seventh Oratio of Dio (Rudolph, *l. c.*, p. 157). Demônax was his fellow student under Demetrius, and made the learned eunuch the victim of one of his most mordant witticisms.

embellishment of his idealized philosopher, just as Mithraism had made free with certain parts of their liturgical uses.

There was great curiosity about foreign countries,¹ the ever mysterious continents of Asia and Africa: to be in the fashion he must deflower the treasures of Herodotus, Ctesias, Nearchus, Alexander Polyhistor, Juba, Megasthenes, &c., &c.

Aesop and the Fable were again in fashion (Babrius is of this period)—Apollonius must be made a great Aesopian (iv. 14–15). Pythagoras had learned from Brahmins²: so must Apollonius, the new avatar of Pythagoras. Democritus had been the greatest traveller of his day, and visited Babylonia and Egypt³: Apollonius must outdo him. Zeno and Plato and Diogenes and many more⁴ had boldly confronted tyrants and endured persecution: Apollonius must be brought before Nero and Nero's *portio de crudelitate*, Domitian.

But to realize the true sophistic manner, there must be much Hellenizing: plenty of history, rhetorically sauced; plenty of archaeology. Apollonius (who was probably of Hittite or Amorite stock,⁵ if in fact he was descended from the founders of Tyana)⁶ must be made all that is most Greek, an Atticist but without pedantry, donnish yet modish; his talk enriched with Homeric quotations, and brilliantly freaked with allusive poeticisms. It was a theme on which the sophists' commonplace book might be emptied out. There was room for many a neat page on mythology, aesthetics, and litera-

¹ Peter, p. 149.

² Clement Alex. *Strom.* i. 15.

³ Ibid.

⁴ *Vit. Ap.* vii. 1. 2.

⁵ See Garstang, *op. cit.*

⁶ *Apoll.* i. 4.

ture. Philostratus has by him a little thing on Flute-playing: put this into Apollonius' mouth, and the futility of the dialogue is rather less apparent (v. 21). Every schoolboy would be gratified and encouraged when he found Apollonius showing knowledge of his *Demosthenes de Corona*.¹ Prodicus' celebrated Apologue must serve as a model for a similar *Apollonius' Choice*. Topical *Dialexeis* must be introduced at suitable points: a Sermon in prison, a Sermon on Facing Tyrants, &c., &c., the conventional debate on the Merits of a Republic compared with a Monarchy,² and above all, the centrepiece of the fabric, Philostratus' 'benefit' performance, a grand scholastic *μελέτη*, Apollonius' *Apologia* before Domitian.³

And all must be executed in a style whose adroitness and finesse should bespeak the author as well-bred as well-read; reveal to the uninitiated, and recall to a privileged recollection of intimates, the conversation of that exquisite circle which made of Julia's Progresses and Residences now a mission of scientific exploration, now an antiquarian pilgrimage, now a conference of literary or mythological dilettantism. And over all must be laid the glaze of a translucent *ἀφέλεια*: gaily coloured and

¹ vii. 37, compare with this Clement Alex. *Strom.* viii. 3. 6. 1.

² Used by Dionysius of Halicarnassus, Tacitus, &c. Cf. Peter, ii, p. 92.

³ Kayser's view of this will hardly be gainsaid now (vol. ii, p. viii); Norden cites it as a curiosity of literary history (*Kunstprosa*, i. 380) that Cobet actually took the speech to be historical (Mnemosyne, vol. viii, p. 160). Geffcken shows how Philostratus takes part of his materials for this piece from the commonplaces of the Cynic preaching (*Kynika u. Verwandtes*, Heidelberg, 1909).

figured, the composition must be brought together by an easy finish of mannered negligence on the language.¹

All this the precedents required; and, wanting neither for materials nor talents, all this Philostratus brilliantly performed. Only one thing lay irretrievably buried in the foundations of the gorgeous edifice: the historical truth about Apollonius. If ever a question can be decided by weight of expert authority, there is no longer any question but that the *Life of Apollonius* is as much or more of a romance than the *Gyropaedia*. To maintain the contrary thesis now would be like reasserting the authenticity of the *Epistles of Phalaris*.

But there remains a question which must not be burked. It is chiefly by its relation to the Christian religion that Philostratus' book continues to command interest: it will be shown in the next essay that its periods of celebrity and popularity coincide typically with crises in religious opinion. *Nescio quo meo fato . . .* Apollonius' ghost might adapt Cicero's famous sentence:

¹ This quality pleased though it rather puzzled Photius: 'This Philostratus uses a pleasant and very various style, with an appropriate vocabulary, but with constructions unparalleled in historical writing: you might rather speak of the derangement than the arrangement of his sentences. Knowing, however, that he was a great scholar, we must not suppose that he fell into peculiarity and innovation by trying and failing to write correctly; but by excessive and abusive employment of what had been casual and exceptional in the older writers. He displays a licentious familiarity, with deliberate intention to please. Indeed there is a certain lure and fascination in such writing' (Photius 241).

In fact, Anacoluton and the like, the schoolmaster's bugbear, and the particular quarry of textual critics, are favourite elegancies of Philostratus even more than of Dio Chrysostom.

he has the quality of a fatal person. Yet no ancient Fathers, I think, asserted, and no competent modern critic now asserts, that the book was written of set purpose against the Church. Nevertheless, although the reader never finds Christianity named in *Apollonius*, he is often aware of hints, sometimes plain, sometimes elusive, which suggest to him a Christian reminiscence. It will be well to spend a few sentences in putting this important matter in its true light. What is Philostratus' position? ¹

One thing may be asserted pretty surely: he had access to Christian documents, both canonical and apocryphal. His allusions to passages in the New Testament have been noted and collected by almost all who have written on the subject; a list will be found in Newman's Essay, or in Bauer's tedious pages: the following is Kayser's (taken from his *Index Auctorum*):

St. Matt. xxvii. 29, 41	=	<i>Apollonius</i> , Kays., p. 275
„ xxvii. 11	=	„ „ „ 299
St. Mark xiv. 19	=	„ „ „ 342
St. Luke vii. 11	=	„ „ „ 164
„ viii. 28	=	„ „ „ 145
„ viii. 35	=	„ „ „ 140
„ xxiv. 51	=	„ „ „ 343
St. John xx. 25	=	„ „ „ 328
Acts ix. 3	=	„ „ „ 343

But the imitation of an Apocryphal document is perhaps more striking still, if we compare *Apollonius* iv. 20 with *Actus Petri cum Simone* xi.² The mere mention of Aricia is not sufficient to establish a relation between *Apollonius* iv. 36 and *Actus Petri cum Simone* iv. But

¹ On all this matter cf. Aubé, ii. 462 *seq.* and 489 *seq.*

² I find that Reitzenstein has already noted the resemblance (*Hellen. Wundererz.*, p. 54).

I am haunted by the notion that if we had more documents, the two mysterious figures, Apollonius and Simon Magus, might be made to help in explaining each other.

Of course it remains in ambiguity what is Philostratus, what is Damis. However, we can state certainly that either by what he found in his sources, or of his own knowledge (and why not both?), Philostratus knew something of Christian literature, and it is certain that he must have met and known live Christians, at least by sight. The Christian Proculus¹ must have been a familiar figure about the Palace; Caracalla was reared by a Christian nurse.² Both the persecutions under Septimius Severus, and the growth of the Church in power and numbers, which provoked the persecutions, make it a mere impossibility that, even in his academic and courtly world, Philostratus could be unacquainted with a religion which for a century already had counted some adherents in the imperial house and among the more eminent men of letters in both languages. No one can read de Ceulenaer's chapter on the position of Christianity under Severus and not recognize that there must be some other reason for Philostratus' silence. The reason is a boycott. The case is familiar enough in modern experience: Christianity is neither criticized nor condemned nor opposed, but simply ignored. As with Dio Cassius, so with Philostratus. An unwritten law of etiquette forbids the word to be mentioned: it was 'bad form' to talk about it. This was in great part ignorance, but willing ignorance. True, the Christian mysteries were jealously guarded by the *disciplina arcani*; and the vagueness of the earlier apologists³

¹ Tertull. *ad Scapulam*, iv. ² Ibid. ³ e. g. Minucius.

might give the impression that Christianity was only a system of ethics, and not a religion at all. Or if a heathen man of letters got hold of a New Testament, what could that by itself convey to him? An interesting volume, he would say, for those who like Aretalogies, but full of *τερατεία*, and quite unintelligible without the accredited interpreter. Only as educated apostates like Ammonius begin to appear, does this secrecy begin to relax, in the third century. For the present the Christians were simply people who would not play the game; they had not the same friends and enemies as the world; they caused uneasiness in polite conversation and ordered society; and they had better not be mentioned. When the Church triumphed at Rome, in the end of the fourth century, the heathen temples were neither destroyed nor, for a while, turned into churches, but carefully preserved as venerable monuments of a past that commanded the reverence of the new civilization, which looked at it across a great gulf of incompatibility.¹ Had they been conceived merely as seats of idolatry, they would have been otherwise treated. The chilly silence rather than the sharp quarrel best expresses the total antipathy. Who can better Sophocles' phrase for it? *ὡς ἐμοὶ τῶν σῶν λόγων ἀρεστὸν οὐδέν, μηδ' ἀρεσθείη ποτέ*. Want of curiosity, itself a kind of scorn, is a factor in invincible ignorance. Did Philostratus know, or care to know, that the Orfitus with whom he connects Apollonius² was a Christian?³ Perhaps the Rufus too.

¹ Grisar, *History of Rome and the Popes*, ch. i, pp. 11, 12.

² Kays., pp. 258, 287, 317.

³ Greppo, *Trois Mémoires*, p. 193.

It is not difficult for us to imagine this literary boycott of the Church in Philostratus, Dio Cassius, &c. To prejudice, ignorance, contempt, add a spice of uneasiness and suspicion, and you have the makings of a perfect conspiracy of silence without conspirators; an instinctive unwritten prescription, the extra armour that every society lays upon its vital parts. But just as good manners allow 'Mysticism' to be mentioned where to say 'Religion' would be an outrage, so we find Roman and Greek writers saying of Jews what they think of Christians. We have in fact Philostratus' opinion of Christians in v. 33.

'The Jews are inveterate rebels, not against Rome only but against all human society. Living in their peculiar exclusiveness, and having neither their food, nor their libation, nor their sacrifices in common with men, they are more completely cut off from us than is Susa, or Bactra, or the yet more remote India.'¹

These words are put into Euphrates' mouth, but they are no way personal to him: all the characters in this academic debate sustain stock parts. For *Jews* read *Christians* and you have the usual view, expressed in almost the same terms by every Pagan writer who names the religion at all, and certainly shared by Philostratus.

Why should Philostratus differ from everybody else? He thought as he had been taught; he talked as he heard others talk. We must steer between two absurdities. It is absurd in the face of the evidence to deny that he had knowledge of Christian documents. Let us leave this to Mr. Tredwell, who thought that

¹ Cf. Bk. v. 27.

the canonical Gospels were not written before A. D. 215. It is prettier when errors congregate. As Virgil said, *Qui Bavium non odit, amet tua carmina, Maevi*. But on the other hand it would be a great mistake to impute any positive and particular anti-Christian bias to Philostratus. What anti-clerical motive can be discovered? He was neither vicious nor fanatically addicted to any rival cult. He is not of a scoffing or a sceptical temper; less credulous perhaps than his kinsman 'the Lemnian',¹ but not of the school of Lucian and Moeragenes.

Furthermore, it is impossible to suppose that the syncretist ideal had no relation to Christianity; the Julias must have either intended to embrace it in their comprehensiveness, or have known that they were excluding it. In fact the two policies alternated.

We shall rightly estimate Philostratus' position if we remember that he was a Sophist, a typical Sophist: which is to say, in our terms, something of a preacher, something of a journalist, something of a don. Think—but not unkindly—of a pedant whose chief care is lest he be not taken for a man of the world, and of a *cabotin* pluming himself on ethical popularizations delivered to the 'best circles', and you will have two aspects of the character in view. Emasculation of the Will is usual in this sort of people. Humanists and Sophists, ancient and modern, are mostly Syncretists from spiritual indolence and professional good fellowship.

A Philostratus thinks himself, and is thought by others—quite rightly—to show Culture by his broad-mindedness. That is just what he does show: Culture

¹ See *Herói us*, Kays., vol. ii, pp. 131. 8 and 136. 26—but with a due abatement for courtly considerations.

is his Goddess, Dilettantism his religion. But Sophists in all ages are above all things an intellectual oligarchy: the very name Sophist implies pretension. Their profession of public entertainer guarantees no good kind of humility; for they remain an exclusive order of Mandarins writing, speaking, and thinking of themselves for themselves with mutual and collective complacency. Every civilization sets up a pale. A determining form is a condition of its existence. Christians were of course beyond the pale. Read Tertullian and read the Lives of the Sophists; here an elegant established smugness, there a rough pugnacious protest. How should a coarse, uncouth, though learned, fellow like Tertullian understand a really imperial religion in which one creed is found to be very like another?—much as all cats are grey at night. Philostratus, for his part, did not want to polemize against the Church or hear about it, or think about it: it was outside the scheme. The Common Room had no windows on that side. *Graeci sapientiam quaerunt*: yes: St. Paul had watched them. They looked for it at home, in Ethiopia, in India, in whatever quarter the wind of philosophic fashion might blow from. Only it must Hellenize, wherever it came from: the Greek dearly loved to worship his own qualities gratefully mirrored back to him from abroad. ‘Little they know of Hellas’, he might well say, ‘who only Hellas know’. The foreign Hellenomaniac was an exquisitely flattering unction. Philostratus’ duty was to harmonize. Religious contributions were thankfully accepted from everywhere. The blend made very good journalistic material: would not Alexander Severus’ mixed Pan-

theon be an admirable symbol for many a modern newspaper-editor's mind?

And yet we do Philostratus wrong if we make his inmost motive the furthering of a mawkish Syncretism. There was a man within the Regius Professor, and he was too good an artist for that: he has at least literary conscience and artistic sincerity to keep him straight. The vulgarity of religious amorphism could not inspire anything as good as the *Apollonius*. He may profess that creed, but he must have another to live by. His greatest quality is artistic finesse: Philostratus, who first clearly recognized artistic criticism as implying all the artist except actual power to create,¹ has the artist's religion: morally ineffectual, no doubt, and as exclusive as Jerusalem or Geneva, but not in itself ignoble. What did he see in Apollonius? The picturesqueness of the character; the dramatic fascination of the period which includes Nero and Domitian; the splendid afternoon of a Hellenism which still understood and found its passwords in the language of the thousand-year-old poet and had not even yet quite ceased to be a single self-conscious civilization. What was Hellenism to him, though we call it Hellenisticism, intellectual patriotism, already imperialized and vulgarized, no doubt, but not quite degenerate: this is what really called and enabled him to write his book *In honour of Apollonius of Tyana*. The elaborate *meleté*, Apollonius' philosophic confession to the Gymnosophists, and Thespesion's *dialexis* in chapter x of Book VI are good examples of the sentimental aesthetic

¹ In Book II, ch. xxii, a passage of cardinal importance in the history of Aesthetics.

glamour of an Ethic which is felt as the etiquette of an aristocracy. 'Hellenism' often means this kind of thing now: here as elsewhere to interpret the Hellenistic Renaissance in the second century we need only look to the Renaissance in the fifteenth, to see any particular trait, not writ larger but nearer to our eye. But there was more of genuine affection, and less of pose.

Such or somewhat such was our scholarly Euphuist's attitude: these facts of character and environment once appreciated, it becomes plainly absurd to say that he had any animus against Christianity. It is most unlikely that he conceived that the world would presently come to feel so sharply about these unacademic and inartistic problems, that the difference could only be settled by a life-and-death struggle. No one would have been more surprised than Philostratus had he lived another half-century, to find what had been made of his *Apollonius*.

Begun in 215, continued during Julia's residence at Antioch in 216¹ as regent during the Parthian expedition, the *Apollonius* was certainly not finished until after Caracalla's hideous reign had come to an end in revolution and murder. Macrinus did not put Julia to death, but she starved herself, εἴθ' ἐκούσα εἴτε κελυσθεῖσαι, says Herodian²; and died *en philosophe*: perhaps not before she had attempted to set herself up as reigning empress. Dio says that a cancer in the breast contributed to hasten her death.³

With her death the circle was broken: her sister and nieces were sent home to Emesa, where they prepared their next-great coup. The poets and scientists

¹ Dio C. lxxviii. 4. 3.

² iv. 13. 8.

³ lxxviii. 24.

and lawyers and rhetoricians dispersed. *The Assyrian Cytherea, the never waning moon* had set.¹ Caracalla was gone, who, brute as he was, had been a sort of patron to Oppian and the Philostrati and others. Flavius Philostratus had no taste for remaining at Antioch: the birthplace of St. Luke was 'half barbarous and illiterate',² 'habitually full of turbulent pride and showing no interest in things Hellenic'.³ He took refuge at Tyre,⁴ a city devoted to the Severi ever since the Tyrians took sides with Septimius in 193⁵ out of hatred for Niger and jealousy of Beyrouth. Here he lectured, and here he published *Apollonius*: and, probably because he received the freedom of the city, we find one strain of tradition calling him Philostratus *Tyrius*.⁶

It was unnecessary now to dedicate the work to Julia; he publishes it with no dedication at all, and merely mentions that it was her commission he had executed, in a phrase⁷ which drily implies that the relation of courtier to patroness is a business arrangement, in which the death of one party imposes no sentimental obligation on the other. There is not a line in Philostratus to suggest that Julia commanded anything at all akin to the enthusiastic, personal affection which made Horace's compliments worth Augustus' receiving as man from man, and not unworthy of Horace's giving.

¹ Oppian, *Cyngect.* i. 17. ² *Apoll.* i. 16. ³ *Ibid.* iii. 18.

⁴ Ulpian calls it 'Splendidissima Tyrionum Colonia . . . serie saeculorum antiquissima, armipotens.'—Muenscher, p. 482.

⁵ De Ceulenaer, p. 74.

⁶ Muenscher, pp. 481–2 (cf. p. xxxix).

⁷ *Apoll.* i. 3.

Probably he stayed at Tyre for a couple of years; and then, in the second year of Elagabalus, returned to Athens. He was already married to Aurelia Melitine of Erythrae,¹ and already of senatorial rank. His Lemnian birth gave him burgess' rights at Athens,² and it is not surprising to find him commonly described as *of Athens*³; there is still extant the inscribed base of a statue erected in his honour at Olympia by his 'glorious country'. It is possible that Elagabalus' mother, Julia Domna's niece, may have used her influence on his behalf; for I suspect that Philiscus' successor in the Regius Chair at Athens after his seven years' tenure⁴ may have been Philostratus himself. If so, the appointment would date from 218-19. If Suidas' word is to be trusted, he was afterwards promoted to the Roman Chair. We get a glimpse of his kinsman meeting Aelian in the year 222: Aelian had a book in his hand, from which he was reading in tones of passionate declamation. He asked him what he was busy with, and Aelian answered, 'It is my newly finished indictment of Gynnis—that is what I call the tyrant who has just been dethroned, because he disgraced the Roman Empire by every sort of abomination.' On which the Lemnian observed, 'It

¹ Muenscher, p. 491. Dittenberger, *Sylloge*, i. 412, quoted by Muenscher.

² Nicolaus Damascenus used to laugh at the contemporary sophists who paid great fees for the title of *Atheniensis* or *Rhodius* 'because they could not put up with the obscurity of their native places'. This was not Philostratus' case.—*Hist. Graec. Min.*, ed. Teubn., vol. i, p. 144 b.

³ Hierocles and Eusebius, *loc. cit.*

⁴ Kays., vol. ii, p. 121.

would have been worth talking about if you had indicted him alive.' ¹ *Ipsa quoque insectatio sera et sine libertate*,² in Tacitus' phrase. This justifies us in asserting that Flavius himself was not about the court during that four years' sabbath of obscenity.

It is hardly conceivable that the fragmentary invective letter to an Antoninus³ can really have been addressed by Philostratus either to Caracalla or to Elagabalus.

We have no other trace of him at that 'home of spurious puritanism and artificial high thinking',⁴ the court of Alexander Severus, at which literature was represented by Babrius, Censorinus, and Severus Sammonicus. And no other historical allusion carries us any further, except the dedication of the *Vitæ*, to the aged poet and scholar and consular Gordian: this belongs between 222 and 238.

At the time when the author wrote them, Aspasius was teaching at Rome, already elderly.⁵ Aspasius had been a scholar of Philostratus' old master, Hippodromus.

Suidas informs us that he was alive after 244.

¹ *Vit. Soph.*, Kays., vol. ii, p. 123. ² Tac. *Hist.* iv. 4.

³ *Epist.* lxxii.

⁴ Rutherford, *Babrius*, p. 19.

⁵ Kays., vol. ii, p. 126.

V

APOLLONIUS AFTER PHILOSTRATUS

WE have now seen what were Philostratus' motives for writing his book ; what materials he had to hand and how he dressed them ; and in what degree of esteem, traditional and literary, Apollonius' name stood before Philostratus performed his patroness' commission. The next question is : How did Philostratus leave his hero ? What later notices have we of Apollonius, whereby to judge the success of the apotheosis ?¹

Among Philostratus' contemporaries little echo of the great work is to be heard, whether they be Christian or pagan ; the same silence in Clement of Alexandria as in Herodian, in Athenaeus, and in Plotinus. The great heyday of courtly ' Bellettristik ' closes with Philostratus, whose *Lives of the Sophists* read like a retrospect of vanished glories ; even his own contemporaries are named in the past tense, and the dedication to Gordianus smacks of regrets, reminiscences and consoling evocations. Origen (in the passage already discussed²), writing in the last years of Philostratus, or just after his death, quotes Moeragenes for the view that Apollonius was a sorcerer, but never names Philostratus. Diogenes Laertius does not even allude to him in the life of Pythagoras ; Porphyry (born in 233) once cites him³ for a point in his biography of the Tyanean's great prototype.

But it was court influence which had prompted the

¹ ὑπερενεγκὼν σοφίᾳ τὴν ἀνθρωπίνην φύσιν, Kays., vol. ii, p. 35.

² p. xxiv seq.

³ Chapter 2.

rehabilitation of Apollonius ; and even after Philostratus we find that he has only advanced from a local to an official success. Of Alexander Severus (222-35), we learn from Lampridius—writing in the time of Constantine, but using contemporary materials—that he had a private chapel in which he performed service, when in a fit condition (*si non cum uxore cubuisset*) ; his deities included not only a selection of the deified emperors, but certain ‘holier souls’ (*animas sanctiores*), ‘among whom were Apollonius, Christ, Abraham, and Orpheus.’¹ Failing this exercise, we are told, this imperial Comtist-before-letters would ride instead, or fish, or walk, or hunt.² M. Réville’s hero was not a man lightly to disregard the theological preferences of his great-aunt ; and we may conclude that if Apollonius was honoured with a share in the emperor’s suffrages, it was because Julia Domna (with whom her sister, Julia Maesa, who trained Alexander Severus, was closely associated, Herodian tells us³) had entrusted to our Philostratus the literary glorification of her Schwärmerei. All these Julias were curious of spiritual adventures. Julia Mamaea sent for Origen from Caesarea to Antioch to give her an account of the Christian religion ; at what date is uncertain. Meanwhile Ulpian, the great Syrian legist, was codifying the laws which might be directed against the Church.

Our next witness again gives evidence which proves that the cult was still only local and official. Early in the year 272 Aurelian, on his march against the Palmyrean forces, encountered his first resistance at

¹ Cf. Origen, *c. Celsum*, vii. 53, and Aubé, ii. 190.

² Lampr. *vit. Alex. Severi*, 29.

³ Herodian v. 3. 2.

Tyana. In a fit of passion he promised his soldiers the loot of the town if they should take it by storm. The town was taken; but cooler counsels suggested to the victor that to sack the first Greek city which he had captured might stiffen a resistance in the East which a timely clemency could dissolve. But the promise was more easily repented than retracted. How were the soldiery to be baulked of their prey? Some one (possibly a Tyanean, for Aurelian had been in treaty with a party within the walls) saw a chance of glorifying the local hero, and perhaps *embêter les cléricaux* also, for Tyana was an early seat of Christianity: let Aurelian appeal to military credulity, that marvellous force which had carried the religions of Mithra and Jupiter Dolichenus to the very edges of the world. So Apollonius obligingly appeared to him in a vision, and (still more obligingly) speaking Latin in order to be understood by the Pannonian prince—so says Vopiscus—warned him against putting the Tyaneans to the sword.¹

Vopiscus assures us that he had not only found serious authority for this story in the Ulpian Archives, but was the more moved to accept it as true for the sake of Apollonius' transcendent powers and character. His phrase clearly indicates acquaintance with Philostratus; and in his enthusiasm he even announces his intention of writing a short study of the great man 'if he be granted life and Apollonius' grace' for the task.

The fact recorded belongs to 272, but the historian

¹ L. Homo, *Essai sur le règne de l'empereur Aurélien*. Paris, Fontemoing, 1904.

writes under Constantine. In the interval falls the event to which Apollonius owes the periodic streaks of popularity which have overtaken him in the modern revival of paganism.

Historians have not always allowed enough importance to the Syncretism which developed under the Antonines and took its full expansion under the Severi, in the breaking down of the material barriers which delayed (though they consolidated) the eventual onset of the Church. The Augustan settlement in religion had been an easy working policy: 'Worship whatever gods you please, provided you worship me as well'—it looked an impregnable position. Any autocrat could agree with any religion on these conditions. But when statecraft tries its hand at religious institutions it can impart everything else but the power to survive in permanence. Conscience is a quicksand in the foundations. Three or four centuries would appear to be about the term of such establishments. Syncretism, as interpreted in the Severian epoch, proved too disturbing a confusion of influences. When 'the Orontes burst into the Tiber' it troubled the waters; and troubled waters suited the Fishers of Men. Religion became too religious to accommodate itself conveniently in the worship of a Nero or a Domitian, or even of a pathetic imperial pedagogue like Marcus Aurelius, any more. And with them Apollonius and Abraham and Orpheus must soon evacuate the *lararium*. It was Syncretism which gave Christianity admission, and involuntarily displayed the Church in relief; persecution, whether in the hands of a Nero, a Marcus Aurelius, or a Septimius, proved merely a retort for

transmuting the new force into a subtler and yet more penetrating element. The crisis came with Diocletian, whose centralizing intellect straightened the issue: either the emperor must remain Only Supreme Governor in things spiritual or the empire must accept Christianity.

Apollonius became a rallying symbol in this struggle. Not that the 'Church' which he had founded ever possessed any vital force. Philostratus does not suggest that the *Apollonici* still existed, even in his day, as an organization. His 'Church' was only a pious club; and how few clubs survive for a century? Here was no such corporate body as could inspire and warrant the faithful to outflank criticism by saying with St. Augustine, '*Ego evangelio non crederem nisi me constringeret Ecclesiae auctoritas*'. Yet, since it is personality which transcends rule and system, just as the casuistry of a great tragic poet puts all the philosophers out of court, Syncretist apologetic felt the need of a figurehead. And Apollonius was a person, not adequate (as the event soon showed) to the weight which the pagan apologists wanted him to carry, but capable of exciting and amusing the curiosity of speculation.

To Diocletian's time belongs a *Life* of him written by Soterichus of Oasis: the book is lost, but we can safely infer the tendency of it from the fact that the same author also wrote an Encomium on Diocletian.

Porphyry's attack on Christianity (in fifteen books) was written in the latest years of the second century: he died in 304, but he lived to see the publication of Hierocles' *Comparison between Apollonius and Christ*,

which doubtless he had inspired. Hierocles' book came out in 303. He had been Governor of Bithynia and of Egypt, and was a chief instigator of the great persecution under Diocletian and Maximian. The Donatus to whom the author of *De Mortibus Persecutorum* addresses the book had experienced Hierocles' cruelty in nine ordeals,¹ and was only released after six years' imprisonment.² Hierocles' work was styled not an attack on, but an appeal³ to, Christians: much as though Cromwell had penned a *Gentle Remonstrance with the Irish*. Yet he was an *homme d'esprit*; but none the less bigoted for that. We may suppose that his cruelty was an instance of what academic fanaticism will do if it be entrusted with administrative authority. There were two books, called *φιλαλήθεις*, a suspect title. In one part he showed himself so well informed about the arcana of the religion that he was even thought to have apostatized from it: so says Lactantius. He assailed the good faith of the Apostles especially; but seems to have thought Philostratus and Maximus of Aegae quite trustworthy witnesses for Apollonius, whose miracles (including his disappearance from Domitian's tribunal) he compares with those of Jesus Christ: 'I wonder he did not bring in Apuleius, while he was about it!' says Lactantius. But apparently he had not read his Philostratus very attentively, for he denies that Apollonius asserted his own godhead.⁴ Hierocles himself, who (philosophically) worshipped the

¹ *De Mort. Persec.* 16.

² *Ibid.*, 35.

³ Lactant. *Inst.* v. 2.

⁴ See Kays., p. 275. Iarchas and Phraotes he calls gods on p. 287.

word *θεός*, and (officially) the reigning emperor, does not call Apollonius a god; and Lactantius says that he was nowhere so worshipped now. His image had been worshipped at Ephesus under the name of Hercules Alexikakos, and was still held in honour.

Hierocles so closely followed the line of attack which Celsus had developed in his *ἀληθὴς λόγος*, that Eusebius says Origen's answer to that (written sixty years earlier) is virtually an answer to this also¹; and he himself selects one detail only, the formal comparison between Jesus Christ and Apollonius, as being original to Hierocles, and therefore demanding a particular controversy.² The *πρὸς τὰ Ἱεροκλεοῦς*³ probably dates soon after 313. It is interesting to see that Eusebius makes no use of Moeragenes; evidently, neither had Hierocles, whose book was all made up out of Philostratus. (After Origen we have no further mention of this, the one possible critical source of information.) Eusebius justly characterizes Philostratus as having 'plenty of culture but no regard for the truth'. He has no grudge against Apollonius, to whom (ch. 5) he readily allows the name of Philosopher, and from whose book *On Sacrifices*⁴ he quotes a passage in *Praep. Evang.* iv. 12; he only protests against the credulity of a Damis and a Philostratus 'who whilst

¹ For the mechanical tradition of commonplaces in anti-Christian polemic see Geffcken, *Zwei griechische Apologeten* (Teubner, 1907), pp. 291, 301.

² Kays., p. 370.

³ Text in Kays., vol. i, pp. 359-413.

⁴ Philostratus testifies to the great vogue and circulation of this book (*Life*, iv. 41).

they profess to eschew hankypanky, tell us far more of his feats than his sayings, and travesty him with a mask of Pythagoreanism': the result of which treatment is that when the truth comes out, we detect an ass in a lion's skin, no philosopher at all, but a common itinerating conjurer. Indeed the strict scope of Eusebius' essay is this: Apollonius may have been a philosopher, though Euphrates' evidence tells heavily against him¹; we may still admit this, but only if we admit that the record, as we have it in Philostratus, has been sophisticated by a romantic Euphuist. Only an act of faith can rehabilitate the hypothetical Apollonius. The critical moderation and good sense of this leave the laugh on Eusebius' side, and none of the modern admirers of the Tyanean can escape the dilemma: if Apollonius was a true philosopher, the record of that is perished; if we take Philostratus' record, we have a romance about an impostor. There is a certain irony in the position: Apollonius owes his survival in fame solely to Philostratus, but he owes it to Philostratus that his fame is equivocal. So true says Clement of Alexandria in the words, 'The art of a Sophist, as studied by the Greeks, is a faculty of the fancy, using language as a means to accredit false notions for true.'² Philostratus' *Life of Apollonius* is the high-water mark of the last great age of Greek Sophistry.

To Vopiscus (*vit. Aureliani*, 24) he is '*that ancient sage of most famous renown, philosopher, true friend of gods, and himself worthy to be worshipped as a god*'. He tells us by the way that Apollonius' features were

¹ Kays., p. 398.

² *Strom.* i. 8. 1.

familiar because his portrait was to be seen in so many temples.¹ Vopiscus (like Lampridius, the biographer of Alex. Severus) writes in Constantine's reign, but represents the Diocletianic tradition. Soterichus, Porphyry, Hierocles, Vopiscus, Lampridius—they all belong to one and the same movement of thought; high placed among the ruling class either as officials, or as official littérateurs, they are grandsons of men who had prepared, promoted, and shared the official enthusiasm which had hailed the gospel according to Philostratus.

Only Synesius, himself an epigonus of the Sophist breed, Synesius with the very unepiscopal levity, a kind of Bishop Sydney Smith among third-century divines, confesses to a purely literary partiality for Apollonius, despite those famous locks which forbade his inclusion in the gallery of honourable Baldheads. καίτοι φίλα μοι πρὸς τὸν ἄνδρα καὶ βουλοίμην ἂν αὐτὸν εἶναι τοῦ καταλόγου.² This is welcome and pleasant. A dilettante, appreciating Apollonius in the very spirit in which Philostratus (could we but get behind Julia's promptings) felt and displayed the picturesque ancient. For all the rest of them Apollonius is become but a pawn in the game of the world's great controversy.

Echoes of him in that controversy are to be heard during the fourth and fifth centuries, but the noise is fitful and ever more and more inarticulate. The mentions are usually perfunctory and the silences remarkable: it is remarkable, for instance, that neither

¹ For the extant inscription of a vanished portrait of him see *Corp. Inscr. Lat.* vi. 29828. Muenscher, p. 484, n. 3.

² Synes. *Calvit. Encom.* 5.

Libanius nor Julian¹ nor Himerius should name Apollonius. Themistius has a single sentence which shows us how Apollonius' historical reality has already faded into a kind of topic instance or copybook type. '*Thus Dionysius sold Plato, Nero proscribed Musonius, the Fratricide imprisoned the Tyanean.*'²

For a representative Christian view from the period which embraces the reigns of Gratian and Theodosius, we may take St. John Chrysostom :

'Consider how many have attempted to introduce amongst the Greeks new opinions and outlandish institutions : such as Zeno, Plato, Socrates, Diagoras, Pythagoras, and countless others. And yet, so far from prevailing, their very names are not known to the generality of mankind. Whereas Christ not only prescribed the draft of an institution but planted it everywhere in the world. How many feats is Apollonius of Tyana said to have performed? And yet to satisfy yourself that these were all a lie and an imagination, and no truth in them, take this fact : they are extinguished and brought to an end. And let

¹ The more surprising in Julian because Chrysanthius, one of his instructors, took for his models in theology Pythagoras and his school, Archytas 'the ancient', and Apollonius Tyaneus and 'Apollonius' worshippers οἵτινες σῶμά τ' ἔδοξαν ἔχειν καὶ εἶναι ἄνθρωποι'. I can make neither head nor tail of this sentence : ought we to read καὶ οὐκ εἶναι ἄνθρωποι, 'divine beings in human form'? Eunapius, ed. Didot, p. 500. St. Cyril of Jerusalem *contra Iulianum* once quotes him in proof of magical practices.

² Orat. xvi. From this on principles of Higher Criticism we might infer (1) that Plato, Musonius, and Apollonius are different names for the same thing, and (2) agreeably to anthropological methods, that all three represent a Sun-myth or a Corn-myth, or whatever else be the reigning fashion.

none take it for an insult to Christ, that, in speaking of Him, we have made mention of Pythagoras, Plato, Zeno, and the Tyanean. We do so not from our point of view, but in condescension to the weakness of the Jews who believe Him to be mere man.¹

And again, speaking of the triumph of Christianity, he says :

‘Tell me then, whence came this great power? “He was a sorcerer”, is the allegation. Then he must have been a unique sort of sorcerer. You have surely heard that sorcerers are, and always have been, common enough among the Persians and the Indians; but they never count at all. “Ah”, says he, “but the man of Tyana, that impostor and charlatan—he also had a brilliant success.” Where and when? In a little portion of the world and for a short while; he was soon extinguished and abolished, leaving behind him no church, no people, nothing of the sort.’²

To which may be added the following from the *Treatise on the Trinity* which is found among the works of Saint Ambrose.

*‘Dicunt enim homines saeculi istius quod Apollonius magus cum ante Domitianum imperatorem in consistorio staret, repente non comparuisset. Haec tamen nos diximus non quo magum daemone repletum Domino Christo compararemus sed ut haereticorum insaniam confutaremus. Quod ergo mago licet—si tamen verum est—Domino non licet?’*³

¹ St. John Chrysostom, *Adv. Iudaeos* v (ed. Benedict., vol. i, p. 631 b).

² *De Laudibus S. Pauli Apostoli*, Hom. iv, vol. ii, p. 493.

³ *De Trinitate Tractatus ap. Ambrosii opera*, ed. Benedict., p. 340 a.

The former two of these show the state of the controversy, the last is interesting only because it proves that Apollonius' alleged disappearance from Domitian's court of judgement is now become the stock thing to record. Just as we found that Dio Cassius knew nothing about Apollonius but the story that he had Second Sight of Domitian's death, so we now find this same episode (a miracle which Philostratus relates in a half shamefaced, unconvinced and unconvincing, fashion) retailed almost verbatim in Lactantius, *Instit.* v. 3, in pseudo-Ambrose, *Tractat. de Trinit.*,¹ and in St. Jerome, *contr. Ioann. Hierosolym.*²

When we pass into the last phase of the intellectual struggle between Christianity and Paganism as philosophies and as civilizations, Apollonius reappears as a stage property in the heathen appeal to imagination. Historically he is extinct; you will not find his name in Iamblichus, not even in Iamblichus' list of famous Pythagoreans. The Christian writers do not find him very important or interesting; they are far from any aggressive attitude. St. Jerome in *Ep.* liii³ names him chiefly as a great traveller, citing Philostratus for his source, and leaving it an open question, *sive ille magus, ut vulgus loquitur, sive philosophus ut Pythagorici tradunt*. Marcellinus writes to St. Augustine to ask him to explain the alleged miracles of Apollonius and Apuleius (*Epist.* cxxxvi): Augustine's reply deals only with Apuleius (*nobis Afris Afer notior*), *Ep.* cxxxviii. 20. Plainly Marcellinus had read the Hierocles—Eusebius' controversy. St. Augustine

¹ *Loc. cit.*² Migne, 444.³ Migne, 271.

writes a passage in another letter (cii. 32) which deserves quotation because it expresses two points on which the controversy between the Church and the World continues, now as then, to turn; firstly, that any system, even the most rationalistic, requires and assumes a Supernatural; and secondly, the Catholic doctrine (a very scientific doctrine at bottom) of the worth of faithful testimony. These are his words:

‘Et tamen si hoc quod de Iona scriptum est Apuleius Madaurensis vel Apollonius Tyaneus fecisse diceretur, quorum multa mira *nullo fideli auctore* iactitant (quamvis et daemones nonnulla faciant angelis sanctis similia, non veritate sed specie, non sapientia sed plane fallacia), tamen si de istis, ut dixi, quos magos vel philosophos laudabiliter nominant, tale aliquid narraretur, non iam in buccis creparet risus sed typhus.’

Meanwhile we have St. Isidore of Pelusium¹ recommending Philostratus on the ground that he vindicates Apollonius from the imputation of sorcery. So far is any of the Fathers, even Eusebius in his polemics, from taking the view that Apollonius was (in Casaubon’s words) *scelestissimus planus*.

But Paganism was hard up for any gods that could stand the weather: Christian emperors were a serious inconvenience. And so the mists of antiquity that begin to thicken round Apollonius become the mysterious veils of a god. His claim to godhead, rather feebly asserted by Philostratus, is enthusiastically preferred by Eunapius 200 years later. Reckoning him as one of the stars in the third age of Philosophy (Plato’s was the second) which falls in the time

¹ *Ep.* i. 398.

c *Apollonius after Philostratus*

of Claudius and Nero, and lasts until Severus, he writes:

‘Apollonius of Tyana—more than a philosopher: he was something midway between gods and man. From a devout study of the Pythagorean system he came to be a great example of the mysterious efficacy of that discipline. However, Philostratus Lemnius has given a complete account of him in a book which he entitles a *Life of Apollonius*, but which he ought rather to have entitled *A god’s visit to mankind*.’ (Ed. Didot, p. 454.)¹

And Ammianus Marcellinus, befogged in wits and master of an intolerable Latinity, but whose devotion has been rewarded by modern Julianists gilding him with a reflection of their partiality for Julian himself, had already classed him in honourable but queer company. Speaking of the guardian spirit which attends upon each individual life, he says,² ‘it was by reliance on this especial support that Pythagoras played a brilliant part; likewise Numa Pompilius, the elder Scipio, and (as some hold) Marius, and Octavian the first titular Augustus, and Hermes Trismegistus and Apollonius Tyaneus and Plotinus, which last even ventured to treat mystically of this matter, &c.’³ So little novelty is

¹ Θεὸς πρὸς ἀνθρώπους is a proverb in Herodas, *Mime* i. 9, for ‘angels’ visits’, but Jonsius (*ap. Olearium*, p. 19) shows that here the phrase is deliberately borrowed from Euseb. *Demonst. Evang.* cap. 1.

² xxi. 14. 5.

³ Compare also xxiii. 6. 19, where, speaking of exhalations out of chasms, he instances one ‘at the temple of Asbamaean Jupiter in Cappadocia, where *amplissimus ille philosophus* Apollonius is said to have been born, near the town of Tyana’. Of course this derives direct from Philostratus.

there in that blend of Thrasonism and Gnathonism which Carlyle called Hero-Worship.

For the West, we may take Sidonius Apollinaris' enthusiastic page¹ as a farewell. Beyond this point there is little to chronicle about Apollonius' survival as a philosopher. His letters (of which many, but not perhaps all, are spurious) long enjoyed a certain vogue: Stobaeus makes a good many extracts from them, though he shows no acquaintance with Philostratus' account.² Photius has two articles on him; Suidas knew and used Philostratus freely.

But if Apollonius was not hitherto a great success as a god, nor exercised much influence as a philosopher, his reputation was destined to suffer an oriental change into a third form of celebrity. We have seen glimpses of a long dispute, which Philostratus' romantic book, if it did not actually provoke, at least did not help to decide: Was Apollonius a magician? Was Moeragenes right, or Philostratus? Nay, rather which of the two sides of the medal which Philostratus engraved is an authentic portrait? Popular legend settled this question in its own way. Partly in Ephesus, but still more in Antioch, the seeds of a myth were sown which was to do for Apollonius what early Christian mythology has done for Simon Magus and mediaeval mythology for Virgil. We shall see³ that the principle of arrangement in some of the 'Damis' materials which Philostratus used was local; and it was so too with his other materials, there were τὰ ἐν Αἰγαίς Ἀπολλωνίου,

¹ *Epist.* viii. 3, printed in full at the beginning of this book.

² See in particular *Eclogae Phys.* i. 152.

³ p. cxix.

and there were also τὰ ἐν Ἀντιοχείᾳ, and τὰ ἐν Ἐφέσῳ. It is likely enough that these were locally current as popular chap-books. And to suit the temper of the inhabitants, the 'Gesta Ephesi' and the 'Gesta Antiochiae' dealt largely in the marvellous. To Ephesus belongs not only the famous Second Sight story, but the episode of averting the plague; it was at Ephesus that the blundering devotion of the populace had identified Apollonius with the image of an Alexikakos, or more probably an Apotropaïos.¹ For such appears to me to be the simplest and most reasonable explanation of the story. In the un-Greek strata of population it was as easy for Apollo Apotropaïos to be confused with Apollonius, as for Semo Sancus to be confused with Simon Magus in the foreign quarters of Rome, as we know from St. Justin Martyr that he was.² The huge Oriental bazaar of Antioch was scarcely splashed with a superficial tinge of Hellenism; this picturesque eccentric who discoursed Hellenics in a select circle of dilettanti or gratified the Greek proletariat by eloquently denouncing their vices, to the gross mass of Syrians, Jews, &c., he was a grand conjurer, just such a person, singular and mysterious, as attracts the quaint grotesque accretions of legend. I think Muenscher³ is right in recognizing local tradition in Philostratus' account of Apollonius' visit to

¹ See *Apollonius* iv. 10.

² *Apolog.* xiii. Dio Chrysostom's *Rhodiaca*, 92 and 141, furnishes a good instance of confused attributions owing to the loss of the inscriptions on statues (ed. v. Arnim, vol. i, p. 246).

³ Muenscher's note on p. 486, *op. cit.*, gives the list of Byzantine references.

Antioch, his manner of life there, the scenes and the fashion of his preaching (i. 16, 17). In the Antiochene tradition he survives as the Master of Talismans (τελέσματα). Nothing shows it more plainly than a contrast between St. Jerome's or Sidonius Apollinaris' view and the view taken by the anonymous Syrian, their contemporary, who wrote the pseudo-Justin *Quaestiones*. In the xxivth of these he contemplates Apollonius merely as a magician; it is all a matter of Talismans; and we hear in it of a miracle-working statue of Apollonius which was silenced by God. Ammianus Marcellinus¹ was a native of Antioch. This is the Oriental strain which reappears in the Byzantines, more especially in Malalas, who was also an Antiochene. They tell us how he visited Rome, Byzantium, and Antioch, and delivered these towns from snakes, scorpions, and even more humiliating kinds of vermin; a forerunner of St. Patrick and of the Pied Piper of Hamelin. And, appropriately enough, this Oriental manifestation of the legend passes out of Greek into Arabic, and Apollonius ends as Balinas or Balinous.² If we had the Damis papers on which Philostratus worked, we should pretty surely find that the Balinas, master of talismans, in Arabian literature, is not such an apocryphal distortion after all. Philostratus was a Greek; and even a Greek sophist in the decadence has some saving sense of right reason, in the form of irony at least. Only compare the extracts from Balinas given by Leclerc³ with such stuff

¹ See page c.

² Leclerc in *Journal Asiatique*, série VI, tom. xiv, pp. 111-31.

³ *Op. cit.*, pp. 118, 119.

as Iarchas' remedy for drunkenness ¹ (Apollonius calls Iarchas a god), and you will hardly doubt whether the Arabian version be not in the authentic line of inheritance and Philostratus' the Hellenizing perversion. But the truth is that the posthumous Apollonius, pulled this way and that by queer stresses of a combat in which actually he took no part when alive, remains a Janus-figure, with one face turned Eastwards and the other towards the West: this is the piquancy of his character, and this makes the zest of the problem.

¹ *Apoll.* iii. 40.

VI

ON THE AGE OF APOLLONIUS

‘Damis has said nothing about Apollonius’ age: some give 80, some over 90, some even beyond 100 years.’—Philostr. *Apollonius*, viii. 39.

It is well to remember this positive statement of the biographer’s; and to corroborate it by noting that at the beginning of the biography, amongst much that is prodigious and much that reads soberly enough, about the hero’s birth, parentage, and origin, there is no date, not even an approximation. It cancels the assertion in i. 14 that he lived to be 100.

The currently received scheme places his birth between the years 6–1 B.C., and allows him a century of life. That this is founded on an error, and comports many absurd contradictions, it will be the purpose of this chapter to demonstrate. The quality of Philostratus’ work makes it a peculiarly embarrassed and intricate inquiry to extract fixed points of historical fact by which to calculate. Since the work is romance,¹ it will be generally conceded that the strongest arguments will be those which are not wholly internal to the *Apollonius*, but formed by combination of data found in the Life with data found either in other authors or in other works by Philostratus. Within the *Apollonius*

¹ ‘A romance affording little information for history’ (Gsell). For others see p. xv.

we must appeal to the sanctions of common probability and consistency.

(1) In *Vitae Sophist.* i. 7,¹ we are told that Dio Chrysostom belonged to the same period as Apollonius and Euphrates (κατὰ τοὺς χρόνους . . . οὗς . . . ἐφιλοσόφουν). And neither in the very frequent mention of Euphrates and Dio in the *Apollonius*, nor in the Letters of Apollonius to them, is there anything to imply that they were not of the same generation.

Now we learn from Dio Cassius that Euphrates died in A.D. 118, a voluntary death: Hadrian had recommended him the hemlock for his old age and his sickness.²

Dio Chrysostom lived into, but probably not beyond, the reign of Trajan.³ There is no evidence that he lived a very long life. If we reckon Euphrates' 'old age' at eighty to eighty-five years (for anything beyond this the Greek would use a stronger phrase than merely γῆρας), and accept the usual reckoning that Dio Chrysostom died in 117 aged seventy to seventy-five years, the result is that both men were born between A.D. 33 and A.D. 47. The received chronology of Apollonius' life makes him senior to them by some forty or fifty years.

(2) In A.D. 91-2, Domitian issued an edict to restrict vine-planting.⁴ Scopelianus was deputed by Smyrna and certain other Ionian cities to plead for a mitigation.

¹ Kays., vol. ii, p. 7.

² Dio Cass. *Epit.* lxi. 8. 3.

³ *Vit. Soph.*, Kays., vol. ii, p. 8.

⁴ See authorities in Vollmer on Statius, *Silv.* iv. 3. 11, and Gsell, *Essai sur le règne de l'empereur Domitien*, p. 153.

According to Philostratus,¹ it was Apollonius who gave the provincials courage to appeal. The story is told also in *Vitae Sophist.* i. 21.² Scopelianus was getting old (ἐγήρασκε) and past work when Polemo undertook his first public mission³ in the reign of Trajan; so his birth probably falls about A.D. 40. Apollonius ἐν θαυμασίοις τάττει τὸν Σκοπελιανόν:⁴ and he wrote to him a letter concerning the Eretrians in Cissia.⁵ Philostratus quotes the letter as a document: 'I had regard for your Eretrians, Scopelianus, *when I was still young*, and did what I could for them.'⁶ 'Still young'—but according to the received chronology, he was not less than forty-five.⁷

(3) The sophist Alexander (surnamed Terracotta-Plato) was son of a lawyer of the same name, and of a mother celebrated for her beauty. Apollonius was said to be in love with her,⁸ and she to favour him 'from eugenic motives, because he was *θειότερος ἀνθρώπων*.'

Philostratus⁹ makes this comment: τοῦτο μὲν δὴ ὁπόσοις τρόποις ἀπίθανον εἴρηται σαφῶς ἐν τοῖς ἐς Ἀπολλώνιον. Now in the book there are many places¹⁰ where he asserts Apollonius' chastity; which we need not question. But Philostratus could not have offered any disproof of the scandal so absolutely conclusive as the chrono-

¹ *Apoll.* vi. 40.

² Kays., vol. ii, p. 33.

³ *Vit. Soph.*, Kays., vol. ii, pp. 34-5.

⁴ *Ibid.*, Kays., vol. ii, p. 35.

⁵ *Apoll.* i. 23.

⁶ *Apoll.* i. 24.

⁷ Flinders Petrie, p. 143.

⁸ Philostr. *Vit. Soph.* ii. 5; Kays., vol. ii, pp. 76-7.

⁹ *Ibid.*, p. 77.

¹⁰ i. 8 and 13; ii. 7; vi. 11; viii. 7, &c. The list is from J. Réville, *op. cit.*, p. 219 note (6).

logy—if the accepted chronology were true. See how the case stands. Alexander *Terracotta-Plato*,¹ scholar of Favorinus (*flor. temp.* Hadrian), who was scholar of Dio Chrysostom, was made Secretary for Greek correspondence by Marcus Aurelius²; it is recorded *Vit. Soph.* ii. 5³ that when just arrived at manhood, he pleaded before Antoninus Pius as orator for the city of Seleucia. As Pius only became Emperor in 138, *Terracotta Plato*'s birth, at the very earliest, does not fall before A.D. 110–15. Suppose his mother even to have been born in A.D. 70 or 75. The result is that, according to the received chronology for Apollonius, he inspired a lady *at least eighty years younger than himself* with a passion as monstrous as ridiculous. It would indeed be the greatest of his miracles.

(+) That men do live to a hundred years is an undeniable truth; yet reason requires testimony before it can accept as a fact any alleged instance of so rare

¹ This Alexander worked chiefly at Antioch, Rome, and Tarsus, but also in Egypt; and visited the Gymnosophists. Two critics went to hear him speak; Sceptus said, 'I see the *Terracotta*, but where does the *Plato* come in?' Herodes Atticus rebuked him, saying, 'He is like a teetotal Scopelianus.'

From the terms in which Philostratus speaks of him as 'not yet duly recognized in Greece', and still more, from the specimens of that brilliant rhetorico—epigrammatico—lyrico—journallese which he gives, I seem to detect that *Terracotta Plato* was one of his own particular models (*Kays.*, vol. ii, pp. 79–82). He was famous for his imaginary speeches by historical personages; just the school for Book VIII of the *Apollonius*.

² *Vit. Soph.*, *Kays.*, vol. ii, p. 77.

³ *Kays.*, vol. ii, p. 77.

and notable a longevity. Only an idiot can doubt that Simonides and Titian really lived to an extraordinary age; only a morbid incredulity would disallow the tradition in the instance of St. Patrick. But there is no direct testimony at all¹ that Apollonius was a centenarian, beyond a passing allusion of Philostratus, who had already assured us that it was a case of 'some say', and added in the same sentence that his chief authority (Damis) had nothing to tell us on the subject. And then, if a man otherwise distinguished adds the distinction of so far exceeding the ordinary human span, the case is not merely mentioned, but proclaimed and emphasized. Whereas in the instance of Apollonius, this interesting particular, so far from being emphasized or proclaimed, is barely mentioned as a 'some say'; and, in the whole tenor and complexion of the book, so deeply dissembled that an unprejudiced reader could never conceive or suppose that he was reading the life of a centenarian.

(5) If this is true on a general view of the work, it will be confirmed more amply when we inspect the detail of certain intrinsic improbabilities in the current chronology. It makes Apollonius undertake the journey to Ethiopia at the age of seventy-five. Yet his biographer never thinks it worth mentioning that he was getting elderly to travel. It makes Damis 'his constant companion for sixty-six years'.² Yet neither in *Apoll.* i. 19 is there any hint that Damis was very young when they first met (*ἑταῖρος καὶ ἐραστής* Philostratus calls him in i. 20); nor any hint that when they parted in A.D. 96

¹ e.g. nothing in the Lucianic *Macrobioi*.

² F. Petrie, p. 150.

Damis was very old. But he must have been a nonagenarian. And, finally, in the account of Apollonius appearing for trial (vii. 31) there is not a word to suggest that he was an old man—though the current chronology would have him ninety-five years of age.¹ Indeed, Apollonius on that occasion criticizes a ‘very aged’ suitor for preferment, who is still dancing attendance at Domitian’s palace doors, in terms which make it incredible that he was himself an old man. And to clinch the question, Apollonius himself says his hair is ‘partly grizzled’ (vii. 36) at ninety-five!

Consider also Apollonius’ relations with Nerva, as they are represented in viii. 7.² He says:

‘Nerva has a kindly affection for me; I do not know that he has ever laughed in my presence, or relaxed into any of the fun *which is usual between friends*; he is with me as boys are with their fathers and teachers, watching his every word, still blushing; and, knowing that I admire restraint and modesty, he behaves with even more humility than I can approve.’

If, as the usual chronology makes out, Nerva (who was born in A.D. 33³) was by thirty-five to forty years Apollonius’ junior, is not the sentence just quoted unintelligible? Is this how a man of ninety-five describes the behaviour towards him of a man aged fifty-nine? Is not your impression, on reading this sentence, that Apollonius is, if anything, the younger man of the two; and that Nerva, by excessive humility, defers to him notwithstanding?

¹ Had this been so, it would be inexplicably bad art in the rhetorician not to exploit so interesting a circumstance in the *Apologia*.

² Kays., p. 316.

³ Dio Cass. lxxviii. 4.

The usual estimate of his birth and life is founded on this statement :¹

‘The Roman Governor of Cilicia attempted first to seduce and then by threats to terrify Apollonius, at that time aged between sixteen and twenty, into acts of unchastity. The boy laughed him to scorn, and exclaimed, “Oh, the —th day!” naming a date. Within three days of the date, public executioners killed the ruffian by the way, on a charge of complicity with the treasonable designs of Archelaus, King of Cappadocia. This and many other like circumstances are recorded by Maximus of Aegae.’²

Now it is matter of history that Archelaus, King of Cappadocia, son of Herod the Great, was summoned to Rome by Tiberius in A.D. 17, on an unfounded charge of treason and rebellion, being then very old and feeble. And he was deposed; and neither Dio Cassius³ nor Tacitus⁴ say anything of the Governor of Cilicia being implicated. Dio’s silence is peculiarly telling, because his own father, Apronianus, had been a later Governor of Cilicia, and Dio had exceptional advantage for getting information about that province.⁵ Against their silence it is idle to take Philostratus’ romantically coloured page for history: it gains nothing by deriving from Maximus’ book of anecdotes. The argument from silence is doubtless a delicate tool that requires scrupulous handling; but it passes the bounds of credulity to believe

¹ *Apoll.* i. 12.

² For Maximus of Aegae see the discussion on pp. xxii–xxiv and lxvi.

³ lvii. 17.

⁴ *Ann.* ii. 42. Tacitus does speak of disturbances consequent on the death of Philopator, King of Cilicia (*ibid.*).

⁵ Cf. p. liii.

that an event of such importance as the execution of a Governor for complicity in treason with so famous a prince as Archelaus could escape mention in all the historians. And what is more, if we are bound to disbelieve the statement, we are also able to account for the blunder. There was a Governor of Cilicia condemned, on complaint of the provincials, by Nero in A.D. 57, Cossutianus Capito.¹ And in Dio Cassius' account of the Archelaus affair, he immediately couples it with the case of Ateius Capito, who risked death for *lèse-majesté* rather than lose a witticism at Tiberius' expense. The homonym explains the mistake. Philostratus found in Maximus of Aegae a story of Capito (Cossutianus) making indecent overtures to the young ascetic. He found in Dio Cassius a story which brought a Capito (Ateius) into relation with Archelaus of Cappadocia, and by confusing the two Capitones, he constructed the statement on which all the chronology of Apollonius has been built. We know that *Apollonius* was not published till after A.D. 217; and that Dio's work was finished at some date not later than 222—the Tiberius volume may have been out as early as 215.² Anyhow, it is certain that Dio Cassius lxi. 18 was written before the *Apollonius* appeared; and if the Domitian, then *a fortiori* the Tiberius was out.

One blunder led Philostratus to another. It is curious that chronologists do not quote the language of

¹ Tac. *Ann.* xiii. 33 'Cilices detulerant maculosum foedumque et idem ius audaciae in provincia ratum quod in Urbe exercuerat.' But Tigellinus' influence saved this 'robber of robbers': see Juvenal, *Sat.* viii. 93.

² Reimar, in Dindorf's Dio C., Teubn. ed., vol. v, p. 60.

i. 15, which asserts that Tiberius was emperor when Apollonius, during his silence (*aetat.* 21-25), quelled a riot at Aspendus by the prestige of his gesture and presence. Not that it can stand after the demolition of the Archelaus datum, to which it is evidently corollary.

Yet Mr. Flinders Petrie (p. 145) can assert that 'we can look at the whole, and see that in all this mass of allusions to contemporary history and details of journeys, there is not a single misplacement or confusion.'

I have shown some of the impossibilities to which the received chronology commits us. But even without checking the *Apollonius* by external historical correctives, Mr. Petrie's time-table requires a stretch of faith: it requires us to believe that the biographer on two several occasions slurs over a lapse of twenty years. So much time has Apollonius, breveted centenarian, to play with! In Book i. 16, 17 we hear of Apollonius' *visit* to Antioch (ἐπεφοίτησε): this word is again and again used by the author to denote a visit; when Philostratus wishes to express a long residence, as e.g. Apollonius' residence in Egypt on his return from Ethiopia, he uses the expression πλείων διατριβή (vi. 35). There is nothing in the narrative to suggest that it was a stay of more than a few weeks or months, but Mr. Petrie (p. 140) keeps him *twenty years* at Antioch. Again, in iv. 34, Apollonius is in Crete; in iv. 35 we are transported to Rome. The transition between these two chapters is this: 'So let us cut a long story short, and proceed to his endeavours at Rome, which came after the Cretan episode (ἐγένοντο μετὰ τὰ ἐν Κρήτη). *Twenty years* after, according to Mr. Petrie's scheme!

There is a note of time, which may be considered here, though it does not directly bear on the question of the birth-date. In his speech before Domitian,¹ Philostratus makes Apollonius say that ‘most of his life in public (ἐς τὸ φανερόν βεβίωται) has been in the reigns of Domitian, Titus, Vespasian, and Nero: the rest of the time, he was visiting India’. And he continues: ‘During these thirty-eight years—for that is the length of time until you—I never visited the doorways of emperors except your father’s in Egypt—since he was not yet emperor, and confessedly came there for my sake, . . .’ &c., &c.

Mr. Petrie is, I think, mistaken when he takes the repeated βασιλεύς, βασιλείος of this passage to mean emperors *and kings*: it means emperors only, and there is no need to consider the Parthian and Indian monarchs in our calculations at this point.² Now, one would be inclined, not to say obliged, to interpret τὸ ἐς σὲ μῆκος as τὸ μέχρι σου μῆκος, i.e. ‘until the beginning of your reign’; but on the other hand, the period of thirty-eight years must plainly not open earlier than Nero’s reign, since Nero is the first emperor enumerated; and to reckon back thirty-eight years from Domitian’s accession would carry us to A.D. 43, in the reign of Claudius. But will the language allow us to suppose that the thirty-eight years run until the date of the trial? It is a question, To what year then does the trial, if historic at all, belong? To 92, says Mr. Petrie. But

¹ viii. 7, Kays., p. 317.

² Foreign sovereigns have nothing to do with the case; he visited them as a traveller; here he is rebutting the charge of making interest with the powers that are to be.

Gsell argues that the trial (if true at all) took place after the expulsion of the philosophers.¹ He shows (p. 322) that Nerva was certainly not banished till after 94; and Nerva is described as banished in vii. 11. It was in early autumn (viii. 15) that he went from Puteoli, via Sicily, to Olympia; he cannot then have assisted at an Olympian festival, as Petrie supposes; indeed, the phrase that 'there had never been such an expectant concourse, *even at an Olympiad*, as there was to see him there' confirms it. The phenomenon of the solar corona (viii. 23) can hardly be earlier than 96. If so, the 'two years' (viii. 24) is an error. My solution is: for thirty-eight (λη') years read twenty-eight (κη'), viz. from Claudius' death to Domitian's accession inclusive.

So we find this curious position: I have proved by a combination of evidences, partly from exterior historical documents, partly from internal evidence, that Apollonius is not explicitly or implicitly recorded to have been, nor can intelligibly be supposed to have been, nearly as old a man as the received chronology gives him out for; and that the one precise datum on which the received chronology proceeds is an error for which a probable genesis can be assigned: and yet Mr. Petrie (p. 145) can conclude his chronological inquiry by saying, 'We must therefore grant that according to the test of minute connexion of separate detail, we have here a genuine history correctly transmitted.'

If my objections, as detailed above, be irreducible, then not the neatest scheme of dates which are built up on the hypothesis that Apollonius' birth year was between 6 B.C. and 1 B.C. can stand, for all its neat-

¹ Gsell, p. 311, cf. p. 275 foll.

ness; the structure may fall all of a piece, but fall to the ground it must. *Ex hypothesi* Apollonius was not less than 26 years old when he set out on his travels; if, therefore, he was not yet 26 when Mr. Petrie's time-table begins in A.D. 41, the more internally consistent that time-table may be, the more methodical is the illusion. And it can be shown that Mr. Petrie's scheme implies two very large gaps in the biography,¹ and a certain amount of what Renan called 'gently soliciting' the text of our author: e.g. a sentence on p. 143, 'Also while he was at Sparta in the summer of 45 a decree arrived from Claudius, who reigned A.D. 41-54' (iv. 33). The text says nothing about *Claudius*, only 'a decree from the Emperor'. Mr. Petrie interpolates Claudius to suit his 45.

But how is the main antinomy to be solved? What *éclaircissement* remains possible? The matter can be disembroiled, I believe, by an argument, which if once proved, will be of prescriptive force against Mr. Petrie's chronology. (Let me say once for all in deprecation, that if I name Mr. Petrie so often, it is only because his brilliant and ingenious chapter is the most recent and the most authoritative and the most subtle presentation of the received scheme.) Let us examine what is the plan of composition of Philostratus' book, and what can be discovered about Damis' *ὑπομνήματα* and the other sources.

The materials are in Book I, chapter iii. Putting aside Moeragenes, whom he calls uninformed and negligible as an authority, we have Maximus, whose work was probably entitled as Philostratus describes it, τὰ ἐν

¹ He admits 'a blank in the history' from 46 to 60.

Αἰγαῖς Ἀπολλωνίου, a collection of local traditions, chiefly no doubt preserved by the clergy of the temple in which he lived; and Damis. Shadowy as Damis is, and shadowy as is that 'relation of his' who brought the hitherto unknown records to the notice of the empress Julia a hundred years afterwards, one cannot venture to dismiss the whole story peremptorily as a fiction. Damis was a real person, and left real books behind him. Of what sort were these? Philostratus' text is transparent (i. 3)¹; we can see the original titles plainly beneath the surface. Damis wrote Travels of Apollonius (ἀποδημῖαι); Opinions or Sentences of Apollonius (γνώμαι); Sermons or Addresses of Apollonius (λόγοι); and Prophecies of Apollonius (ὅποσα ἐς πρόγνωσιν εἶπε). Possibly the word *Diatribae*, a few lines lower down, is a general title, possibly an additional work,² possibly an alternative to ἀποδημῖαι. Next consider that no reigning emperors are named anywhere in Philostratus' narrative except Nero, Vespasian, Titus, and Domitian: allusions are made to Claudius, to Otho, to Galba, to Vitellius *in speeches* (e. g. v. 32, but they make no part in an historical framework for the story); and, secondly, that hardly anywhere is any episode dated 'this was in such and such an Olympiad, or consulship or year of a reign'. And now bring under survey the following catalogue of phrases:

τὰς δ' Ἀθήνησι διατρεβὰς πλείστας μὲν ὁ Δαμῖς
γενέσθαι φησὶ τῷ ἀνδρί, γράψαι δ' οὐ πάσας iv. 19

¹ Kays., vol. i, pp. 3-4. The chapter numeral happens to be misprinted in the Teubner text. Cf. also vi. 25.

² Dio's *Oratio* xxvii (v. Arnim, vol. ii, p. 283) is an example of a *Diatribē*.

κάκεινο τῶν ἐν Λακεδαίμονι ¹	iv. 33
τὰ ἐν Ὀλυμπίᾳ	iv. 27
αἱ ἐν Ῥώμῃ σπουδαί	iv. 34
τὰ ἐν Κρήτῃ	iv. 34
ὡς ἐν τοῖς Κορινθιακοῖς λόγοις εἶρηκα	iv. 42
τὰ ἐν τῇ Ῥόδῳ	v. 24
τὴν μὲν δὴ διάλεξιν τὴν πρώτην ἀπὸ τῆς κρηπίδος τοῦ νεῷ πρὸς τοὺς Ἑφεισίους διελέχθη	iv. 2
τὰς δ' ἄλλας διαλέξεις . . . ἐποιεῖτο	iv. 3
τὴν μὲν δὴ πρώτην διᾶλεξιν (Ἀθήνησι)	iv. 19
αἱ ἐν Ὀλυμπίᾳ διαλέξεις	iv. 31
διαλέξεις δὲ τῷ Ἀ. περὶ τῶν ἐκεῖ παραπεσόντων ὁ Δαμῖς πλείους μὲν γενέσθαι φησίν, ἀξίας δὲ τοῦ ἀναγράψαι τάσδε (in Spain)	v. 7
διωρθοῦτο δὲ κάκεινο Ἀθήνησι	iv. 22
κάκεινο Ἀπολλωνίου θαῦμα	iv. 45
θανυμάσιον Ἀπολλωνίου κάκεινο ἐν Αἰγύπτῳ	v. 42

(These are all taken from Books IV and V.)

Philostratus' task lies mapped out before us.

An introductory part derived from Maximus of Aegae, dealing with Apollonius' life before he met with Damis; a transcript of Damis, ἀποδημῖαι τοῦ Ἀπολλωνίου, being the Journey to India and the Journey to Spain, the Journey to Ethiopia, &c. (this category of materials is summed up in the sentence in Book vi. 35 *τοσαῦτα ἔθνη φασὶν ἐπελθεῖν τὸν Ἀπολλώνιον* αἱ δ' ἐφεξῆς ἀποδημῖαι, &c.), two books of Memorabilia (ἀξιομνημόνευτα, vi. 40) made by redaction out of the miscellaneous collection of διαλέξεις, διατριβαί, θαύματα, ἃ ἐς πρόγνωσιν ἔχει, &c., &c.

Furthermore it clearly appears that the material

¹ The titles of Dio's *Orationes*, τῶν ἐν Κιλικίᾳ (v. Arnim, vol. ii, p. 222), point to a similar local classification.

which went to form Books IV and V was not cast into continuous narrative, nor obeyed any chronological principle, but was arranged by a system of place or a classification of form, as : *Apollonius at Corinth*, or *Sermons and Addresses at Ephesus*. It would have needed extremely skilful editing to reduce Damis' material to the form required by an audience which has a taste for history as well as personal psychology in a *Life* ; he must weave from three or four strands to make his thread of narrative. Neither the Anecdotes, nor the Sermons, nor the Miracles, nor the Instances of Second Sight and Prophecy were arranged in orderly sequence. Only the Travels, by the nature of the case, were in some sort of chronological order. Thus we have a traceable itinerary for Book IV : Ephesus, Smyrna, Pergamum, Lesbos, past Euboea, to Piraeus, Athens, Thermopylae, Dodona, Delphi, Abae, Lebadea, Helicon, Corinth, Olympia, Sparta, Malea, Crete, Rome. But to make a coherent time-table, as we have seen, Mr. Petrie allows a blank of fifteen years (p. 143), and the actual distance which Philostratus—according to him—can traverse at one jump is no less than twenty years. The case is this. We hear in iv. 34 that Apollonius stayed in Sparta after the Olympian season, until the end of the winter, and early in the spring went to Malea to take ship for Rome. But he was warned by a dream to go to Crete before making the voyage to Italy (*πρὶν εἰς Ἰτάλους πλεῦσαι*) ; the phrase indicates that no more than a short digression from his immediate purpose is contemplated. He goes to Crete, and sees the sights. Whilst he is preaching at the Lebenaean temple, there is a violent earthquake

and tidal wave; he comforts the terrified inhabitants by announcing that ἡ θάλαττα γῆν ἔτεκε, 'Sea has given birth to land'. A few days later word is brought that 'on the very day and at the very noontide of the phenomenon a new island arose in the channel between Thera and Crete'. And then without another word Philostratus proceeds: 'So let us have done with a long story and come to his (Apollonius) endeavours at Rome which happened after the Cretan episode.'

The appearance of the island in the channel between Thera and Crete is noted by Seneca¹ and others as taking place in the year 46. Apollonius' visit to Rome is exactly dated by the consulship of Telesinus to the year 66.

Nothing makes it improbable that Apollonius actually digressed to visit Crete when he was intending for Italy; but is it conceivable that the 'Cretan episode' lasted twenty years? Or does any biographer, any man of letters, however flibberty-gibbet, take a leap of twenty years between one sentence and another, with no more by-your-leave and with-your-leave than 'let us have done with a long story'? Brevity may be an admirable virtue, but surely this would be to purchase it at somewhat ruthless rate.

The particular case is crucial: for Mr. Petrie the great earthquake and the rising of the island in 46 is 'a fixed point from which he works back' to regulate the chronology of all the earlier period of Apollonius' life (p. 140). For my part I see nothing for it but to suppose that Philostratus has blundered by twenty years in the date of the earthquake; and finding among the

¹ *N. Q.* vi. 21. Seneca says it arose *spectantibus nobis*.

Prophecies of Apollonius one (perhaps apocryphal) which had to do with this, has patched it on to a piece of the narrative when he happened to have got his hero on the spot in Crete. As the *Prophecies* were in no chronological order, he must risk an anachronism every time that he enriched or cheered his narrative by the insertion of one of them. Just so with the *Discourses*: only there is no means of verifying (nor does it much matter) whether any one of these was in fact delivered at the time and place alleged by Philostratus.

If you are not content with this explanation, the argument may be further reinforced. In the same Book and ten chapters earlier (viz. iv. 24) we learn that Apollonius, observing a great sea at Lechaeum, made his prophecy that 'this neck of land will find itself cut . . . or rather will *not*'. Upon which Philostratus comments, 'This also was prophetic of the cutting a little later (*μικρὸν ὕστερον*) in the Isthmus; of which Nero had a notion seven years later.' Mr. Petrie says (p. 143), 'There is then a blank in the history *until we find that Apollonius was at the Isthmus of Corinth in A.D. 60.*' But we found Apollonius was at Corinth on his way westwards to an Olympian festival ten chapters earlier in the Book. If proceeding ten chapters ahead in an apparently continuous record, we find ourselves fourteen years astern in time, viz. from 60 to 46 A.D., what other conclusion is possible but that towards which my former argument also led us by an independent approach, viz. that the date, 46 in particular, Mr. Petrie's cardinal date, is false; and that Philostratus makes but a perfunctory attempt in general to string together in an exact chronological

thread the casual miscellaneous memorabilia which furnished the matter of this Book? He does not make good the words of i. 2 ἐξακριβῶσαι τὸν ἄνδρα τοῖς τε χρόνοις καθ' οὓς εἰπέ τι ἢ ἔπραξε: but the words themselves strongly confirm my contention as to the nature of his task—to reduce confusion to narrative. And if we have twice convicted Philostratus of bringing in a sensational allusion¹ at the expense of historical fact and chronological accuracy, and thereby knocked away the two dates A. D. 17 and A. D. 46, on which the received scheme and Mr. Petrie's particular elaboration of it mainly rely, is it rash to infer that when he is dealing with such an obscure matter as the chronology of Parthian kings, he is equally fanciful in his choice of a potentate on whom to quarter the sage *en route* for India? If so, it is no use to appeal to the historical dates of Bardanes' reign.

But now it may fairly be objected: if neither the matter of Archelaus in A. D. 17, nor the earthquake of A. D. 46, are fixed points, why accept as such the consulship of Telesinus in 66, the accession of Vespasian in 69, the execution of Clemens in 95—or indeed any seeming historical allusion in the book at all? On what principles can any scheme of chronology be erected for Apollonius?

I would reason the thing as follows:

(1) If the book is an *historical* romance at all, the points where Philostratus was most bound (in the interests of his art) to accuracy were the points of contact with emperors whose dates everybody well knew:

¹ Such as were commonly found in handbooks of Titbits prepared for rhetors: Valerius Maximus is an example.

that is, the visit to Rome in Nero's reign, the meetings between Apollonius and Vespasian at Alexandria, and the group of Domitianic events. No other point in the *Life* has been established historically, which is inconsistent with these three; they comport no intrinsic improbability or internal inconsistency; two of them at least receive more or less confirmation from sources which are independent and nowise suspect.¹ The Capito-Archelaus story can be rejected, and the Thera-Therasia story sent back where it came from (probably Seneca), and the book is merely shorn of two ornamental appendages; but if Apollonius never had anything to do with the Flavians, or if Philostratus did not know their dates, then *cadit quaestio*: the book is incapable of critical treatment.

(2) Next there is the overwhelming general evidence of the whole story against the alleged centenarianism of Apollonius, and the corresponding evidence from historical combination with the known dates of other sophists, his acquaintances or his rivals, for holding that he was born a generation later than the received version makes out.

These are my cardinal points: any further chronological points in the story must be assigned in relation and in consistency with these. For instance, whether or no Apollonius did make any prophecy concerning the new volcanic island in A. D. 46; whether or no his encounter with the Graeco-Berlinese-mannered Governor be true, and true of the year 57; these and

¹ For his relations with Domitian in 69-70 cf. Tacitus, *Hist.* iv. 81; for his second sight of Domitian's death, Dio Cass. lxxvii. 18.

all other similar points must be brought to the touch by reference to principles (1) and (2), as above laid down.

(3) Hierocles' categorical statement that Apollonius 'flourished in Nero's reign' (Kays., p. 370); or Dio's, that he 'flourished under Domitian', is as good as Suidas' confused note that he 'flourished under Claudius Gaius, and Nero, and lived into Nerva's reign' (*ἤκμαζεν . . . ἐπὶ Κλαυδίου καὶ Γαίου καὶ Νέρωνος καὶ μέχρι Νέρβα, ἐφ' οὗ καὶ μετήλλαξεν*).

Now if this be compared with Suidas' dates for other philosophers or men of letters who lived under the early empire, it will be noted that only in this instance does he use the term *ἤκμαζε*.

- (1) Strabo *γένονε ἐπὶ Τιβερίου* (d. in A. D. 25).
- (2) Musonius *γεγονώς ἐπὶ Νέρωνος*.
Cornutus *γεγονώς ἐπὶ Νέρωνος*.
- (3) Scopelian *γένονε ἐπὶ Νέρβα*.
- (4) Favorinus *γένονε ἐπὶ Τραϊανοῦ καὶ παρατείνας μέχρι τῶν Ἀδριανοῦ χρόνων*.
- (5) Plutarch *γεγονώς ἐπὶ τῶν Τραϊανοῦ χρόνων καὶ ἔτι πρόσθεν* (in fact b. about 45, d. 125).
- (6) Lucian *γένονε ἐπὶ Τραϊανοῦ καὶ ἐπέκεινα* (b. about 125).
- (7) Aelius Aristides *γένονε ἐπὶ Ἀντωνίνου*.
- (8) Sextus (Suidas confuses Empiricus with Chaeronensis) *γένονε κατὰ Μάρκου*.
- (9) Galen *γεγονώς ἐπὶ Μάρκου καὶ Κομόδου καὶ Περτίνακος* (b. 131).
Arrian *ἦν ἐν Ῥώμῃ ἐπὶ Ἀδριανοῦ καὶ Μάρκου καὶ Ἀντωνίνου*.
Polemo *ἦν ἐπὶ Τραϊανοῦ*.
Herod Atticus *ἦν ἐπὶ Τραϊανοῦ καὶ Ἀδριανοῦ καὶ μέχρι Μάρκου Ἀντωνίνου*.

The singularity of the entry makes one suspect that

ἡκμαζεν is merely a copyist's false expansion of ἦν. How loose Suidas' chronology is may be judged by his dating both Plutarch and Lucian as 'living in the reign of Trajan', though Plutarch was Lucian's senior by three generations. Nothing in the *Life* pretends to bring Apollonius into relation with Claudius¹ or Gaius (Caligula), whose name Suidas foists in after Claudius. Why are they mentioned? I am disposed to think that 'under Claudius, or rather Gaius', really gives the *first* emperor in whose reign Apollonius lived, just as Nerva was unquestionably the last. If then Suidas' note means that his life extended from Gaius to Nerva, he will have been born in or after A. D. 37.

This brings him within a very few years of Dio and Euphrates, with whom Suidas calls him contemporary; makes him about five years junior to Nerva; and reduces Alexander Terracotta-Plato's mother's eccentricity to a penchant for a handsome and well-preserved preacher who was turning 50 when she was 20. The island incident disappears. But the Capito episode, if it indeed relates to Cossutianus and the year 56-57, now falls pat: 'between 16 and 20' was Apollonius' age, i. e. he was born between A. D. 37 and A. D. 41—the date of Gaius' (Caligula) reign. According to this, his encounter with Nero would take place about his thirtieth year; and his trial by Domitian, when we are told his 'hair was beginning to grizzle', at about the age of 57. And according to this, his Eastern travels

¹ *Ep.* 43 (Kays., vol. i, p. 358) bears no character of authenticity. George Kedrenus (ed. Bekker, i. 346) makes Apollonius live in Claudius' reign. But nobody will pay much heed to this eleventh-century chronicler.

would fall within a space of five years. This part of the narrative I believe has been most freely mythologized by Philostratus, so that it is precarious to conjecture whether or no the hypothetically historical core of travel occupied less or more. The Travellers' Tales are highly suspect. See authorities quoted on p. xvi. But where all is so nebulous (except the main fact that Apollonius cannot have been a very old man in the year A.D. 95) it would be absurd to insist on the period 37-41 as certainly covering his birth year. He may have been born ten years earlier; but if we go back to the date 27, it is a terminus beyond which every step backward lands us in improbabilities which increase to an absurdity as we approach towards the traditional year.

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Apollonius was translated into Italian as early as 1550 by Lodovico Dolce (Venice); into French by B. de Vigenère, revised and corrected by F. Morel, with notes by Artus Thomas, sieur d'Embry, Paris, 1611; into English by Charles Blount in 1680, but the work was not allowed to go beyond the first two books; the only complete English translation is by the Rev. Edward Berwick, Vicar of Leixlip in Ireland (London, 1809). There is a German version with introduction by E. Baltzer (Rudolstadt, 1883).

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PHILOSTRATUS
IN HONOUR OF APOLLONIUS OF
TYANA

HISTORIAM flagitatam tunc recognosces oportune competenterque, si cum Tyaneo nostro nunc ad Caucasum Indumque, nunc ad Aethiopum gymnosophistas Indorumque Brachmanas, totus lectioni vacans et ipse quodammodo peregrinare. Lege virum fidei catholicae pace praefata in plurimis similem tui, id est a divitibus ambitum nec divitias ambientem; cupidum scientiae continentem pecuniae; inter epulas abstemium, inter purpuratos linteatum, inter alabastra censorium; concretum hispidum hirsutum in medio nationum delibutarum atque inter satrapas regum tiaratorum murrhatos pumicatos malobathratos venerabili squalore pretiosum; cumque proprio nihil esui aut indutui de pecude conferret, regnis ob hoc, quae pererravit, non tam suspicioni quam suspectui; et a fortuna regum sibi in omnibus obsecundante illa tantum beneficia poscentem, quae mage sit suetus oblata praestare quam sumere. Quid multis? Si vera metimur aestimamusque, fors fuit an philosophi vitae scriptor aequalis maiorum temporibus accesserit, certe par saeculo meo per te lector obvenit.

SIDONIUS APOLLINARIS, *Ep.* viii. 3.

Sidonius sends to his friend Leo a translation from Philostratus made by Nicomachus Flavianus the elder (*circ.* A. D. 334–394) and revised by Tascius Victorianus.

BOOK I

IT is told of Pythagoras the Samian¹ by his admirers I that he was not an Ionian at all; that he was for a time at Troy in the person of Euphorbus; that after dying in the manner which Homer's poem² relates, he came to life again; that he declined to be clothed with any animal product, and abstained from all eating or sacrificing of animals. *Make not your altars bloody*, he would say. A honeycake, an incense of gums, a chanting of psalms—such were the offerings which this man rendered to the gods. And he knew that this kind of service was more acceptable to them than the hecatomb and the basket and knife; for he communed with them, and they instructed him what behaviour in man is pleasing or displeasing to them. And they were the source from which his natural teachings were delivered: others knew of divine truth only by inference and professed mere conjectural creeds, no two of which agreed; but Apollo had visited him, and declared himself, and he had been favoured with the presence, though not declared, of Athena and the Muses, and of other gods besides whose shapes and names were yet unknown to mankind.

Pythagoras' disciples made themselves a Rule of his 2 revelations, and honoured him as the emissary of Zeus. The discipline of Silence also was part of their spiritual exercises; because they heard many spiritual secrets that are hard to master unless one has first learned the lesson that *Silence is another kind of Discourse*. And I ought

to mention that they also claim Empedocles of Acragas for an adept in their craft. Certainly his ¹

Fare ye well : henceforth am I

Man no more but god immortal,

and

Long ago the time hath been

When I was lass and I was lad.

smacks of the Pythagorean ; so does that story of the ox at Olympia ²—the effigy which he had made of dough, and baked, and then offered in sacrifice. There is more besides recorded of the Pythagorean school ; but instead of stopping to deal with that, I shall now lose no time in attacking the subject which I have proposed to myself to achieve.

∴ The two lives are indeed germane to each other ; but though Apollonius was more finely inspired than Pythagoras in his access to Science, though he towered above empires and emperors, though his date belongs not to a remote antiquity (yet he is not quite a modern either), the world has not yet begun to understand him in the light of his true Science, sanely and philosophically practised. He is admired for this, and admired for that ; but because he visited the Babylonian Mages, the Indian Brahmins, and the Naked Men of Egypt, some will have it that he was a Mage and denounce his doctrine as fanatical. This is a most mistaken notion. Empedocles and Democritus resorted to Mages—so did Pythagoras himself—and delivered many supernatural sayings ; yet they were never reputed to be of that profession. Plato travelled to Egypt, and introduced into his writings much that he got from the prophets and priests there ; they furnished him with what you might

call the first sketch, and he afterwards finished the picture with his own colours: but still no one called him a magician, although never man excited such a degree of envy by his speculations as Plato. Neither ought 3 Apollonius' gift of presentiment and prescience to prejudice him in this regard; else even Socrates will not be safe: we shall have him slandered on account of the prophetic suggestions of his *daemon*, and Anaxagoras¹ indicted for black art because of his predictions. Surely everybody has heard of Anaxagoras coming on the race-course at Olympia when there was no sign of rain, dressed in a thick sheepskin rug, and prophesying a downpour; and how he foretold the collapse of a house, and it came true—the house in fact did collapse; and the turning of day into night; and the shower of stones falling from the sky in the region of *Goat's Rivers*: in each case his prophetic declaration was fulfilled. In Anaxagoras these instances are put to the credit of his science; but the same critics deny Apollonius any scientific prescience and say that he did it all by magic art.

So I have made up my mind to tolerate the general ignorance no longer, but give a precise account of the man, the dates of his several utterances and actions, and the methods of science by which he attained to his renown for superhuman spiritual gifts. I have gathered my material partly from all the cities which adored him, partly from the temples where he restored the ritual of decaying devotion, partly from what other authors have told of him, and partly from his letters. His letters were addressed to princes, professors, sages; to correspondents in Elis, at Delphi, in India, in Egypt; they treat of gods, of usages, of manners, of institutions—

the letters of a reformer who found work to his hand wherever there were abuses or corruptions. But I have gleaned in another field, for more particular information.

- 3 There was one Damis², a man not without accomplishments, who at one time inhabited Old Nineveh. His studies drew him into intimacy with Apollonius, and he has left a written account of the Sage's travels (in which he claims to have shared), his maxims, his discourses, and his prophetic sayings. A person who was related to this Damis, brought the originals of these memoirs, hitherto undiscovered, to the knowledge of the Empress Julia. And since I had a place in her majesty's circle (she was a great admirer and patroness of all literary studies), she laid on me the task of transcribing and editing these papers. It was her wish also that I should be responsible for the form of expression; for the Ninevite's language, though clear, was anything but a model of literary art. I have also consulted a book by Maximus of Aegae, which comprises all Apollonius' activity in that place. Apollonius' written testament gives a good idea how divinely inspired he was in his philosophy. As for Moeragenes, he is the last person to listen to as an authority: he composed four books about Apollonius, but he was very ill-informed in many particulars of his account.

So now that I have said how I collected these scattered materials and how I have composed them into my narrative, it remains to express the wish that my story may do honour to the theme of it and service to learned curiosity. It is certain that curiosity shall here learn something that it never knew before.

- 4 Apollonius had for his native place Tyana, a Greek

city in Cappadocian country ; his father was of the same name ; the family, ancient and of Founder's kin. Their fortunes wealthy beyond the scale of those parts : and it is a very wealthy race. When his mother was with child of him, she had a vision of an Egyptian deity. It was Proteus, whose transformations are told of in Homer ¹. She was not in the least afraid, but asked him, 'What she should give birth to?' He replied, 'To me.' 'And who are you?' she said. To which he answered, 'Proteus, the Egyptian god.' My readers who are familiar with the poets will not need to be reminded what a figure for ingenuity this Proteus cut ; elusive, now one person and now another, defying capture ; and apparently possessed of all knowledge and fore-knowledge. And it is well to bear Proteus in mind, especially 5 when the progress of the story shall display the man as superior to Proteus in prescience of coming events and undefeated in the most intricate and insoluble problems at the very moment when he seemed to be engaged in a forlorn hope.

He is said to have been born in a meadow, near which 5 now stands the beautiful temple which Antoninus ¹ has finished in his honour. And the manner of his birth is worthy of remark. His mother was near her time when she had a dream, which bade her walk to the meadow and pick flowers ; arrived there, while her maids scattered over the meadow, and occupied themselves with the flowers, she lay down on the grass and fell asleep. Now there were swans in the meadow ; and as she slept, they formed themselves in a choir around her, and by the beating of their wings (as is the habit of swans) made such a loud music, there being at the time a little west

wind blowing in the meadow, that she sprang up in alarm at the song—and the child was born. Any great fright is capable of delivering a woman even prematurely. The natives say that at the very instant when the child was born, a thunderbolt appeared in the sky, as if about to fall; but instead of falling it vanished upwards. This I suppose was the sign by which the gods manifested and prefigured his illustrious life, his elevation above the world, his nearness to themselves, and all that he afterwards grew to be.

6 There is in the neighbourhood of Tyana, it is said, a Water of Zeus Horkios (or the god of Oaths), which goes by the name of *Asbamaean*²: the spring issues from the ground cold and yet bubbling like a kettle on the fire. To those who keep their oath the water is propitious and agreeable; but to perjurers there is summary punishment there. It attacks them in the eyes, the hands, and the feet; they are seized with dropsy or the phthisis; and they have not so much as the power to remove themselves, but remain fast-bound on the place, lamenting to the water and confessing their perjuries. Now the natives say that Apollonius was the son of this Zeus: but we have the great man's own word for it that his father was called Apollonius.

7 When he was of an age to learn his elements, he displayed vigour of memory and power of application: his language was Attic; no vernacular influences could pervert his pronunciation; and all eyes were drawn to him, for his youthful beauty was extraordinary. When he was fourteen years old, his father took him to Tarsus to put him under Euthydemus, the Phoenician. Euthydemus was an excellent lecturer, and the boy's education

proceeded ; but though he stuck by his master, he found the dispositions of the town perverse and worthless as a place to pursue serious studies in. No people are more attached to luxury ; it is a city of wags and bullies, where fine stuffs are more valued than science is at Athens. The river Cydnus runs through their town, and they spend their time sitting by the banks of it, like so many waterfowl. This is the point of Apollonius' words in a letter to them : ' Leave off being drunk on water.'

Accordingly he begged his father's leave, and transferred his master to Aegae, a neighbouring town, where he found a quietness which gratified his designs of education, more heroic studies, a temple of Asclepius¹ and visible manifestations of Asclepius in person. Among his fellow students here were numbered Platonists, adherents of Chrysippus and Peripatetics ; and he was constant in attendance upon the Epicurean lecturers, for he took an interest even in these. But Pythagoreanism was the school to which he applied himself with inexpressible aptitude. His teacher in the doctrines of Pythagoras was a man of no great merit, and in his life no very effectual example of his professions, being given over to gluttony and sensuality, and a man of the Epicurean habit. This was Euxenus, of Heraclea in Pontus, whose knowledge of Pythagorean precepts was like a bird, repeating his lesson of *good day !* or *good luck to you !* or *God bless you !* Birds who utter these pious 7 ejaculations do not know what they are saying : the phrase does not indicate any individual affection of mind, only a discipline of tongue. But Apollonius was like young eagles which, while their wings are still tender,

fly by the side of their parents, and take lessons in flying from them ; but as soon as they are strong enough to soar, they outfly the old birds—especially if they observe in them a lickerish appetite, and an inclination for low, earthly flutterings around savoury fleshpots. While he was yet a boy, he paid attention to Euxenus, and under his guidance made the stages of approach to the doctrine ; but upon reaching his sixteenth year, he let himself go, and followed his vocation towards the life of Pythagoras, sped upon wings of some superior impulse. Not that he left off his affection for Euxenus ; only he begged his father to bestow upon the tutor a villa in the suburbs with luxurious gardens and fountains, and then said, ‘ Now you must live after your own style ; I am going to live after the style of Pythagoras.’

- 8 Euxenus judged this to mean that he had formed some grand resolution, and asked where he intended to begin ; Apollonius answered, ‘ At the point where physicians begin. They apply purgatives which serve either for the prevention or the cure of disorders.’ And after he had said this, he renounced animal foods, esteeming them to be unclean and to make the intellect gross ; and lived on a diet of vegetables and dried fruits. He said that all those things are clean which the earth produces of herself ; wine, proceeding from so civil and beneficent a plant, he held to be a clean drink ; but it interferes with the intellectual effort of the mind by muddying the spiritual atmosphere. After the purge was thus effected, he chose, for a livery, to go barefoot ; clothed himself in linen, renouncing all fabrics derived from an animal ; let his hair grow long, and lived in the temple. His conduct amazed the ministers ;

and after Asclepius had one day told the priest that he delighted to heal the sick with Apollonius there to witness it, the public curiosity drew such a concourse of Cilicians and other neighbouring peoples to visit Aegae, that the Cilician phrase ‘Whither so fast, sir? To see the lad?’, which referred to him, thus achieved the dignity of a proverb.

I must not omit the episodes in the temple, since this **9** is the biography of a man who enjoyed the divine favour and regard. There was an Assyrian youth visiting Asclepius—a debauched invalid, who spent his life (or, let me say, his living death) in carousals. Dropsy was his complaint, and his delight in drinking made him neglect the dry cure; consequently he was neglected by Asclepius, who never visited him even in dreams. Once when he was complaining of this, the god stood by him and said, ‘If you will talk with Apollonius, you shall have relief.’ Whereupon he went to Apollonius and asked, ‘What benefit may I take of your science? Asclepius recommends me your company.’ ‘I can offer you’, said the other, ‘a benefit which should be very acceptable in your case. You want health, I suppose?’ ‘By Zeus,’ replied the youth, ‘Yes, the very thing which Asclepius promises but does not give!’ ‘No blasphemy,’ said Apollonius, ‘he gives it to those who wish for it; but your behaviour flies in the face of your malady: you indulge in luxury, and overcharge your system, already waterlogged and destroyed, with a burden of rich sauces and seasonings. You souse water with mud.’ This was surely a plainer oracle than the subtleties of Heraclitus, who, when he was attacked by the same disease, said he wanted some one to turn

rainy weather into drought : not a very clear nor intelligible saying. Whereas Apollonius restored the young man to health by expressing his science in plain language.

10 One day he saw a mass of blood about the altar, and 9 offerings arranged upon it ; there was slaughter of Egyptian oxen and great swine ; there was flaying here and carving there ; and an oblation of two golden dishes set with admirable stones of the finest Indian sort. Going to the priest, he asked what it meant : ‘ Somebody seems to be making a very magnificent present to the god.’ The priest told him he would be the more surprised to hear that these liberal benefactions came from a man who had never offered any petitions there, nor stayed the usual time of pilgrimage, nor recovered his health by the god’s grace ; nor gained what he came to ask for ; indeed he seemed to be but newly arrived. ‘ But he declares that he will increase his sacrifices and increase his offering, if Asclepius would favour him. He is one of the very rich : at least, he owns more property in Cilicia than all the Cilicians together. He is supplicating the god to repair him the loss of an eye.’ Apollonius fixed his gaze on the ground (as was his habit in old age), and asked what was the man’s name. When it was told him, he said to the priest. ‘ I hold that this man ought not to be admitted to the temple : he is a rascal, and the cause of his accident such as does him no credit. And, be that as it may, costly sacrifices before any favour has been obtained from the god are no free-will offering but an expiation of abominable crimes.’ Such was Apollonius’ verdict, and it was confirmed by Asclepius, who appeared to the priest by

night and said, 'Let So-and-so begone and take his goods with him. He does not deserve to keep even his one remaining eye.' Upon inquiry it was discovered that this Cilician had been married to a woman who had a daughter by a former marriage. He fell in love with the girl, and failed to conceal this licentious connexion from his wife. Surprising the pair in bed, she knocked out both her daughter's eyes and one of her husband's by stabs of her brooch.

Upon the duty of moderation in sacrifices and in II
 dedicatory offerings, he reasoned as follows (a num- IO
 ber of people were assembled at the temple, not long after the expulsion of the Cilician). He asked the priest : 'Are the gods just?'

Priest. Nay, they are justice itself.

Apoll. Tell me though, are they wise?

Priest. What is wiser than godhead?

Apoll. And are they informed about human affairs, or ignorant of them?

Priest. To be sure, their great superiority over us is that man is so feeble that he does not even understand his own business, while the gods have the advantage of knowing both theirs and his.

Apoll. Priest, all that you say is very right and true. And now, considering that they know all things, it seems to me that a man who comes to a temple with a good conscience, ought to pray thus : 'O gods, grant me what I deserve. For blessings are surely a virtuous man's desert ; and a rogue's desert the contrary. And so the gods, in their justice, when they find a man wholesome and unscarred by sin, speed him on his way not literally crowned with golden chaplets, but crowned

with all manner of good things; but when they see a man branded with infamy and corruption, they leave him to his retribution: and their anger is in the measure of the sinner's presumption who defiles the sanctuary by his presence.

And casting his eyes upon Asclepius, he continued: 'O Asclepius, it is by thy mysterious innate knowledge that thou dost not suffer the wicked to enter here, even though they bring all the riches of India and Sardis. The offerings which they burn upon the altar or hang upon the wall, are no homage to the divine glory, but a bribe to purchase the acquittal which ye gods, in your perfect justice, will not vouchsafe to them.'

He would often teach and meditate thus, even before he came to years of maturity.

- 12 Here is another episode of his stay at Aegae. The governor of Cilicia¹ was an unscrupulous man of riotous
11 and irregular appetite. When rumour of Apollonius' youthful beauty reached him, he said good-bye to his business (he was holding an Assize at Tarsus) and set out for Aegae post-haste, professing himself to be unwell and in need of Asclepius. He came to Apollonius as he was walking alone and said, 'Introduce² me to the god.' 'What need is there of an introducer,' was the reply, 'if you are an honest man? The gods welcome virtuous men, even though nobody use his good offices to commend them.'

The Governor. Why, the reason is, Apollonius, that the god has made a familiar friend of you, and not of me as yet.

Apoll. Nay, I had no commendation to him but to behave like a man of honour: which practice it is.

so far as my years allow, that makes me Asclepius' minister and companion. If you also love honourable dealings, you may approach the god boldly and pray for what you will.

Governor. Nay, by Zeus, but I must begin by praying to you.

Apoll. And what have you to pray to me for?

Governor. The prayer which ought to be made to any beautiful person: we pray them to give us a share in their beauty and not be miserly of their springtime.

And as he said these words, he began to languish, his eyes looked melting, and he plied all imaginable tricks that such libidinous rascals affect. But Apollonius scowled at him and said, 'Filthy abomination, you are beside yourself!' The governor was not only provoked by this language, but actually threatened that he would behead him; but Apollonius laughed him to scorn and exclaimed, 'O ——th day of ——' (naming a date). It happened in the event that, two days before the date he named, the tyrannical governor was put to death on his journey by the public executioners, on a charge of conspiring with King Archelaus of Cappadocia against the Romans.

This and many instances of the same kind are chronicled by Maximus of Aegae³, a man who was promoted to the dignity of Imperial Secretary, for the excellence of his language.

When he had news of his father's death he hastened **13** to Tyana and buried him with his own hands, beside **12** his mother's grave: she had died not long before. He now succeeded to a brilliant fortune, which he divided with his brother, who was a libertine and a drunkard.

His brother was in his three-and-twentieth year and past the age of pupilage; he himself was twenty, and by law a ward under guardians. Accordingly he spent some time longer at Aegae, where he made a veritable Lyceum and Academe of the temple—for it was filled with the sound of all manner of knowledge—and returned to Tyana, a grown man and his own master. It was represented to him that his duty required him to admonish his brother and reform his practices. ‘That would look like an impertinence,’ he said; ‘how can a young man admonish his elder? But I mean to do what I can, to cure him of these disorders.’ What he did was this: he gave him half of his own share, saying that his brother’s needs were many and his own were few. Then he checked him and dexterously inclined him to listen to advice, by the plea that ‘our father is gone, who used to teach us and train us; and now we have only each other left, you and I. So if I do anything amiss, you must counsel me and amend my faults; and if you should do anything amiss, you must bear with my suggestions.’ He made him amenable to reason, as you manage a restive and unbroken horse by gentle handling; and so reformed him. There were plenty of vices to reform, for he was not only addicted to dice and wine, but always beating up the quarters of light women, swaggering with a great head of long hair (which, by the way, he improved with dyes), walking with a jaunty leg and the airs of a coxcomb. When he was satisfied with his brother, his next concern was for the rest of his family. He endeared himself to his poor relations by giving them the remainder of his fortune; he reserved a pittance, saying that Anaxagoras¹

13

of Clazomenae had made himself a philosopher of sheep rather than of men by letting his estates go back to prairie, and Crates of Thebes had done no good to man or beast by throwing his wealth into the sea. Pythagoras has been praised for his precept that a man should not touch any woman but his wife. Apollonius declared that this commandment of Pythagoras applied to others; for his part he intended neither to marry nor to have any carnal connexion; thereby surpassing the dictum of Sophocles², who said that by growing old he had escaped from a savage maniac of a master. Apollonius even in his boyhood had virtue and self-control enough to keep from that subjection; youth and a vigorous habit of body notwithstanding, he was more than a match for the maniac and kept the mastery over him. And yet there are people who slander him for incontinence, alleging some sentimental vagary which, they say, kept him for a whole year in Scythia: whereas, in fact, he never visited Scythia, and never fell into any disorder of the passions. So much so, that not even Euphrates ever accused the great man of incontinence, though he attacked him with unscrupulous libels, as shall be shown when we come to deal with Euphrates. He quarrelled with Apollonius because the sage reproached him with sticking at nothing for money, and tried to draw him away from commercialism and shopkeeping in Science. But these questions must be deferred till their proper season.

Euxenus once asked Apollonius why he wrote 14 nothing when he had so much good doctrine to impart and a talent for expressing himself with correctness and alertness of style. 'Because', said he, 'I have not yet

kept silence.' And from that day forth he made it his duty to keep silence. But if his voice was repressed from speaking, his eyes and intellect were busy reading
 14 and busy furnishing stores for memory. The strength of his memory was of course famous; at a hundred years old he surpassed Simonides in this; and there was a hymn to Memory, which he was in the habit of singing, that says

All things wither by the operation of Time, but Time himself abides ageless and immortal by virtue of Memory.

It must not be supposed that he was disagreeable company during the time of his silence: the eyes, the hand, the inclinations of the head—all these signified his interest in the conversation; and there was nothing sour or puritanical in his demeanour, for he had a genius for good-fellowship and good humour. He tells us that this rule of life cost him great struggles during the five years for which he observed it; he had much to say, and could not say it; many provocations to listen to, and be as if he had not heard them; many motions of indignation, many impulses of rebuke, when he would say to himself, *Forbear, my Heart, and thou my Tongue, forbear*¹; and these were the times when solutions of vexatious arguments would suggest themselves to him.

15 He spent the period of silence partly in Pamphylia and partly in Cilicia; he travelled amongst those licentious races and never spoke a word anywhere, never allowed himself so much as to utter a sound. If he found a city in the turmoil of faction (there were disturbances in many of them about trivial spectacles) he had but to advance and show himself, and perhaps

by hand or countenance give some indication of the intended rebuke—and all disorders would disappear and be succeeded by solemn, awestruck silence. It may be no great feat to check an outbreak of disorder about a troupe of dancers or a team of horses: the mere sight of a *man* puts that sort of mob to the blush; they pull themselves up and very easily see reason. Bread riots are no such easy matter: it will task the controlling and soothing powers of eloquence to turn the hearts and arrest the rage of a city which feels the pinch of starvation. But Apollonius was able by his silence to cope with people in this temper. The 15 occasion was as follows¹: he came to Aspendus in Pamphylia (it is on the river Eurymedon, and reckoned the third city in those parts): vetches commanded a price, the people were subsisting on bare siege-rations, because the ruling class had all the supply of grain under lock and key for profitable export. The whole youth of the place was in revolt against the Governor; they were ready to burn him alive, although he clung for sanctuary to the imperial images, which in those days were held more awful and inviolable than Olympian Zeus himself, for they were images of Tiberius²; and in his reign a man was convicted of sacrilege for beating his own slave who had about him a silver drachm stamped with the emperor's effigy. Gaining access to the Governor, Apollonius asked him by gestures, what was the matter. The Governor declared himself innocent of any wrong; he was a victim like the rest, and, unless he could get a hearing, he must perish like the rest. Upon this, Apollonius turned to the crowd and made signs to them to listen: and they were not only

- reduced to immediate silence by his personal authority, but even deposited their firebrands upon the altars in the place. The Governor now plucked up courage and said, 'Such and such persons (he named several) are to blame for the present famine. They have monopolized the corn, and are keeping it in one place or another in the country.' These words caused a general outcry among the Aspendians, 'To the country! to the country!' But Apollonius by signs induced them to do no such thing, but to summon the offenders instead and obtain corn by peaceable means. When they appeared, he was within an ace of breaking out in reproaches against them: so deeply was he touched by the tears of the multitude. There was a conflux of women and children, and the old people were moaning and resigning themselves to instant death by starvation. However, he respected his resolution of silence, and wrote a rebuke on tablets, 16 which he handed to the Governor to read. The rebuke was in these terms: 'Apollonius to the grain-mongers of Aspendus. Earth is the mother of all, for she is just. You by your injustice have treated her as your mother only; and if you refuse to desist, I shall not suffer you to stand upon the earth.' They were so alarmed by this that they filled the market with grain, and the city came to life again.
- 16 He also visited Great Antioch, after his silence was ended, and entered the temple of Apollo *Daphnaeus* (*of the laurel*), to which the Assyrians apply the legend that is originally Arcadian. They will have it that Daphne, the daughter of Ladon, was transformed there; they have there a river Ladon running, and they worship a plant of laurel supposed to be the very one that

was substituted for the maiden. Cypresses of incredible height surround the temple; and from the place issue springs of water, profuse and motionless, in which they say that Apollo bathes himself. It was here that the earth brought forth a sprout of Cypress, representing Cyparissus¹, the Assyrian youth: the loveliness of the tree accredits the transformation. It may seem that I treat my subject fancifully, in lingering over these legends: but it is not for the legends' sake. What, then, is the point of my story? It is that, when Apollonius saw this temple so beautiful but empty of devotion, and the inhabitants only half Greek and wholly unlettered, he exclaimed, 'O Apollo, turn these mutes into trees, that their sound may be heard as Cypresses if not as men!' And after he had viewed the springs—an unruffled surface and no noise from any of them—he said, 'The silence here is such that not even the water springs are suffered to utter a sound.' Then he contemplated the Ladon and said, 'Not only thy daughter has been transformed but thou also, for thou seemest to be no more of Hellas and of Arcadia but barbarous.' After he had resolved to preach, his habit was to avoid 17 any crowded and disorderly places. '*I want man,*' he would say, '*not the human animal.*' He frequented the more respectable places of resort, and lodged in temples where he found them kept open. He used to perform certain private rites at sunrise, which were only communicated to such as had gone through a four years' discipline of silence. But the rest of the day, if it were a Greek city and the religious usages normal, he would call the priests together and talk divinity with them, correcting any irregularities that he found. If the religion

of the place were un-Greek and sectarian, he would carefully inquire about the founders, what was the spirit and purpose of the foundation; and when he had informed himself about their ministry, and made such suggestions as occurred to his mind for the improvement of their existing practice, he would address himself to his disciples and invite them to ask questions. He made it a principle of his philosophy to begin the morning by communing *with* the gods; next to commune with others *about* the gods; and only after that, about human affairs. After he had answered his companions and all their questions, and had enough of such conversation, he would rise up and preach in public: not before midday this, but chiefly in the early afternoon. Then, when he had spoken as long as appeared convenient, he would anoint himself and be rubbed and take a plunge into cold water. The baths in general he would speak of as 'the senile decay of the human race'.¹ Thus when, as a punishment for some great offence, the baths were closed at Antioch, he made this comment: 'Wicked as you are, the Emperor has allowed you to live some years longer.' And when the people of Ephesus wished to stone the Governor for refusing to have the baths heated, he said, 'You find fault with the Governor because you cannot get a proper bath, but I find fault with you for using the hammam at all.'

- 17 The style of language that he affected was not bom-
 18 bastic and inflamed with poetical words, nor yet an exaggeration of precious Atticism: excessive Atticism he regarded as a fault of taste. Neither did he deal in subtleties or long-winded expositions; he was never known to use the ironic method, or to argue with his

hearers, but his speech was authoritative as an oracle : ' I know,' ' I hold,' ' What are you about ?', and ' You must know '—these were his favourite turns. His precepts were short and adamantine ; he used plain and apposite terms for things ; his sayings had a ring like the decisions of a king's judgement-seat. Some quibbler once asked him ' Why he did not seek ' : he answered, ' I sought when I was a boy : now I have not to seek but to teach what I have found.' ' And pray, Apollonius,' resumed his questioner, ' what will be the true philosopher's style ?' ' The style of a legislator : for a legislator's duty is first to form his convictions and then issue them as commandments to the world.'

Such were the matters he dealt with at Antioch, which made an impression even upon that most illiberal people.

After this he proposed to himself to make longer 18 travels, and his thoughts were full of the Indian people and their sages, who are called Brahmins and Hyrcanians. It was good for a young man, he said, to go abroad and overleap his frontiers. And here was a golden opportunity to visit the Magi who lived at Babylon and Susa ; he would pass that way, and make himself master of their doctrines as well. He revealed his purpose to his disciples, seven in number. When they attempted to counsel him otherwise and dissuade him from his fixed intention, he said, ' I have taken counsel of the gods, and I have told you of my resolve. I was putting you to the test whether you had courage to do as I shall do. Since you are so soft, fare you well, and be true 19 to your studies. I must go my way where Science and a higher Power guide me.' And so saying he left Antioch, accompanied by the two servants whom he had

inherited from his father's household ; one was a shorthand writer and one a calligrapher.

19 He came to the ancient city of Nineveh ¹. Here was an image standing, which looked un-Greek enough in the style of dress, but proved in fact to be none other than Io, the daughter of Inachus : little horns, or rather the promise of horns, sprouted from its forehead. It was during his stay here, and because he knew so much more about this image than the priests or ministers knew, that Damis the Ninevite visited him. This is the man whom I spoke of at the beginning as having been the Sage's companion in travel, the partner of all his science, and the preserver of many particulars about his life. Conceiving an admiration for him and envying his proposed travels, he said, ' Let us go, Apollonius ! You shall follow the god and I will follow you. Really I may be of great service to you : if I know nothing else, at least I have had recent experience of all the country this side Babylon, every one of the cities, and the villages (which contain many good things), and the languages of the tribes as well. There is the Armenian, the Median, the Persian, the Cadusian, all different, and I can talk them all.'

' And I, my friend, understand them all, though I never learned any.'

The Ninevite was astonished at this ; but Apollonius continued, ' You need not be astonished if I know all the languages of mankind ; let me tell you that I know all the silences of mankind as well.'

Upon hearing this the Assyrian ² worshipped him, regarded him as more than human, and attached himself to his service. He improved his stock of science, and

he committed to memory whatever he learned ; but the Assyrian was only moderately equipped in point of style, for his foreign education had given him no literary accomplishment. However, he was well qualified to record his experiences of the great man's society and conversation, and to compose a memoir describing what he heard or saw. And he performed his task with incomparable diligence. Such was the purpose of Damis' 20 book, which he entitled *Ecphatnismata*¹ or 'Scraps from the Manger'. He wished nothing of Apollonius to be lost to the world : even his *obiter dicta* must be chronicled. And it is only fair to mention the answer he made to a critic. Some idle and malicious person was censuring him and observing that it was well enough to record the great man's precepts and opinions and all that, but to collect such mere trivialities was like the dogs which eat what falls from the feast : Damis retorted, ' If there is such a thing as a feast of gods and the gods do eat, doubtless they must have servants who make it their business that none of the fallen ambrosia be lost.'

Such was the affection, the passionate devotion, that 20 he found in this man who accompanied him most of his life.

When they reached Mesopotamia, the official in charge of the custom-house at Zeugma² brought them to book and asked what they had with them for export. Apollonius answered, ' I have with me Sophrosyne, Dikaiosyne, Arete, Encrateia, Andreia, Askêsis—and he reeled off a list of names, all feminine. The man thought he had found his account here, and said, ' These maidservants must be registered.' ' That is impossible,'

said Apollonius: 'these are no maidservants that I have with me, but my liege-ladies.'

Mesopotamia is formed by the Tigris and the Euphrates flowing down from Armenia and the end of the Taurus, and circumscribing a country which is chiefly populated in villages, though there are some towns too. These rivers make the boundaries which confine two
21 races, the Armenian and the Arab. The people are mainly roving nomads, who have so much insular feeling that they speak of 'going down to the sea' when they approach the rivers, and take the circuit of them for the limits of the earth: for the two streams fall into the same sea when they have rounded off the aforesaid country. Some aver that the bulk of the Euphrates disappears into a swamp and ends its course in the ground. Others adopt a more hazardous account which makes the river run underground and emerge to light again in Egypt, where, they assert, it mingles with the Nile.

I should have liked, for the sake of exactness and an exhaustive treatment of Damis' records, to have told of their exploits on the journey through these outlandish races; but my story bids me hasten to reach greater and more astonishing adventures. There are two things, though, which I must not omit to mention: the courage which Apollonius showed in traversing these hordes of barbaric marauders, as yet unsubdued even by the Romans; and the aptitude with which he made himself master of the beasts' language after the Arab fashion. He employed the time of his passage through the Arabs' country in acquiring this accomplishment, for they possess and exercise it to perfection. Divination by birds,¹ that is the faculty of getting an answer from birds

just as from an oracle, is general among the Arabs; and they acquire the language of dumb animals by feeding upon the heart (others say the liver) of serpents.

He had passed Ctesiphon and was entering the marches of Babylon, when he was confronted by an outpost of the King's, which nobody could pass without being asked to give his name, his city, and his business. An Emir was in command of this post, some Grand Luminary doubtless, or King's Eye², for the Mede was too recent a conqueror to allow himself any peace of mind, but lived in a state of terror and uneasiness upon real or imaginary alarms. So Apollonius and his party were brought before the Emir, who had just had his pavilion mounted upon a carriage and was driving out. At the sight of the travel-stained figure he screamed aloud like a timid woman and covered his face. When at last he dared to raise his eyes and look at him, he asked (taking him for something more than human), 'Whence comes this visitation?' 'I come of myself,' was the answer, 'if possible to make men of you in spite of yourselves.' Again the functionary asked who he was that entered the King's country. Apollonius said, 'All the earth is mine, and I am free to travel it.'

'I will put you to torture if you will not speak.'

'I wish you might try to do it with your own hands; you would find it torture to touch a man.'

The eunuch was terrified at him when he saw that he wanted no interpreter, but understood the language easily and without inconvenience. 'In Heaven's name,' he said, 'who are you?' He had altered his tone and was now beseeching. Apollonius answered, 'Now that you ask the question civilly and not brutally, you shall

hear who I am. Tyana is my country ; Apollonius my name ; my errand is to the King of India, to explore those regions. I would gladly meet your King also, for those who have visited him say he is no ordinary man—if indeed he is that Vardanes who has now recovered his lost empire.’

‘That is he, divine Apollonius—we have heard of you this long while since. The King would come down from his golden throne to make way for a philosopher, and he will mount you on a camel apiece for your journey to India. I also adopt you for my friend, and I present you with as much of this stuff (with that he pointed to a store of gold) as you care to lay hands upon : not one handful, but ten.’

- 23 The money was declined. ‘Nay,’ said he, ‘but here is Babylonian wine, with which his majesty is pleased to regale us his ten Emirs : take this great jar of it. Here is roast pork besides, and venison steaks, pastry, bread, and what you will. Your next stage for many miles is nothing but villages where you will not find much provision.’ Here the eunuch pulled himself up and said, ‘Heavens ! what is come over me ? I had been told that he ate no animal food and drank no wine, and here am I offering him a gross and clumsy hospitality !’

Apoll. I shall be richly and yet lightly entertained, sir, if you would give me some bread and some dried fruits.

The Emir. You shall have leavened bread and huge dates as yellow as amber. And I can offer you all the vegetables that grow in the garden of the Tigris.

Apoll. Wild, natural vegetables are more tasty than the forced and artificial.

The Emir. More tasty, I grant ; but our country, between this and Babylon, is full of absinthium, which makes the wild herbs disagreeable and bitter.

He accepted the Emir's present, however, to oblige him, and just as he was departing, said, 'Most worthy sir, do not only end well, but begin well': an admonition which referred to his threats of torture and his uncivil behaviour when first they met.

They were advanced some twenty furlongs on their **22** road when they came upon a lioness killed in the chase: a great beast, bigger than they had ever seen. There was a great conflux of people from the village, crying out (and nobody cried out louder than the hunters!) as if there was something miraculous about it. And it was really miraculous: when she was cut open, eight unborn whelps were found in her. Now the breeding of lions is as follows: the lioness goes six months in pregnancy, and brings forth three times; the numbers of the litter are, three the first time, two the second; and when she comes to the third birth, she produces a single whelp, a big one, I take it, and uncommonly savage in disposition. We must give no credit to the accounts which say that the whelps only come to birth by tearing the lioness' womb. For there seems to be **24** a natural understanding between dam and offspring to preserve the species.

Well, Apollonius scanned the beast closely, and after a long pause said to Damis, 'The period of our journey to the King will be a year and eight months. He will not let us depart sooner, and it will not be well for the rest of you to depart sooner. The months are to be inferred from the whelps, and the lioness represents

a year; for integer corresponds with integer.' 'Then,' said Damis, 'what will be the meaning of the sparrows in Homer¹, the eight sparrows which are devoured by a snake at Aulis, and the mother-bird to make nine? Calchas' interpretation of it was that Troy must take nine years to reduce. Are you sure that, according to Homer and Calchas, our journey may not last for nine years?'

'Homer is right, Damis, in likening the young birds to years, for they have been born and exist; but how could I be right in likening imperfect and unborn creatures to years—creatures that perhaps never would be born, for unnatural conceptions can scarcely come to birth; and even if they do, they perish quickly? So attend to my words; and let us say a prayer to the gods who reveal these things, and then proceed on our journey.'

- 23** When he was advanced into the Cissian country and was now nearing Babylon, he was visited by a dream-appearance. The god who sent the vision framed it in this wise. Fishes thrown out of the sea, and gasping on dry land, were uttering a human lament of sorrow for having forsaken their customary haunt; and they were beseeching a dolphin, which was swimming along the shore, to help them; they were as pathetic as exiles
- 25** weeping in a strange land. Quite undismayed by the dream, he divined the manner and meaning of it; but wishing to frighten Damis (whom he knew to be of rather a timid sort), he related the vision to him, making pretence of alarm as if he had seen something evil. Damis cried aloud as if he had seen the thing himself; and tried to dissuade Apollonius from going further, 'lest

we too perish like fishes out of their element, and make our piteous complaint in a strange land ; and, fallen into extremities maybe, beseech some great lord or prince and he pay no more regard to us than dolphins do to the fishes.' Apollonius laughed, and said, ' You are no philosopher at all, if these are your fears. I will explain the significance of the dream. There are Eretrians¹ living in this Cissian country, who were brought here by Darius five hundred years since ; and they are said (according to the vision) to have met with the fate of fishes in their capture ; for the country was swept with a net and everybody taken. It seems, then, that the gods bid me go to them and do them such service as I can. Possibly the spirits of these Greeks whose lot was cast in this place, invite me to assist their country. Let us turn aside, then, and go to them ; we need only ask for the well beside which they live.'

This well is said to be a compound of bitumen, oil, and water ; after it has been drawn and poured off, the elements retreat and separate. We have his own word for it that he did go into Cissia, in a letter he wrote to the professor at Clazomenae.² For he was kind and obliging enough, when he had seen the Eretrians, to remember the professor and write him an account of what he had seen and what he had done for them. All through the letter he appeals to him to have pity on the Eretrians ; and when he should declaim his speech in their cause, not to refrain even from tears.

Agreeably with this we find Damis recording that they inhabit Media, not far from Babylon—a day's dis- 24
tance by courier. The country contains no towns— 26
Cissia is nothing but villages, and a tribe of nomads

as well, who seldom if ever dismount from horseback. The Eretrians' part is in the middle ; it is surrounded by a river-moat, which they are said to have made for themselves round their village as a fortification against the natives. The ground is impregnated with bitumen, and a bitter soil for cultivation ; the inhabitants very short-lived, because the bituminous drinking-water coats almost the whole intestine with a deposit. They get their victuals from a hill near the confines of the village, which rises clear of the plague-stricken ground, and can be sown and treated as earth. They say they have been told by the natives that there were 780 Eretrian captives, not all fighting men, of course, for the number included some women and old people, and I dare say children as well : for the main part of the Eretrians fled up to Caphareus and the highest mountains in the island. The number of men who were brought here might be four hundred ; the women, perhaps ten ; the rest of those who started from Ionia and Lydia perished on the march up country. As the hillside offered them stone quarries, some of them, who were skilled masons, built temples in the Greek style and a market-place of convenient size ; and they erected altars, two in honour of Darius, one of Xerxes, and several of Daridæus. Between their capture and the date of Daridæus was a period of eighty-eight years : for
27 so long they continued to write Greek. Their ancient tombs are inscribed 'So-and-so, son of So-and-so' ; and the lettering is Greek, but not, they say, at all the same in appearance. There are ships sculptured on the grave-stones ; and each man's trade that he had lived by in Euboea, whether seafaring or purple-fishery : our trav-

ellers also read an elegiac epitaph¹ on a tomb of sailors and shipowners, which ran :

*Once did we sail the deep Aegæan swell,
Who in this midland plain of Asia lie.
Glorious Eretria, once our home, farewell !
Athens, Euboea's neighbour land, good-bye !
And now good-bye to thee,
Thou well-belovèd Sea.*

Damis says that Apollonius re-erected and made good the tombs, poured libations, and performed all the proper ritual excepting sacrifice by slaughter and burnt-offering ; and then with tears and considerable emotion pronounced these words aloud amongst them : ‘ Eretrians, whom the lots of your destiny have carried away to this place, far from your country you may be, and yet at least you have burial : whereas the captors who cast you away here, themselves perished unburied on the shores of your island ten years later.’ For their defeat in the narrows of Euboea was a divine manifestation. And (at the end of his letter to the professor) Apollonius says, ‘ I did not forget your Eretrians, Scopelianus, in the days when I was still young ; I did what service I could both to their dead and their living.’

What does he mean by ‘ and their living ’ ? The natives who lived near the hill used to come in the summer and ravage the crops the Eretrians sowed ; and so others profited by their husbandry, and they must go hungry. Accordingly, when he came to the King, he procured for them the sole use of the hill.

About Apollonius’ experiences in Babylon², and about **25**
the various particulars of interest in Babylon, I have **28**

discovered what follows. The city has 480 furlongs of walls : this is the circuit ; the wall is a plethron and a half (that is, 150 feet) in height, and less than a plethron wide. It is symmetrically cut in two by the river Euphrates, which is tunnelled by a mysterious passage that invisibly connects the palaces on the banks. The story goes that a queen named Medea¹ spanned this river as never yet river was spanned. She collected all the known materials for a water-tight revetment, stone, and bronze, and bitumen, and what not, beside the banks, and then diverted the stream. Next she excavated the dry river-bed to a depth of two fathoms, making a hollow tunnel which should issue in an access to the riverside palaces just as if no river were there ; and roofed it level with the river-bottom. Lastly, when the foundations and side-walls of the tunnel were in place, and the bitumen only needed water in order to petrify and stiffen, the stream was let in upon the roof while it was still soft, and thus the passage was made.

The palace is roofed with bronze and blazes like lightning ; the bed-chambers, the state-rooms, and the galleries are gorgeously decorated, some with silver, some with golden brocades, some with actual gold applied like painting. The subjects of the tapestries are derived from Greek legend : an Andromeda, an Amy-mône, or an Orpheus at every turn. Orpheus is a favourite ; at least they think a great deal of his turban and trousers, and you may be sure it was not his musicianly art or his magical tunes. In one place there are embroideries of Datis uprooting Naxos from the sea, Artaphernes surrounding Eretria, and the history of Xerxes, his alleged victories. There is an Occupation

of Athens and a Thermopylae; and still more oriental subjects—rivers abolished bodily, the bridging of the sea, and the cutting of Athos. Our travellers also 29 mention finding a room with a cupola-shaped ceiling to represent the heavens, vaulted with sapphires (a very blue stone, which looks like sky); and images of the gods that they worship, contrived overhead, to look like heavenly apparitions, all golden. This is where the King sits in judgement. From the roof are suspended four golden *Iynges*¹, to safeguard him against Nemesis and excessive pride. The Magi, who have the entrée of the palace, professed that they arranged these; they go by the name of the *Tongues of the gods*.

Apollonius has given a sufficient account of the Magi: 26 he conferred with them, and they taught him something, and he them, before they parted. Damis does not know what conversations passed between his chief and the Magi: he was forbidden to attend him upon these visits. All he tells us is that the visits took place at midday and towards midnight. Once he asked, 'What of the Magi?' and Apollonius answered, 'Scientific, but not absolutely.'

However, of that anon. When he reached Babylon 27 the Emir of the Great Gates, having been informed that his purpose was to acquire knowledge, proffered to him a golden effigy² of the King: no man was permitted to enter, unless he had prostrated himself before this effigy. Legates of the Roman Emperor are exempt; but any foreign envoy or any traveller for curiosity who fails of this formality finds no respect and no mercy. So silly are the offices which these foreigners give their satraps to perform. When Apollonius saw the effigy he asked,

‘Who is this?’ And when he heard it was the King, he said, ‘The man before whom you prostrate yourselves will do very well if he should gain my approbation
30 for a man of honour and worth.’ And, so saying, proceeded to pass through the gates. The astonished satrap followed him, and, catching him by the arm, asked him by an interpreter his name, his dwelling, his business, and his present errand: all these particulars he entered in a register, also a note of his dress and
28 person. Then he told him to wait, and himself ran off to the officers (who are held, if you please, to be the King’s Ears), and described Apollonius: he began by saying that he had refused the obeisance and was quite unlike a human being. They instructed him to treat the stranger with distinction and no disrespect, and bring him to them. When he was come, the senior one asked him what reasons he had for scorning the King.

Apoll. ‘I have not scorned him yet.’

‘But you are prepared to scorn him?’

‘By Zeus, yes, if, when I have met him, I do not find him a man of honour and worth.’

‘And pray what presents do you bring him?’

Once more he mentioned courage, justice, &c., &c.

‘Are we to suppose that you think his majesty wanting in these qualities?’

‘By Zeus, no, but likely to learn the employment of them if he has them.’

‘In fact it is by employing these very qualities that he regained the sovereignties (which you see) when they were lost, and restored his house: which cost him no small toil and effort.’

‘And pray how many years is it since his restoration?’

‘We are at the beginning of the third year: it has run some two months now.’

Then Apollonius, with his usual high spirit, said, ‘Mr. Bodyguard, or whatever may be your proper title, Darius the father of Cyrus and Artaxerxes had this kingdom for sixty¹ years—so history tells us, I believe; and when he guessed that his end was near, he sacrificed to Justice, and said, “*Lady, whosoever thou art*”: from which we may infer that he had long desired Justice but never yet perceived her, nor fancied that he possessed her. And he educated his two children so unskilfully 31 that they went to war with each other, and fought a single combat in which one was wounded and the other killed. And you will have it that your prince, who I dare say hardly yet knows how to sit on his throne, has realized all the virtues in one; and you flatter his vanity, although it is you and not I would be gainer by his improvement.’

The foreign fellow looked at his neighbour and said, ‘It is a godsend that this man is come here. The meeting between the two good men will make our King a much better man, more controlled in his passions, and of more agreeable address. Thus much is easily to be seen in this man.’ Whereupon, in they ran, telling everybody the good news that there was a man standing at the King’s door, who was a philosopher and a Greek, and a good counsellor.

Word of it was brought to the King at the moment 29 when he was at the sacrifice. The Magi were present, for they perform the rite. Summoning one of them, he

said, 'My dream is come, which I related to you this morning when you attended my bed.' It appears the King had dreamed he was Artaxerxes the son of Xerxes, and had been turned into him bodily, and he was greatly alarmed lest this should mean some change in his affairs: for so he interpreted the change in his bodily feature. When he heard that the visitor was a Greek and a man of science, Themistocles the Athenian came into his head, who long ago left Greece and joined Artaxerxes, to the great improvement of that King and to his own great credit. He held out his right hand, and said, 'Call him in. There could be no happier introduction than that he should join in our sacrifice and our prayers.'

- 30 Apollonius entered, escorted by many people who thought thus to gain favour with the King, since they knew he was pleased at the stranger's arrival. As he came through the palace, he did not turn his eyes to look at any of the wonderful things, but passed them
32 like a man walking on a journey. And as he went he called Damis, and said, 'You asked me yesterday the name of the Pamphylian woman' who is said to have been in Sappho's company and to have composed the hymns in the Aeolian and Pamphylian manner, which they sing to Artemis of Perga.'

Dam. Yes, I asked; and you did not tell me the name.

Apoll. No, my good sir, I did not tell you that; but I expounded to you the modes of the hymns, and the names in them, and the transition from the Aeolic into the Altissimo or true Pamphylian. And then we got into another subject, and you did not ask me again what

her name was. Well, this ingenious lady was called Damophyle; she is said, like Sappho, to have had a company of devoted young women, and composed both amatory poems and hymns. The verses on Artemis are her parody, a lyric in Sappho's manner.

It was plain that a man who did not reckon such splendours worth a glance, but talked of other subjects, without caring to look at all, was far from being dazzled by royalty and state.

The King saw him at a distance (the body of the 31 temple was of considerable length), and said something to those who stood by, that implied that he recognized the man; but when he was at close quarters, he exclaimed aloud, 'It is the Apollonius whom my brother Megabates says he saw at Antioch, admired and adored by all good people there. He drew me the portrait of just such a man as now comes here.' Apollonius approached and greeted the King, who spoke to him in Greek, and invited him to join his sacrifice. It so happened that he was about to sacrifice to the Sun a white horse, of the pure Nisaeian breed, gorgeously accoutred as if for a triumphal progress. Apollonius 33 replied, 'Sacrifice after your majesty's own fashion, sir; but permit me to follow mine.' Then taking a handful of incense, he said, 'O Sun-god, convoy me so far across the world as I will and thou wilt. Let me be acquainted with good men; but as for the wicked, may I not know them nor they me.' And so saying he cast the incense on the fire, and watched how it rose, and parted, or burned murkily, and into how many crested tops it shot up; and actually touching the fire where it showed prosperous and clean, he said, 'Con-

tinue, sir, to sacrifice after the tradition of your fathers: the tradition of my fathers is this.' And he withdrew
32 from the sacrifice, to avoid partaking in blood. But after it was finished he approached and said, 'Is your majesty thoroughly conversant in the Greek language, or have you but a smattering sufficient to express yourself and not appear uncivil to any Greek visitor?'

'Thoroughly : just like my native tongue. You may say what you please : that, I suppose, is why you asked.'

'It is. Now listen. India is the motive of my journey, but I did not wish to omit your people either ; for I heard of you as just such a man as already *ex*
ungue I perceive you to be ; and I was minded to explore the national science which your Magi cultivate, and assured myself concerning their reported genius in spiritual things. My school is that of Pythagoras the Samian, who has taught me to worship the gods in this fashion, to understand them whether visible or invisible, and to be frequent in converse with them ; also to dress myself in this wool of the earth—it was carded from no sheep, but is the untainted creature of the untainted, the bounty of water and earth, linen. The unclipped profusion of my hair—this too is part of the Pythagorean rule ; and to his Science I owe my abstinence from
34 animal food. In a drinking bout, in idleness or in dissipation, I will neither be your companion nor any other man's ; but I can give you solutions of difficult and abstruse questions ; for I have not only knowledge but foreknowledge of what is right to do.'

Such is Damis' report of the conversation : which we have also in the form of a letter by Apollonius. He threw many of his conversations into this form.

After the King had expressed himself highly pleased, 33 and prouder of such a visitor than if he had added the realms of Persia and India to his dominions, he made him his guest and a partner in the royal roof. But Apollonius said, 'Sir, if you had come to my native place of Tyana, and I had invited you to lodge where I do, would you have been delighted with such quarters?'

'No, by Zeus, unless I was going to find a lodging large enough to accommodate my halberdiers and my bodyguard as well as myself, handsomely.' 'The case is the same with me,' said Apollonius. 'If I am to lodge above my station, I shall have poor quarters: for superfluity annoys a philosopher more than deficiency annoys you. So let some private person be my host who is of equal estate; and I will spend as much time with you as you please.'

The King consented in order not to disoblige him 34 without meaning it; and he stayed with a very honest Babylonian gentleman. When he was already at dinner, one of the eunuchs presented himself to carry the King's messages, and addressing Apollonius, said, 'His majesty presents you with ten presents. He permits you to name them, and begs that you will not ask small favours, for he wishes to exhibit his liberality to you and to us.' Apollonius returned thanks for the offer, and inquired, 'When must I make my requests?' 'To-morrow,' 35 replied the messenger, and without delay went round to summon all the King's friends and kinsmen to be present at the asking and granting of the favours.

Damis tells us that from a long study of his character, and because he knew that he prayed to the gods in

these terms : ' O gods, grant me to have little and want for nothing,' he judged that the master meant to ask nothing. But when he saw him stopping still and like a man absorbed in meditation, he believed that he did mean to ask, and was testing what he should ask for.

In the evening, however, he said, ' Damis, I am reflecting why the foreigners suppose eunuchs to be continent and introduce them into the women's quarters.'

' Why, Apollonius, even a child could see that it is because castration deprives them of the possibility of carnal connexion, that they are free of the women's quarters and free to go to bed with them if they like.'

' But is it the passion or the connexion that they are gelded of, do you suppose ?'

' Both : if those organs were quenched from which the whole body gets the oestrus of lust, no one can be attacked by desire.'

He waited a moment, and then said :

' To-morrow, Damis, you will learn that eunuchs do feel desire, and that the appetite which is introduced through the eyes¹ is not withered away in them, but remains warm and glowing. A certain event is to happen which will confute your argument. And if there really were any human skill so sovereign and so powerful as to extrude these notions from the mind, still I do not hold that eunuchs ought ever to be reckoned among chaste characters, for they are chaste by compulsion, artificially and perforce removed from desire. Chastity is when one who feels the appetite and impulse does not yield to sensuality, but abstains and proves superior to this kind of madness.'

At this point Damis interposed : ' These are subjects

which we will consider another time, Apollonius : but now, your answer to his majesty's invitation to-morrow (such a brilliant invitation too), that is a thing which needs to be well thought out beforehand. It may be 36 that you mean to ask nothing, but that is not all : how to avoid the appearance of declining his bounty out of mere pride—you have heard of such a thing—this is what needs tact and caution, when you look where you are, in his country and at his mercy. You must beware of letting it be said that you behaved arrogantly, and bear in mind that though we are now sufficiently victualled for our journey to India, we are unprovided for the return journey, and no other chance of getting provision.'

Thus did Damis scheme to induce him not to reject 35 the King's offers. And Apollonius, as if agreeing with his view, said, 'But the examples, Damis? Are you going to forget them? Among them there will be how Aeschines¹ the son of Lysanias went off to Dionysius in Sicily for the sake of money ; and Plato², they say, three times passed Charybdis for the sake of Sicilian gold ; and Aristippus³ of Cyrene, Helicon⁴ of Cyzicus, and Phytion⁵ of Rhegium (when he was in exile), they all sank so deep into the treasures of Dionysius that they could scarcely be got up out of them again. Then there is Eudoxus⁶ of Cnidus besides, who went to Egypt once and confessed that he went for money's sake, and conversed with the King for that purpose ; and—not to incriminate any others—they say Speusippus⁷ of Athens was such a money-lover that he larked off to Macedonia to attend Cassander's wedding, with some sorry odes that he had composed, which he proceeded to sing officially—for money.

‘ But, Damis, I hold that a philosopher runs more risks than any sailor or soldier; envy besets him whether he hold his tongue or speak; in his rigours and his relaxations alike; let him make or omit to make advances; let him pay or fail to pay his addresses
37 to some person. Such a man must look to his defences, and be aware that a philosopher who succumbs to idleness, or anger, or desire, or drunkenness, or is too easily moved to act on impulse, may perhaps be pardoned; but if he subject himself to the power of money he becomes unpardonable and detestable—guilty of all vices in one: for he would not have yielded to money if he had not already yielded to the temptations of belly and raiment and wine, and running after loose women. Perhaps you think it a less matter to sin in Babylon than at Athens or at Olympia or Delphi, and do not reflect that all the world is Greece to a man of Science: he will not admit the idea or doctrine that any place is solitary or outlandish, because he lives under the eyes of Virtue, and though he sees few men, myriads of eyes are upon him. If you had been with some professional athlete, Damis—some wrestler or pancratiast—would you have been satisfied if his behaviour had been chivalrous and honest while he was competing at Olympia or going to Arcadia; no—it is more than that—would you have been satisfied if he kept himself in proper condition when the Pythian or the Nemean Games were going forward, because those are famous meetings and the courses are situated in the good part of Greece: but began to neglect his training and lose his ambition, when, say, Philip was giving thanks at Olympia for his conquests, or Alexander, his son,

celebrating his victories—just because the scene would be Olynthus, or somewhere in Macedonia or Egypt, and not Greek spectators and a Greek ground?’

Damis tells us that he was so affected by these words that he was heartily ashamed of his proposals, and begged pardon of Apollonius for misunderstanding him enough to attempt any such suggestions or temptations. The master interrupted him: ‘Do not lose heart: I 38 intended no rebuke, but a hint of my feelings.’

When the eunuch appeared and summoned him to 36 the King, he said, ‘I shall come as soon as the claims of religion are satisfied.’ So when he had sacrificed and prayed, he went off. His dress provoked much curiosity and admiration. When he reached the presence, the King said to him, ‘I bid you choose ten presents, for I esteem you to be such a man as never yet came from Greece into these parts.’

He answered, ‘I will not decline all your majesty’s gifts, but most earnestly beg for one favour which I should prize more highly than many times ten presents.’ And then he proceeded to tell the whole story of the Eretrians, beginning from Datis, concluding, ‘I beseech you that these unhappy people may not be shorn of their borders and their bit of upland, but allowed to occupy the space of ground which Darius appointed. It is cruel if, after losing their own country, they are not even to have what they got instead.’ The King consented, remarking that ‘the Eretrians until yesterday were my hereditary enemies because of their original unprovoked aggression; we had no regard for them, intending that the race should be extirpated. But henceforth they shall be numbered among my friends, and their Governor

shall be a good man who will rule them justly. ‘But,’ he added, ‘the nine gifts—why will you not accept them?’

‘Because, sir, I have not yet made any friends in this country.’

‘And do you need nothing for yourself?’

‘Dried fruits and bread, which furnish me with a welcome and magnificent feast.’

- 37 As they were thus talking a great outcry was heard from the palace eunuchs and the women together. It appeared that a eunuch had been caught *in flagranti delicto* with one of the King’s concubines. ‘The attendants of the women’s quarter were dragging him along
39 by the hair. This is the usual way of bringing the royal slaves along. The senior eunuch now stated that he had some time ago observed him to be in love with the woman, and forbidden him to talk to her, to touch her neck or hand, or to pay her any private and particular attentions; and now had surprised them in a criminal connexion. As he spoke, Apollonius looked at Damis as much as to say that here was the demonstration of the question they had been arguing—whether eunuchs were capable of desire. But the King said to his courtiers, ‘Gentlemen, since we have Apollonius among us, it would be a scandal if we and not he should pronounce upon a breach of continence. Apollonius, to what punishment do you sentence him?’

‘To life, of course:’ he answered, contrary to all expectation. ‘The King coloured up and said, ‘Does not a man deserve many deaths who presumes to creep into my bed?’

Apoll. I did not speak in the interests of mercy, but

of vengeance. And a galling vengeance it will be. His life will be an endless disease, an endless striving after impossibilities ; he will never be able to take pleasure in food or drink or the shows which will divert your majesty and your courtiers ; his heart will throb wildly ; he will spring up often in his sleep (a most constant symptom in lovers, they say) : what phthisis more wasting, what famine more inwardly grinding ? Unless he be one of your life-at-any-price fellows, he will one day implore you to kill him, or he will kill himself, bitterly rueing that he ever outlived this present day.

Such was Apollonius' decision, so ingenious and so merciful : on which the King reprieved the eunuch from death.

One day the King was to go hunting the game in **38** his parks (these foreigners preserve lions and bears **40** and panthers in their parks), and desired Apollonius to accompany him. But he said, 'Have you forgotten, sir, that I do not keep you company in your sacrifices either ? And besides, I take no pleasure in attacking creatures tormented and unnaturally enslaved.'

When the King asked him what were the principles of a solid and stable government, he said, 'Preferments for many and trust in few.'

Once the Governor of Syria came to negotiate about a couple of villages, I fancy, near Zeugma, which he said had once been subject to Antiochus and Seleucus, but now belonged to the Romans and lay within his government. He complained that though the Arabs and Armenians did not disturb these villages, the King himself drew a revenue from them, remote as they were, and laid a counterclaim to the possession of them against

the Romans. The King invited the envoys to withdraw, and then said, 'These villages, Apollonius, were ceded to my ancestors by those same Kings, for the maintenance of the game which is captured here, and sent across the Euphrates to them. They pretend to forget this; and their contention is novel and unjustifiable. What do you make of the spirit of this embassy of theirs?'

'Moderate and equitable enough,' said Apollonius, 'if they prefer to acquire peaceably by consent what it is in their power to take willy nilly—for the lands in dispute lie within their frontier.' He added that he ought not to quarrel with the Romans about villages which were no bigger than many a private estate; and ought not to go to war with them even for a grave cause.

When the King was sick, Apollonius sat with him and expounded the nature of the soul to him so spiritually that when he recovered the King sighed and said,
 41 'Apollonius has made me indifferent not only about my kingdom but my life.'

39 Once when the King was showing him the tunnel under the Euphrates and asked him, 'How does this marvel strike you?' he disparaged the miracles of mechanics by answering, 'Sir, the marvel would have been if you had *forded* so deep and impassable a stream.'

He was shown the walls of Ecbatana¹, and told that this was the abode of the gods; upon which he remarked, 'This is certainly not the abode of gods; whether of men, I know not: for Lacedaemon, sir, was an unwall'd city.'

Another time, the King had been trying a dispute between villages, and he told Apollonius (with some

self-complacency) that the case had taken two days to hear. 'You were a long while finding out the justice of it,' said the sage.

Another time, when great revenues had come in from his dominions, he opened his treasuries and displayed his wealth. Unmoved by the temptation to covetousness, the master refused to admire anything that he saw, and said, 'Your majesty calls this wealth, but to me it is so much chaff.' 'What then must I do', said the King, 'in order to use it well?' 'Use it,' said Apollonius : 'you are a king.'

Many such things he said to the King, and found him 40 very willing to execute his counsels ; he had conversed sufficiently with the Magi, and now he said to Damis, 'Come, let us go to India. The voyagers who touched at the Lotus Eaters'² land were wiled away from their own homes by what they ate : I am afraid it must be something that we taste of here that keeps us sitting so long beyond reasonable and convenient date.' 'I cannot express', said Damis, 'how much I agree with you : but remembering the time which you found symbolized in the lioness, I awaited completion of it. It is not yet indeed fully expired : we have been a year and four 42 months. If we should depart as soon as now, would all be well?'

'The King will not let us go, Damis, before the eighth month is up. You see his goodness, which deserves better than to reign over barbarians.'

Now when they did finally determine to be going, 41 and the King gave them his permission to depart, Apollonius called to mind the presents which he had put off accepting till he should have made some friends.

‘Most worthy prince,’ he now said, ‘I have shown no kindness to my host, and I am owing the Mages a fee. I beg your majesty to make that your charge, and to deal generously for my sake with these learned scientists, who are your most loyal servants.’ The King was highly pleased and said, ‘To-morrow you shall find that they are objects of envy to others—so magnificently shall their deserts be rewarded. But if you want nothing of mine for yourself, at least permit these men to accept money of me and what they like besides’—he designated Damis’ suite. But they likewise declined the offer, and Apollonius said, ‘You see, sir, how many hands I have, and all alike.’ ‘But you must at least take a guide with you and camels to ride upon,’ said the King; ‘the distance is too great for you to walk all the way.’ ‘For that matter, be it so, sir: they do say that the journey is impracticable unless one be so mounted; and besides the creature is so cheaply and easily fed, even where no green forage is to be had. Water, too, I suppose we shall have to make provision of, and carry it in skins, like wine.’

‘For three days’ journey’, said the King, ‘the country is waterless; but after that, great plenty of both rivers and springs. Your direction must be towards the Caucasus; for that way provisions are abundant and the country friendly.’

- 43 When the King asked him what he would bring him back from India, he answered, ‘A pleasant gift, sir: if my converse with the men there improves me in science, you shall find me a better man than I am now.’ After these words the King embraced him, saying, ‘I hope you will come: that would be a great present!’

BOOK II

IT was summer-time when they took their departure **I** from the town, the travellers and the guide (who was a groom employed in the camel stables) alike mounted. The King's bounty had furnished them abundantly with all the needful supplies, and it was a thriving country through which they passed. They found an obliging welcome in the villages; for the leading camel bore a frontlet of gold on its forehead, signifying to all whom they met that this was one of the King's friends travelling under royal convoy.

They remarked the increasing fragrance of the earth **2** as they approached the Caucasus. Now this mountain is to be regarded as the beginning of that Taurus chain which runs through Armenia and Cilicia to Pamphylia and Mycalé: Mycalé, terminating at the Carian seaboard, may be reckoned the end, but not (as some would have it) the beginning of the Caucasus; for the height of Mycalé is not great, whereas the summits of the Caucasus are so high that the sun divides ¹ at them. By the other arm of the Taurus chain the Caucasus embraces the whole of the Scythia, which marches with India along Maeotis and the left side of Pontus (a distance of some 2,000 stades). So large is the portion of the earth covered by the sweep of the Caucasus. It used to be said that *our* Taurus range extended beyond Armenia: and this account, long discredited, is now definitely confirmed by the evidence of the panthers which, I know, are caught

44 in the spice-bearing region of Pamphylia. Panthers delight in spices; and no sooner does the wind blow from that quarter and the juices stir in the trees, than upon a distant whiff of perfume they go from Armenia through the mountains on pilgrimage to the Teardrops of the Gum-Storax. They say that there was once caught in Pamphylia a panther with a collar round its neck; the collar was of gold, and had inscribed upon it in Armenian characters

KING ARSACES TO THE GOD OF NYSA.

There was a King of Armenia at that time called Arsaces, and I suppose he had seen this panther and dedicated it to Dionysus because of the size of the creature. (The God of Nysa is Dionysus; the name is derived from Nysa in India, and is his usual appellation among the Indians and all the peoples on the Sunrise Side of the world.) It was submissive enough for a while, and would allow itself to be touched and stroked with the hand; but in the spring-time (for panthers are just as amorous as the rest) no sooner did she feel the first sting of the season, than, unable to live without the male, she bounded off to the mountains, ornamented as she was, and was captured on the nether side of the Taurus, thanks to the lure of the spices.

Caucasus is the boundary between India and Media, but the other arm of the range reaches to the Red Sea.¹

3 The native legends of the mountain are the same as the Greek poets follow: how Prometheus for humanity's sake was there imprisoned; and another Heracles (they

¹ Persian Gulf,

certainly do not mean our Theban Heracles), in indignation at his doom, shot the bird which Prometheus nourished on his vitals. The scene of his bondage is said by some to be a cave, and they show the cave in the foot-hills. Damis tells us that fetters hung from the rock, but the material of them was not easy to determine. Others place it on the mountain top, which is formed by a double peak; according to their story his arms were made fast to the two peaks, which are a good stade apart: so gigantic was the victim. The bird of the 45 legend, the eagle, is regarded as an enemy by the dwellers in the Caucasian region, and they destroy all the eyries which the eagles make in the crags by setting them on fire with flaming darts; they also set traps for these birds, and call it vengeance for Prometheus: so dominated are they by the legend.

When they had passed the Caucasus, we hear of 4 their seeing men four cubits high, and they were already among blacks; but when they penetrated beyond the Indus, there was another tribe of five cubits in stature. In the journey to that river they had an interesting incident to report: as they were travelling in a bright moonlight, they met with an apparition of an Empusa¹, which assumed now one, now another shape, and sometimes vanished. Apollonius perceived what it was. He then cursed the hag and instructed the rest of the party to do likewise, such being the remedy for this visitation. The apparition beat a hasty retreat, squeaking like a devil.

They were in the course of surmounting the crest, and 5 were actually walking it on foot, for the going was precipitous, when he thus began to question Damis:

‘Tell me,’ he said, ‘where were we yesterday?’

‘In the plain.’

‘And to-day, where are we, Damis?’

‘In the Caucasus—unless I have taken leave of my senses.’

‘Then at which time were you the lower down?’

‘Why,’ says Damis, ‘that is a question not worth the asking. Yesterday our journey lay in a basin of country, and to-day we are up against the sky!’

‘So you think that yesterday’s journey was down below, Damis, and to-day’s up on high?’

‘By Jove, I do—unless I am stark mad.’

‘What difference then do you judge that there is between the two journeys, or in what respect are you better off to-day than yesterday?’

‘In this: yesterday I was walking where many walk, and to-day, where few.’

46 ‘But, Damis, even in town, cannot one avoid the crowded thoroughfares and walk with few for company?’

‘That is not what I meant: yesterday we were traversing villages and populated country, but to-day we are ascending untrodden and mysterious ground. Did you hear the guide say that the natives consider this to be the abode of gods?’—And so saying, he lifted up his eyes to the mountain top.

But Apollonius brought him back to the original point by asking, ‘Could you tell me, Damis, what apprehension of divinity you have gained by your walk in the neighbourhood of heaven?’

‘None,’ said he.

‘Oh, but that is not as it should be! A man who has his station upon this vast and mysterious engine

ought to express clearer views about heaven and the sun and the moon, which I dare say you fancy you could touch with a stick, from our vantage of proximity to yonder heaven.'

'Such knowledge of divinity as I had yesterday is all that I have to-day, and no new idea on that subject has yet occurred to me.'

'That is to say, Damis, that actually you are still *down below*, you have got nothing by height, and are as far away from heaven as yesterday. My original question was a reasonable one, though you did think I was asking it for fun.'

'To tell you the truth,' said Damis, 'I did expect to come down more of a sage than I went up, Apollonius, because I am told that the philosopher of Clazomenae, Anaxagoras¹, took celestial surveys from the top of Mount Mimas in Ionia, and Thales of Miletus from the neighbouring Mycalé; and some are said to have used Pangaeus as the place for their speculations, and others Mount Athos. But here am I, after an ascent higher than any of them, about to descend no greater a man of science than my old self!'

'No more were they,' replied Apollonius. 'These commanding points of view may reveal bluer skies to us, and bigger stars, and the sun rising out of the night,—one need only be a shepherd or a goatherd to see these sights,—but the methods of divine providence, the 47 principles of acceptable worship, the nature of virtue, of justice and of temperance, these are secrets which neither Athos nor Olympus, much glorified by the poets, can display to those who climb them, unless they have spiritual discernment: for the soul, when pure and un-

defiled it addresses itself to these tasks, can, I tell you, easily outsoar this mountain of Caucasus.'

6 When they had passed the mountain, they began to meet with men mounted upon elephants. These dwell between the Caucasus and the river Côphên¹. There is no regular means of supporting life², but they have droves of elephants to ride. Some were on camel-back; for the Indians use a camel post for dispatch, and these beasts can do 1,000 stades³ a day without stopping to rest. One of the Indians who was riding upon such a camel, asked the guide where they were going, and, when he heard the purpose of their journey, reported it to the tribesmen. The news seemed to delight these nomads, for they received it with loud shouts, and then inviting the travellers to approach, proffered them such wine as their science can extract from the palm, honey derived from the same vegetable source, and steaks of flesh meat. Newly flayed skins of lions and panthers showed what flesh it was⁴. They accepted all but the meat, and so departed, continuing their route eastwards.

7 As they were breakfasting beside a spring of water, Damis filled a cup of the wine that they had got from the Indians, and pledged Apollonius. 'In the name of Zeus the Preserver! It is long since you have drunk of it. I suppose you will not decline this sort as if it were the produce of the vine.' And so saying, he poured out the libation, after mentioning the name of Zeus. Apollonius smiled, and said, 'Money is another thing that we abstain from, is it not, Damis?' 'Jove, yes!' said Damis, 'you have shown that times enough.'

48 'Well,' said the master, 'are we to abstain from

gold and silver pieces and rise superior to the temptation of this sort of mint, although we see not only common persons but even kings open-mouthed for it, and then if we be offered copper for silver, or a gilt counterfeit coin, accept it as not being the object of general covetousness? And that is not all: the Indians have a regular coinage of oricalch and black bronze, by which medium all visitors of India must of course make all their purchases. Well, suppose these honest nomads had proffered us money: would you, Damis, when you saw me declining it, have admonished me and explained that money means bullion stamped by the Romans or the King of the Medes, but this is a different sort of stuff, an Indian curio? And what would you have taken me for, if I had listened to you? Surely a pinchbeck impostor who would throw away his creed as a bad soldier drops his shield! But if you drop your shield you may get another that will serve you every bit as well as the old (so Archilochus¹ holds), but how is one to recover his creed when he has once disowned and rejected it? Dionysus will pardon one who yields to no temptation of wine; but I am sure that if I prefer this palm liquor to wine of grapes he will be provoked to anger and say that it is an outrageous slight upon his gift. We are not far away from the god: you hear the guide say that Nysa is near, that Mount Nysa on which, I believe, there is marvellous handiwork of Dionysus in plenty. Remember also, Damis, that intoxication does not only find its way into man from grapes, but proceeds just as riotously from the palm: at least, we have met plenty of Indians the worse for this liquor, some dancing unsteadily, some singing drowsily,

just as bad as our nightly revellers whose carousals
49 break up at all hours. And by pouring the libation of it
to Zeus, and saying the usual grace for wine, you show
that you consider this drink to be a wine. What I have
said to you, Damis, has been spoken for myself; I do
not wish to dissuade either you or the escort from drink-
ing it, and I should have no objection to your eating
flesh meat either. For I do not see that you are at all
profited by abstinence from these things; it does profit
me in the philosophical profession which from boyhood
I have adopted.' This view of the case was agreeable
to Damis and Co.: they made no difficulty about regal-
ing themselves, being convinced that a more generous
diet would lighten the fatigue of the march.

- 8 Crossing the river Côphên (the men on boats, the
camels wading, for the water was not deep at this point),
they found themselves in the Royal Mainlands, where
Mount Nysa rises in plantations to the very top, like
Tmolus in Lydia. It may be climbed, for cultivation
has made it accessible. So the travellers ascended;
and we hear of their finding a temple of Dionysus,
'planted by Dionysus for himself in laurels; the
laurels were set round in a ring, enclosing within their
circuit the area of a neatly proportioned temple. He
had clothed the laurel with ivies and vines and erected
his own image within, knowing that time would make
the trees meet, and thereby provide him with a kind of
roof.' The vault of branches is now so compact that
neither rain nor wind can penetrate the sanctuary.
Pruning-hooks, baskets, vats and accessories of the
vat, are here dedicated to Dionysus as Vintager; the
image is like an Indian youth, in polished white marble.

When he riots and shakes Nysa, the cities below the mountain listen and share his transports.

This Dionysus is a debated point between Greeks 9 and Indians, and between the Indians among themselves. 50 We say that the Theban Dionysus made an expedition, half martial, half Bacchanalian, against India; and, among other evidences, we can point to the offering at Pytho, which is there preserved in the Secret Treasury. This is a disk of Indian silver, inscribed :

DIONYSUS, SON OF SEMELÈ AND ZEUS, TO APOLLO
OF DELPHI, FROM INDIA.

The Indian versions are these : the peoples around the Caucasus and the river Côphên say that he came as an Assyrian stranger, versed in the doctrines of the Theban Dionysus; those who inhabit the country between the Indus and the Hydraôtes, and the block of country next to that (that is to say, which ends at the river Ganges), hold that Indus the river-god had a son Dionysus, whose disciple the Theban Dionysus became, and learned from him to wield the thyrsus and indulge the orgy; upon his alleging himself to be the son of Zeus and to have lived in his father's thigh by way of gestation, he was given Mount Mêros by him, which is next to Nysa; also that he planted all Nysa with the stocks of the vine which he brought from Thebes; and that Alexander there experienced the Bacchic enthusiasm. The dwellers in Mount Nysa say that Alexander never did ascend their mountain; he intended an attempt (being not only ambitious but dominated by antiquarian curiosity), but then a fear struck him lest his Macedonians getting among vines, when they had

not seen a vine for so long, might turn desperately homesick, or regain their appetite for wine in spite of their discipline in water-drinking; and so left Nysa aside of his line of march, merely paying his devotions and offering a sacrifice to Dionysus at the foot of the mountain.

I know certain persons will not relish this story, since this is one of many passages which those who served with Alexander have not recorded truthfully; but, for my part, I must have the truth; and if they had been content with that, they would not have robbed Alexander of one of his titles to fame: for surely it
51 was a greater thing not to go up the mountain at all, in the interests of morale and good condition in his army, than to go up and riot there himself.

10 Damis tells us that they did not see the Rock Aornos (or *Birdless*); for it lay away from their road, and the guide was afraid of any digression from the straight. They heard, however, that Alexander had not found it impregnable, and that the name Birdless was not owing to its fifteen stades' elevation (for sacred birds can fly to a greater height than that), but to a crack at the top, which, they say, has the power to attract any bird that flies over. The same thing may be observed at Athens in the vestibule of the Parthenon, and at many places in Phrygia and Lydia. And this is why the rock is, in name and in fact, Birdless.

11 They were pushing on towards the Indus when they came upon a boy, about thirteen years old, riding an elephant. To their astonishment, he was beating the animal. Upon which spectacle Apollonius remarked as follows:

‘What is the business of a good horseman, Damis?’

‘Why,’ said the other, ‘I suppose it is, when once in the saddle, to be master of his mount; use the rein to guide him; bring him to order, if unruly; and see that, in traversing swampy or muddy ground, he do not sink in a pit, or a ditch, or a hole.’

‘Is that all we are going to require of a good horseman, Damis?’

‘Nay, to be sure,’ said Damis, ‘he must give him his head when springing an uphill pitch, and, when going downhill, not let him free but hold him up; he will stroke his horse’s ears or mane, and not be always using his whip—I mean a really clever horseman will not: that is the style of riding that I should praise.’

‘And what qualities are necessary in a fighting man who rides a charger?’

‘The same qualities, Apollonius, and some more 52 besides—to strike and parry, to charge and retreat, to envelop and press the enemy, not to let his horse be scared by clatter of shields, or flash of helmets, or din and uproar of war-cries: all these, I take it, belong to the craft of horsemanship.’

‘Well,’ said Apollonius, ‘what do you make of this cavalier on the elephant?’

‘A far more amazing accomplishment! A little fellow like that in charge of so huge a beast, and directing him by means of that hooked goad—did you see? He dug it into him then as if it were an anchor! And not afraid of the brute’s aspect, or height, or the enormous strength of it. I think it supernatural, and I vow I could not have believed it if some one had told me.’

‘Now suppose somebody were willing to sell us that boy, you would buy him, Damis?’

‘That I would! though it should cost me all I have! There seems to me to be a splendid natural gallantry in lodging yourself up there as in a citadel, and playing the master with the largest animal that the earth nurtures!’

‘And what will you do with the boy, unless you buy the elephant as well?’

‘I shall put him in charge of my house and my household, and he will manage them a deal better than I can do.’

‘Are you not competent to manage your own?’

‘After your style, Apollonius, if you call that management. I have left my property behind, and now I go touring, like you, on voyages of curiosity and foreign study.’

‘Yes, but if you did buy that boy, Damis, and suppose you had a couple of horses, a racer and a charger, are you going to mount him on your horses?’

‘On the racer, yes . . . perhaps . . . since I see other jockeys do it. But a war-horse, a four-legged Ironsides—
53 how could the boy get on his back? He could neither carry the ordinary cavalry shield, nor the breastplate, nor the helmet. And the lance—think of *him* with a lance! He couldn’t brandish so much as the shaft of a dart or an arrow; as yet, he is still stammering over the a b c of warfare!’

‘Then, Damis, there is something else which directs and manages this elephant, something besides the rider whom you are almost ready to fall down and worship for admiration.’

And when Damis asked what that might be, 'for he saw nothing but the boy on the creature's back', Apollonius explained. 'This animal is incomparably docile, and, once broken to subjection under man, he puts up with all man's ways; he studies to adapt himself to the human character, delights to feed from his hand, like any little dog; he has fond movements of his trunk when man comes near him, lets a man put his head right into his mouth, and keeps it open as long as the man pleases—as we saw them doing among the Nomads. At night, they say, he laments over his bondage, but not with his usual piercing voice, but in piteous and pathetic modulations; and if a man approaches him during these lamentations, the elephant stops the dirge, as it were ashamed. He is his own manager, Damis, and it is rather persuasion, natural persuasion, which guides him than any directing rider.'

When they came to the Indus, they say they saw **12** a herd of elephants crossing the river, and heard the following account of them. There is a marsh kind, a mountain kind, and a third variety, the elephant of the plains. They are hunted and captured for military uses, for of course elephants fight; their armament is a turret large enough to take ten or fifteen Indians at a time; and the Indians shoot their arrows and darts from this post of vantage as though from the top of a city wall. The creature himself also treats his trunk as a **54** hand and employs it for shooting. The Indian elephants are as much bigger than the Libyan as a Libyan elephant is bigger than a Nisaeon horse. The age of the animal and its extreme longevity are a subject on which others have spoken; but our travellers also tell

us that near Taxila (the greatest city in India) they found an elephant which the natives treated to a toilet of unguents and ribbons because it was one of those which had fought for Porus against Alexander, and Alexander had dedicated it to the sun in recompense for gallantry in action. It had also golden rings around its teeth (or horns), engraved with Greek letters to this effect : AJAX, DEDICATED TO THE SUN BY ALEXANDER, SON OF ZEUS. For he had given it this great name in token of his great esteem for its merits. The natives guessed that the battle had taken place 350 years ago, but they did not say how old Ajax was when he fought.

- 13 Juba, who was once King of the Libyans, says that long ago there was an engagement between bands of Libyan cavalry mounted on elephants, of whom one set had the mark of a turret incised on their tusks, and the others no mark. When darkness put a stop to the fight, the turret-marked party had the worst of it, but made their escape to Mount Atlas. He declares that four hundred years later he captured one of the escaped elephants, and it had the distinctive mark still sharp in outline and unworn by time. This Juba considers that the tusks are horns, because their starting-point of growth coincides with the temples, they are not sharpened on any other object, they remain as they first grew, and are not, like teeth, shed and grown again.
- 55 cannot accept his view. Deer are one instance, at least, of an animal which sheds its horns and grows them again; and though man may shed his teeth and grow a complete new set, no other animal naturally sheds the projecting or dog-tooth, or is able to repair the loss of it, for their teeth are implanted by nature in the

jaw for weapons. Another characteristic of horns is that they form a neat ring at the root every year, as may be seen in the instance of goats and sheep and cattle; whereas teeth are smooth when they first appear, and, unless they be damaged, remain the same all the time, being in material and essence akin to stone. Furthermore, horns are the peculiar attribute of the cloven-hoofed animals; but the elephant's foot is five-toed; the several pads form a sole, which, having no nails to clamp it, gives the effect of standing in a sheath. In all horned beasts nature begins her operations with a perforated bone, on which she builds up an external growth of horn; but she produces the elephant's ivory solid and of even consistency, which, if you open it, is found to be drilled through the middle by a minute channel, as in the interior of teeth.

In the marsh elephants the ivory is livid in colour and of porous texture; craftsmanship is disconcerted by a structure honeycombed with cavities and shingled with tubercles. The mountain sort have smaller tusks, but the ivory is passably white, and no difficulty in working it. But the elephants of the plains furnish the best: very large and very white tusks, that cut open kindly and can be modelled absolutely to the hands' desire.

Perhaps I ought to add some account of the habits of elephants.¹ The Indians consider that those which are caught in the marshes are unintelligent and giddy; the mountain sort, vicious, treacherous, and untrustworthy, unless they want man to do something for them: those of the plains have the name of good-tempered and tractable. The reader will judge of their passion for

mimicry when he learns that this kind can learn to write, to dance, to sway rhythmically in time to a pipe, and to skip in the air.

- 14 Apollonius watched the elephants fording the Indus.
56 There might be thirty of them : the smallest of their number was doing duty as guide, the bigger ones had hoisted their young upon their projecting tusks and strapped them fast there with their trunks ; and then he remarked to Damis, ‘ These manœuvres need no word of command ; they act of their own motion, prompted by their native good sense and cleverness. See how they remind one of porters—carrying their young like packages, hoisted up and tied fast ! ’

‘ Yes,’ said Damis. ‘ I see how sensibly and cleverly they behave, and it makes me wonder what people mean by the silly inquiry whether parental affection is natural. Natural, indeed ! why the very elephants proclaim that it belongs to them by nature : for it cannot possibly be supposed that they have learned this lesson from man like other creatures. since they have never lived with man at all. This tender solicitude and care for their young comes of a natural fondness for their offspring.’

‘ Do not talk of elephants, Damis ; for I rank this animal only second to man in intelligence and design. But I am rather thinking of bears—how the she-bear, most savage of beasts though she be, does everything for her whelps ; and of wolves, how, continually bent on depredation as they are, the female keeps guard over the young, and the male brings her food, for the welfare of the cubs ; the same is the case with panthers, whose heat of blood makes them delight in becoming mothers, and once they do become mothers, they like playing the

master, and ruling the establishment, while the males stand anything from them, because the young are their ruling passion. There is a story told of lionesses, too : 57 they are supposed to take panthers for their lovers and make them free of the lions' lairs in the plain ; then, when their time of delivery draws near, they flee away to the hills and the haunts of panthers. For the offspring are spotted, and the mothers keep them out of sight and suckle them in sequestered thickets, excusing their all-day's absence by the pretence of a hunting expedition ; for let the lions once discover the secret, and they tear the whelps in pieces and disown the issue for bastard. I suppose you have come across one of the lions in Homer, how frightfully he glares in defence of his cubs and gathers his strength to give battle. Then there is that terrible scourge the tigress : they say that in this country and by the shores of the Erythrean Sea, she will attack ships and demand her stolen cubs ; and if she recovers them, go away happy ; but if they make sail, howl along the seashore, and sometimes die. Who does not know the history of birds ? How the eagle and the stork never think of building a nest but they must first introduce into the fabric their talisman for safe breeding and specific against attacks from snakes—the eagle his aëtite and the stork his lychnite stone ? And if we study marine life, we shall find instances there ; we need not be surprised that the kindly dolphin is an affectionate parent, but surely the whales and seals and other mammals are astonishing. There was a seal which I saw at Aegae, kept in captivity for the purpose of hunting, which was so mournful at the death of a calf to which it had given birth in the cage, that for

three days this most ravenous of animals refused to touch food. The whale takes her young ones into the recesses of her throat when she is trying to escape from some more powerful enemy. Even the viper has been seen with her tongue out, licking and fondling her brood.

58 For we must not accept the silly tale that the young of the viper are born without a mother: neither nature, sir, nor experiment allows it.'

It was Damis' turn to speak. 'Then you agree', he said, 'in approving Euripides¹ for that line when he makes Andromache say:

*So it is true then, all the wide world over,
The life and soul of man are in his offspring'?*

'I agree,' said Apollonius: 'it is indeed an astonishingly scientific saying. But it would have been by far more scientific and truer if his psalm had applied to all living creatures.'

'You mean, I take it, Apollonius, to rewrite the line and make us sing it thus:

The life and soul of creatures are their offspring.

15 And I assent: it is an improvement.'

But what I should like you to explain is this: at the beginning of this conversation we credited elephants with cleverness and intelligent behaviour, did we not?'

'Quite right too, Damis. If there had not been intelligence presiding over this animal's course, neither could it have survived, nor the peoples among whom it is found.'

'Then,' said Damis, 'why do they use such a stupid and ill-contrived method of fording? The smallest goes ahead, as you see; next to him comes a rather bigger one; then another still taller: and all the biggest bring

up the rear. Obviously the contrary arrangement of the line of march was the right one, which would make the biggest of them serve as the fortresses and bulwarks of the herd.'

'But, Damis, in the first place they look to me as if they were withdrawing before human pursuers. I dare say we shall fall in with their pursuers following the trail, and they are right to reinforce their rear especially against attack : it is the rule of warfare, and you must credit this to the elephants as a masterpiece of tactics. Then the manner of fording : if the biggest of them had 59 crossed first, they would have had no means of judging whether all could cross ; they would find the passage easily practicable, being very tall ; but the others, if they did not clear the water level, would find it difficult and impracticable. If the smallest has passed over, thereby he signifies that all the rest may follow comfortably. But there are other reasons besides : if the bigger ones walked in before the rest, they would deepen the channel for the little ones ; for the weight of the beast and the bulk of his feet are bound to make the mud settle in holes : but the little ones would not interfere with the big ones fording, because they do not trample the bottom so deep.

'I have found it stated in Juba's account that during 16 a hunt elephants will combine, and make a defence for a failing comrade ; and, if they succeed in rescuing him, anoint his wounds with drops of aloes, standing round him just like physicians.'

This was the kind of instructive talk that he often treated them to, taking any circumstance of interest for his text.

- 17 They confirm the account, which Nearchus and Pythagoras had given of the river Acesines, that it falls into the Indus, and that it breeds snakes seventy cubits in length : but I propose, with the reader's leave, to defer that subject till we come to the serpents of which Damis describes the capture.

They were arrived at the Indus and were on the point of crossing the river when they asked the Babylonian if he knew anything of the river, and questioned him about the crossing : he replied that he had never sailed it and did not know from what point the passage started. 'Then,' said they, 'why have you not hired a guide?' 'Because we shall not want for guidance', was his answer : and, so saying, he showed them a letter which evidently was to serve this purpose. Never had they been more struck with admiration for
60 Vardanes for his kindness and thoughtfulness. He had sent this letter to the Satrap on the Indus, although he was no subject of his dominions, putting him in mind of a service that he had done him ; and, while disclaiming any intention of pressing the obligation—he was not in the habit of demanding repayment—saying that he should be much obliged if his excellency would receive Apollonius and assist him to go where he would. He had also given the guide some money, which he was to give Apollonius if he should see him in need, and avoid having recourse to any other hand.

The Indian magnate, on receiving this letter, professed himself extremely honoured ; 'he could not be more studious to show him civility if the King of India had written on his behalf.' So he gave Apollonius the use of the Governor's barge : provided him with other

craft for ferrying the camels, and a guide for all the country within the Hydraôtes, and wrote to his sovereign begging him not to be outdone by Vardanes himself in dealing with this divine Greek.

In such style did they cross the forty and odd¹ stades **18** of the Indus—for that is the navigable width. They give the following account of the river. The Indus takes its rise in the Caucasus, and even there is greater than all the other rivers of Asia; on its course it receives and absorbs many navigable tributaries. Behaving akin to the Nile, it floods India, reinforcing the soil with new soil, and making it possible for the Indians to sow their lands as is done in Egypt.

Now when they talk of snows on the Ethiopian and Catadupian Mountains, I do not presume to contradict them, out of respect for their authority; but, all the same, I cannot agree with their theory, for these reasons: the Indus produces the same effects as the Nile, but there is no snow up country for the Nile to draw from: also I know that God has appointed Ethiopians and Indians to be the horns of the whole earth, and made both of them black races, one at the Orient and one at the Occident. But how could this complexion come **61** about unless they were exposed to summer heat even in winter-time? If, however, the sun warms their country all the year round, how can we suppose that they have snow there, or that snow furnishes these rivers with their exceeding abundance? Or, even allowing that snow does visit those sunny regions, how can it melt into such an ocean of water, or avail to supply that river which deluges Egypt?

During the passage of the Indus they met many **19**

hippopotamuses and crocodiles : it was like sailing on the Nile, and the flowers in the Indus also were like those which grow in the Nile. The climate of India is warm in winter, and suffocating in summer ; but Providence has met the case by most aptly arranging frequent rains in that country. The Indians further informed them (we are told) that the King pays a visit to this river at the seasonal flood, and offers to it a sacrifice of black bulls and horses (the Indians hold white in lower esteem than black, doubtless because of their own colour) : and after the sacrifice he sinks in the river a golden measure, like those which are used to measure corn. The Indians could not conjecture the meaning of this ceremony ; but our travellers concluded that the sinking of the measure was meant to secure either abundance of harvest (which the husbandman measures). or a stream not beyond measure strong, and likely to drown the country by coming down in flood.

- 20 When they had made the passage of the river, the guide provided by the Governor led them straight to
- 62 Taxila¹, the seat of the Indian monarchy. They describe the peoples beyond the Indus as dressed in indigenous flax, with shoes of papyrus and a hat for wet weather ; distinguished persons wear cotton, which grows on a tree resembling a poplar in the stump, and about corresponding to the willow in the leaf. Apollonius says he was pleased with the cotton, because it looked like the sad-coloured habit of a philosopher. Cotton from India finds its way into many a temple in Egypt. Taxila answers to Nineveh for size, and is regularly walled in the manner of Greek cities ; it was the residence of Porus' then reigning successor. They also saw a temple

outside the walls not far short of the hundred-foot scale, built of shell marble; and within it there was a sanctuary contrived, which, though inadequate to a peristyle temple of those dimensions, was a striking piece of architecture. For it contained tablets of bronze let into each wall, depicting the feats of Porus and Alexander: elephants, horses, soldiers, helmets, and spears were represented in orichalque, and silver and gold, and black bronze; lances, javelins, and swords, all in iron.

And (what is the test of a respectable picture) just as in a work of Zeuxis² or Polygnotus and Euphranor, those masters of chiaroscuro, vitality, and relief, so it was here: the various materials were blended like pigment. The sentiment of the composition was agreeable also. Porus only dedicated these enamels after Alexander's death, but the Macedonian is represented in them as victorious, in the act of rescuing Porus when wounded, and bestowing on him that Indian realm which was now his to bestow. We hear that Porus went into mourning for Alexander's death, and lamented in him a noble and clement prince. And during Alexander's lifetime, after he had retired from India, Porus never used the royal style (although he had his suzerain's permission) nor exercised sovereignty over the Indians, but governed like a discreet Viceroy, studying Alexander's good 63 pleasure in all things.

The plan of my work does not allow me to omit 21 what they record of this Porus. When the Macedonian was about to cross the river, and certain people counselled a confederation with the people beyond the Hyphasis and the Ganges, arguing that Alexander

would not face a united India, he answered, 'If my subjects are such that I cannot preserve myself without allies, I prefer not to be a king.' When word was brought to him that Alexander had taken Darius prisoner, he said that Darius might be the Great King but he was no true man. Before the battle a groom harnessed the elephant which he was to ride, and said, 'He will keep your majesty safe.' 'No,' said the King, 'I shall keep him safe, unless I fall below myself in manhood.' It was suggested that he should sacrifice to the river in order that it might refuse to bear the Macedonian rafts or to allow Alexander passage, but Porus replied, 'Imprecations are not for armed men.' After the battle, when even Alexander thought Porus had behaved with godlike and superhuman gallantry, a kinsman of his said, 'Porus, if you had made obeisance to him after the passage, you would have been spared a defeat in battle and the loss of all these Indian lives, and your own wound.' The King replied, 'When I heard that Alexander was very ambitious of glory, I understood that if I should do him obeisance he would think of me as a slave; but if I should fight as a king, I thought his admiration was preferable to his pity, and I was not mistaken. By behaving as Alexander saw me behave, I lost and gained all in one day.'

Such is the record they have left of this Indian, the handsomest of his race, so they say, and of such stature as was never seen in the world since the men of Troy.

64 He was quite young when he fought with Alexander.

22 They spent a long while in the temple, waiting until the King should be advised that strangers were come; it was during this time that the following dialogue happened.

Apoll. 'Does painting exist?'

Dam. 'Just as surely as Truth exists.'

'What is the painter's business?'

'To blend all possible colours, the blues and the greens, the whites and the blacks, and the reds and the yellows.'

'And what is the purpose of such mixture? Not merely to produce a brilliant surface impression, like wax-candles?'

'The purpose is a make-believe: to make an exact likeness of a dog, a horse, a man, a ship—in fact, of everything that the sun beholds. Nay, the painter makes a likeness of the sun himself, sometimes in a chariot-and-four (as they say he appears here), and sometimes illuminating the sky with a beacon-glow, as in pictures of heaven and the house of the Gods.'

'Painting is making believe, then?'

'Certainly: failing that function, it becomes an absurdity—mere silly daubing.'

'Now the appearances which are to be seen in the sky when masses of cloud are sundered, the centaurs and heraldic animals—yes, and the wolves and the horses—are not all these make-believe effects?'

'I dare say.'

'Then God is an artist, Damis, eh? And when he leaves the winged chariot in which he goes on progress round his realms and disposes the affairs of gods and men, he sits and amuses himself by drawing these figures, as children draw in the sand?'

Damis blushed at this apparently absurd conclusion of the argument; but Apollonius, who was not one of those acrimonious debaters who love to put their adversary in a corner, instead of treating him with scorn, said.

65 'Why, Damis, surely your meaning is that those appearances are produced at random without any divine significance; and that it is reserved for man, with his natural gift of make-believe, to give them regular shape and existence?'

'Yes, let us believe that, Apollonius: a far more creditable and a worthier opinion.'

'So, Damis, we conclude that the art of making believe is of two kinds: one consists in the manual and mental reproduction of an object—this is painting—the other in a merely mental perception of likeness.'

'Not two kinds,' said Damis, 'but we must hold that the art of make-believe only deserves the name of painting (or graphic art) in its more perfect form, that is to say, when it is able to reproduce likeness manually as well as mentally; the other make-believe is but a fraction of this; a man may quite well perceive and form a mental image, and yet be no artist; his hand will not serve him to execute it.'

'You mean a man who has been disabled by accident or disease?'

'No, no: I mean disabled by never having handled a brush, or any tool or pigment, and by having never been trained to draw.'

'In fact,' said Apollonius, 'we are agreed that the instinct of make-believe comes to man by nature, but graphic (or design) comes by art. This will also hold good of plastic art. Only when you talk of painting, I do not take you to mean only design executed in the medium of colour (for the older school of painters were content with a single colour; then as the art developed, it dealt in four colours, and subsequently in more still).

but the term ought to include also line without colour, pure effects of light and shade. For likeness can be expressed in this medium; so can figure and meaning, and so can chivalrous delicacy or valiant bravado—although it is devoid of colour, and can neither indicate blood tint or the hue of hair or beard, it is able, within the one convention of composition, to give the portrait of a red-brown man or a white. If we were to draw 66 one of these Indians in uncoloured outline, he will certainly be recognized for a black man: to any intelligent spectator, the flattish nose, erect locks, over-developed jaw, and what you may call the terrified look about the eyes, *darken* the portrait and suggest the Indian. And this leads me to say that you need the faculty of make-believe when you look at the performances of an artist; for you cannot praise the execution of a horse or a bull in a picture unless you have in your mind a notion of the original; or admire Timomachus' ¹ Ajax (I mean the famous *Ajax Mad*) unless you conceive a certain mental image of Ajax—how he would be likely to sit, weary and dejected after his massacre of the cattle at Troy, and meditating his suicide. But these artistries of Porus, what are we to say of them, Damis? We must not classify them merely as metal-work, because they are like paintings; nor yet as painting, because the design has been executed in metal. We must credit the ingenious author of them with combining in his one person the two arts of design and metal work, and suppose this to be something like Hephaestus' craftsmanship in the shield of Achilles as described in Homer ²; here, too, we have a scene

All full of the slain and the slaying,

and you might take this ground of bronze for blood-stained.

23 While he was engaged in these interesting topics, the King's messengers, accompanied by an interpreter, presented themselves : they announced that the King made him his guest for three days (strangers were not permitted to make a longer stay than this in the city), and proceeded to conduct him to the palace. The city wall I have already described. The city itself, we are told, is irregularly mapped out in narrow streets, as at Athens ; it consists of houses, which, seen from the outside, appear to be bungalows, but upon entering them, you find they have a basement ³ which gives as much accommodation below ground as above.

24 They saw a temple of the Sun-god, in which the
67 elephant Ajax enjoyed his consecrated liberty ; a set of golden effigies of Alexander, and another set of Porus—these in black bronze. The temple walls were a glow of gold on red marble, splendid as the sunlight : the image itself was composed of pearl, in the symbolic ¹ style which all races but the Greek use in their religion.

25 There was no gorgeous architecture about the palace, no household troops nor guards ; a few domestics, as you might see in a gentleman's house ; three or four visitors awaiting an audience. Our travellers admired this style more than the fulsome ceremonial of Babylon ; and when they were admitted within, their admiration increased ; the rooms, the porticoes, and the court—all alike were in quiet, good taste.

26 So Apollonius inferred that the Indian was a philosopher, and employed the interpreter to say, ' I am glad, sir, to see that you are a philosopher.' To which his

majesty replied that he was extremely glad of his good opinion.

Apoll. Is this the established usage of your country, or is it you that instituted this modest style of royalty?

King. I found a wise tradition, and I make it the wiser by my practice. I have more than any other man, and my needs are few; most of my possessions I reckon to belong to my friends.

Apoll. I congratulate you on your treasures if you value friends as highly as gold and silver: you reap rich harvests of profit from them.

King. But let me assure you that my enemies also come in for a share of my riches. I use my revenues to bring under my influence the barbarians on the frontier, with whom we have a standing quarrel, and who habitually overrun our borders. They now police my country, neither making any incursions themselves nor allowing their neighbours (who are troublesome customers) to annoy me.

When Apollonius inquired if Porus also used to 68 pay them subsidies, the King answered, 'Porus loved war; and I, peace.' Such language quite captivated Apollonius.

Indeed, on one occasion when rebuking Euphrates for his want of philosophy, he used the phrase, 'We might at least consider what the Indian Phraôtes would say to us!'—(this was the Indian's name)—which shows how deep an impression he had made. A governor who had been highly honoured by the King wished to present him with a golden tiara richly set with various gems, but Phraôtes said, 'Even if I had been one of those who covet such things, I should have declined it and flung it

from my head, now that I have met with Apollonius ; but considering that I have never yet cared to bedizen myself so, to adopt such an ornament now would surely be to mistake my guest as well as to forget myself.'

Apollonius also inquired about his diet, and the King told him, 'I drink wine, but only the same quantity as I pour out in libation to the Sun. When I hunt, the game goes to the larders of my friends, and I am content with the exercise. My food is vegetables, the pith and the fruit of the palm, and such produce as owns the river for its gardener. And I get plenty of dishes off the trees which these hands of mine cultivate.'

Apollonius was extremely pleased to hear these particulars, and took many a look at Damis whilst they were listening.

- 27** When they had fully discussed the route which should lead them to the Brahmins, the King gave orders to attend to the Babylonian guide's entertainment (as was usually done for any person coming from Babylon), and dismissed the Governor's guide with a suitable provision for his journey. He then clasped Apollonius by the hand, and, first dismissing the interpreter, said, 'Will you allow me to share your table?' To Apollonius' amazement, he asked the question in Greek. 'Why did you not talk to me so from the beginning?' asked
69 the sage. And the King replied, 'I was afraid of appearing impertinent, by not knowing myself and recognizing that Fortune had seen fit to make me a barbarian. But the temptation was irresistible, since I see that you like me, and I could not keep my secret. I am bursting with Greek ! I mean to give you plenty of proof of that.'

Apoll. Then why did you not invite me to your symposium instead of bidding me invite you?

King. Because I count you my superior. Science has the greater majesty.

And with that he conducted him and his companions to the place where he was accustomed to bathe. The bath was a pleasaunce of a stade in length; in the midst of it was dug a basin, into which springs of sweet cold water delivered. On either side were running-tracks, where he used to practise with the javelin and the discus, after the Greek fashion. (I ought to mention that he had the robust health which comes of youth—he was twenty-seven years old—and this kind of exercise.) When he had enough of that, he would jump into the water and exercise himself in swimming. So they bathed and then walked to the banquet, wearing garlands on their heads, as is the Indian usage when one goes to drink at the palace.

Damis has given so lucid a record of this party that **28** it seems a pity to omit a description of the ceremonial. The King feasts reclined upon a couch, which his near kinsmen share with him, to the number of five; all the rest sit on chairs. The table is in the middle, built like an altar to the height of a man's knee, as great in circumference as a combined chorus of thirty men holding hands all round; it is dressed with bay leaves and sprigs of another shrub, which is like myrtle and furnishes the Indians with a perfume. On this table there is an array of fish and fowl, and an array of lions served whole, and gazelles and hogs and tiger hams. (They decline **70** to eat any other part of the tiger but the hams, because they say that when it is born it raises its forepaws

towards the rising sun.) The guest rises and goes to the table from time to time, helps himself to a bit or a slice of what he will, and returning to his own seat makes his dinner with many a good bite of bread as well. When they are satisfied, silver and golden punch-bowls are brought in, one of which serves for ten guests; and they drink from these, bending down their heads like an animal at the water. While drinking they are further entertained with certain hazardous displays of mastery¹, very interesting. A boy, such as accompanies a troupe of dancing girls, is tossed lightly into the air, whilst at the same time an arrow is shot upward; when at a great height, the child turns a somersault over the arrow, at the imminent risk of a wound in case he fail: for the archer, before shooting, goes round the company showing the point and allowing them to try the arrow. Other occupations at their wine parties are: shooting an arrow through the sling, aiming at a hair; or a father takes his son for target and outlines him in arrows² on the panel against which the boy stands. They execute these feats successfully when they are in their cups.

- 29 Damis and Co. were busy admiring such accuracy of aim and marksmanship, but meanwhile Apollonius (he was sitting at the King's side, being fellow vegetarians), not much interested in these shows, asked the King how he was so accomplished in Greek, and how such an educated mind as his came to be found there. 'Which', said he, 'I cannot attribute to any instruction, for it is most unlikely that any such masters could be found in
- 71 India.' The King laughed and said, 'The question which the ancients regularly put to those who arrived by

sea was, "Are you pirates¹?" so general was this ferocious trade. But you seem to inquire of all visitors, "Are you philosophers?" You assume that this most divine of all human professions is open to the first comer. In your country culture and brigandage are the same thing, I know; they tell me it is impossible to meet a man like you, but your ordinary philosopher is like a person misfittingly attired in the spoils of others, and who flaunts the trailing skirts of his ill-gotten finery. In truth, just as brigands live like fighting-cocks, knowing themselves to be within the danger of justice, so, I hear, do your philosophers revel in gluttony, in sensuality and dandyism. The reason is this: you have laws enacting death as the penalty for any one who shall tamper with the coinage; and for forging an entry in a birth register, some appointed penalty (I know not what); but I believe you have no law in force against adulteration and false pretences in philosophy, and no magistrate to deal with the offenders. In our country not many 30
essay philosophy, but those who do have to pass this test: upon attaining the age of eighteen—the same term as the student age in Greece—a youth is required to cross the Hyphasis and go to the men whom you have set out to visit, but he must first publicly declare his intention of being a philosopher, in order that anybody who likes may debar him in case he be not a pure aspirant. By pure I mean, firstly, that no reproach must be discoverable in respect of his father and mother; secondly, that his grandparents, and the third generation upwards, must bear examination, to ensure that none of them was brutal, incontinent, or an usurer. Next, should no flaw be discoverable in them, and no stigma whatever, the

72 youth himself must be perused and assayed, (1) if he be possessed of a good memory, (2) as to his moral qualities—has he a genuine, unfeigned sense of honour? Is he neither tippler, nor gormandizer, nor braggart, nor given to merriment, nor impertinent, nor abusive, but submissive to the authority of his father, mother, teachers, and responsible attendants? and finally, has he misspent the beauty of his boyhood?

‘The particulars of his parents, and their parents, are gathered from witnesses and documents. Such documents are kept among the public registers. When an Indian dies, an officer duly appointed to record his life presents himself at the door; if this functionary plays any tricks, or allows any tricks to be played on him, he is disqualified for any further office, as having falsified a man’s life. The claims of the youths themselves are carefully inquired into by ocular inspection; for the eyes are a great clue to interpret human character, and there is plenty of opportunity for discerning and appraising by an eyebrow or a cheek: ingenious scientists can read the human mind by these means like reflections in a mirror. It is just because philosophy is so highly prized and valued in India that there is every necessity to examine and subject to infinite tests those who aspire to it. And now that I have made a clear exposition how we regard philosophy as a thing that can be taught and learned and tested by examination, I will tell you
31 my own story. I had a king for grandfather, my namesake; but my father was a private man. When he was left an orphan, quite young, two kinsmen became his guardians under the Indian law. The regency was harshly and unconstitutionally administered; the regents

were detested by their subjects, and no one had a good word for the government. Some influential men conspired against them, attacked them during a festival, killed them whilst in the act of sacrificing to the Indus ; 73 and, usurpers themselves, kept the powers which they had wrested from usurpers. The kinsmen, alarmed for my father's safety (he was not yet sixteen years old), sent him across the Hyphasis to the King of that country, whose sway is wider than mine and his country incomparably richer. The King wished to adopt him as his son, but my father declined this, saying he had no quarrel with fortune for taking away his kingdom ; all he begged was permission to go to the Sages and study : this would best fit him to bear his domestic calamities. The King actually wished to restore him to his father's kingdom, but he said, " If you find me a genuine philosopher, restore me ; if not, leave me as I am." So the King came in person to the Sages, and said he should be greatly obliged to them if they would take care of a promising youth. The sight of him still further improved their readiness to impart their science to him ; and they were heartily glad to educate so apt a scholar. After six years the King fell sick (in fact this was his last illness), and sending for my father, declared him coheir with his own son in the kingdom, and betrothed his marriageable daughter to him. But when my father saw that the prince was the helpless victim of flatterers, drink, and debauchery in general, besides being full of suspicions against him, he said, " You may keep it all and glut yourself with the whole kingdom. It would be absurd if one who has failed to come by his own should presume to come after a kingdom to which he

has no claim. Give me your sister : that is all I care to take of yours." So he got his marriage, and continued to live near the Sages in seven thriving villages, which the King bestowed on his sister "for her girdle".

74 'Well, I am the issue of this marriage ; and my father, after he had given me a Greek education, took me to the Sages—too young, I dare say, for I was only twelve years old, but they brought me up like their own child. Their favourite pupils are the boys who come to them knowing Greek, because they start with sympathetic affinities.

32 'After my parents died (at no long interval, one after the other), my masters told me that I ought to go and take possession of my villages and attend to my own affairs, being then nineteen years of age. Well, my estimable uncle had already confiscated my villages, not sparing even the modest estates which my father had acquired : they all belonged to his crown, and it was very handsome treatment on his part if he allowed me to live. So I made a purse for myself from the charities of my mother's enfranchised slaves, and lived with a household of four domestics. It happened that one day, as I was reading the play *Heraclidae*¹, a man from these parts presented himself to me bearing a letter from one who had been intimate with my father, in which he invited me to cross the river Hydraôtes and confer with him about this kingdom, "for there was good hope of my restoration, if I would exert myself." Some god must have put it into my head to read that play. I followed the omen. On crossing the river, I learned that one of the two usurpers was dead, and the other besieged in this very palace. I posted on, loudly pro-

claiming to the people in the villages through which I passed that I was So-and-so's son, now marching upon my own kingdom. They welcomed me with open arms, and assisted my progress because of my likeness to my grandfather. They had daggers and bows; our numbers continually swelled; and when I approached the gates, the people here welcomed me with such enthusiasm that they met me outside the gates, carrying torches lit at the altar of the Sun-god, and escorted me in, 75 chanting the praises of my grandfather and my father. The drone within was dragged round the walls and then strangled¹, in spite of my earnest intercession to save him from such a death.'

Apollonius here put in a word. 'It is a veritable 33 return of the Heraclidae that you have described, and we must praise the Gods for having had the mind to assist the restoration of the noble refugee who came to claim his own. But now there is a thing I beg you to tell me about the Sages: were they not reduced to submit to Alexander, and did they not, when brought into his presence, discourse to him on the science of the heavens?'

'Those were the Oxydracæ²,' said the King; 'ever an independent race, and strong in military organization; they profess to deal in science, but they have no sound knowledge. The veritable Sages are situate midway between the Hyphasis and the Ganges; and that is a country which Alexander never even attempted to conquer: not that he was afraid of what he might find there—of course not—but I suppose there were religious obstacles. And even if he had crossed the Hyphasis and succeeded in taking the surrounding country, he

might have had an army of ten thousand Achilles and thirty thousand Ajaxes, but still he could never have reduced the Tower in which they dwell, whatever else he might have done. They do not fight an invader, but repel him with celestial artillery of thunder and lightning, for they are holy and saintly men. At least, they say that Hercules (the Egyptian) and Dionysus, after over-running India with their armies, attacked them, and, after employing all the resources of siege-engines, tried to carry the place by assault: the Sages made no resistance, but sat still—apparently— . . . only, when the assailants approached, scorching blasts rebuffed them, thunder fell hurtling upon their forces, and Hercules 76 (they say) dropped his golden shield. And the Sages dedicated it on account of Hercules' fame and on account of the device on the shield. It represented Hercules appointing Gades as boundary, making the mountains his baulk-stones and forcing the Ocean within them: which proves that it was not the Theban Hercules but the Egyptian who came to Gades and fixed the limits of the world.'

34 At this point in the conversation they were interrupted by a chorus of singing with an accompaniment of flutes. And when Apollonius asked the King what these jolly musicians might be, he was told that the Indians serenade the sovereign with songs of praise, wishing him happy dreams and to awake in the morning full of virtue and gracious clemency. 'And how do you feel towards this practice, sir?' asked Apollonius. 'This serenading is meant for you, of course.' The King replied, 'I do not jeer at it, for one ought to humour the thing for custom's sake. Only,' he added, 'I ought not to need any

admonition : for evidently any merciful and virtuous actions of a king are a greater boon to himself than to his subjects.' After this conversation they went to rest.

At break of day the King in person visited the room 35 in which Apollonius' party slept. Putting his hand softly on the bed, he accosted the great man with the question, 'What are you thinking about? You cannot be asleep, a water-drinker like you, and a scorner of wine.'

Apoll. Do you suppose that water-drinkers do not sleep?

King. They do sleep, but a light slumber, the kind of slumber which we say settles on the very edges of the eyes and not on the mind.

Apoll. On both, and perhaps even more on the mind : for if the mind be not at rest, neither will the eyes admit sleep. At least, it is the throbbing of the mind which makes lunatics unable to sleep : their fancy 77 keeps swerving from one quarter to another, and their eyes have a more and more glaring and unabashed fixity, like the sleepless kind of serpents.

'Well, then, since the function of sleep has been exactly explained, and what destroys a man's sleep, let us inquire how the water-drinker will be handicapped in point of sleep, by comparison with the man in liquor.'

'Do not quibble, sir,' said the King : 'if you take the case of a man in liquor, he will not sleep : the carnival in his brain will keep him all agog and full of disturbance. You know that anybody who tries to go to sleep after a debauch now feels as if he were tossed up to the ceiling, now sunk underground, and whirling round like Ixion in the legend. So I must beg you to

consider not a drunken man, but a man who has taken his wine and kept sober, how he will sleep and how much better than the total abstainer.'

36 Upon this Apollonius called Damis, saying, 'We have a terrible man to deal with here, and a past-master of debate.'

'I see,' said Damis: 'a case of catching a Tartar, eh? I am quite taken with the argument, too. So it is high time for you to wake up and finish it.'

Apollonius lifted his head and said, 'Very well. I will take my cue from your remarks, and prove what an advantage we water-drinkers have in the sweeter sleep that we enjoy. You have clearly stated that in a drunkard the mind is deranged, and their condition akin to mania: in fact, we find men under the influence of liquor fancying they see two moons and two suns. Now those who have drunk less deeply and remain quite sober, though they be free from that sort of illusion, nevertheless we find them chock-full of jollity and pleasure. Very often they have had no particular good luck
78 to justify such good spirits; but whilst in this state, a man who never opened his mouth in court will rehearse a speech, and a man who has not got a shilling at home will say he is flush of money. Now, sir, these affections incline to insanity. Pleasure itself causes a disturbance of mind; and I know many cases in which the very strong sense of his being in luck spoils a man's rest and makes him keep jumping up in his sleep. I suppose this is what the saying means:

Even overblessings bring us care and trouble.

Then there are artificial soporifics, both draughts and

embrocations, which make the patient sleep stretched out motionless, as though dead. But he awakes from such slumber with a certain loss of memory, and quite at sea as to his whereabouts. Now you will easily admit that the stuff with which soul and body have been physicked, or rather swamped, procures not a genuine and native kind of sleep, but a sleep either profound and deathlike, or shallow and broken by interruptions, even pleasant ones. If you do not admit that, you have more spirit of contradiction than argument. Now those who share *my* cups see reality as reality, and they make neither picture nor sketch for themselves of what is unreal; they never pass for giddy or dull or silly, or cheerful to excess; but staid and full of reason, like themselves whether in business hours or in the evening, for *they* do not get drowsy even if they work far into the night. Sleep, whose hand is heavy as a master's upon the neck enslaved by wine, has no power to bully them: they show themselves free men and erect. When they do lie down to rest, they receive sleep in a pure soul, neither vainly flown with their good success nor jibbing at misfortune. A sober soul is adequate to either event, and independent of either emotion; which gives it the pleasantest and most tranquil of slumbers unstartled by any shocks. That is not all. The soul unmuddied 79
by wine more readily, in her unsullied speculation, dis- 37
cerns the prophetic significance of dreams, which seems to be the divinest of human attributes. Certain it is that interpreters of visions, the soothsayers of whom poets talk, will never expound any vision without first asking the time at which the person saw it. If the time was sunrise and within the morning sleep, they conjec-

ture the meaning ; for the divining faculties of the soul are thought to be in healthy working as soon as it has got clean of the wine which was taken overnight ; but if the time was in the first sleep or about midnight, when the soul is still sunk in liquor and fuddled, they decline to pronounce—and they know their business. I can also prove clearly to you that the Gods are of the same mind, and bestow the oracular gift upon abstinent souls. There was once, sir, in Greece a prophet named *Amphiaraus*’ . . .

King. I know. Presumably you mean the son of *Oecleus*, who was swallowed up by the earth as he was returning from *Thebes*.

Apoll. That same *Amphiaraus*, sir, has an oracle in *Attica*¹ now, where he sends dreams into the hearts of his consultants. The priests take the inquirer, and keep him fasting from food for one day, and from wine for three days, to give him perfect spiritual lucidity to absorb the divine communication. Now, if wine had been a good specific for sleep, *Amphiaraus* would, of his science, have ordained the contrary preparation for his votaries and bidden them be conveyed to his sanctuary as full of wine as hogsheads. And I could name plenty of shrines, renowned in Greece and out of Greece, where the priest takes a draught not of wine but of water before uttering the secrets of the tripod. Divinely inspired, sir!—that is what you ought to say of me and all the water-drinkers : we are your true nympholepts and fanatics of sobriety.

80 *King*. Then, *Apollonius*, will you make me a member of your confraternity ?

Apoll. If your subjects will not think it a degrada-

tion. Philosophy, taken in moderation and with some degree of compromise, makes an admirable temper for a prince—as may plainly be seen in your own instance ; but a rigorous and excessive system gives a low mean appearance, beneath the dignity of that stage on which you are called to play your part ; and the envious might even say that this was only another form of pride.

After the conversation they went out, for it was 38
already day. Apollonius, well aware that the King must be occupied with embassies and the like, said to him, ‘ You, sir, have the affairs of the kingdom to attend to ; leave me, during that time, at the disposal of the Sun, for I have my usual prayers to make.’ ‘ And may the God hear your prayer ’—such was his majesty’s reply—‘ for he will thereby bless all such as take pleasure in your science ! I shall await your return, for I have certain cases to try, at which, if you will be present, you will be doing me a great service.’

The day was far advanced when he returned and 39
asked the King about the cases he had tried. He answered, ‘ I have not been sitting to-day, because the auspices did not allow me.’ Which moved Apollonius to exclaim, ‘ Auspices ! do you use these to govern your trials as you do for your journeys and marches ? ’

‘ Surely,’ said the King : ‘ here also there is danger if the judge were to depart from the right course.’

This pleased Apollonius, and he proceeded to ask what was the case for trial. ‘ For I see that you are at a standstill, and in difficulties how to decide.’

King. I confess I am in difficulties ; and for that reason I make you my counsellor. One man sold an estate to another, in which lay an undiscovered treasure.

A crack in the ground subsequently betrayed a cache of gold, which the vendor claims for himself, as of better right, because he would not have sold the property if
81 he had known there was a livelihood in it ; the purchaser, on the contrary, claims the ownership of what he has found in land to which he has henceforth the title. There is justice in both pleas. But I should look foolish if I ordered them both to divide the money : any old woman might be arbitrator and give that decision.

Apoll. The parties are no philosophers : that is proved by their having this dispute about money. I believe your best decision in the case would proceed on the principle that Heaven's first care is for those who combine philosophy with virtuous practice ; and in the second place, for the sinless men against whom no misdeed has ever been proved. To the philosopher Heaven grants the fine discernment of things divine and human ; to the ordinary honest man, a competency, enough to save him from being driven to dishonest courses from want of the necessities of life. Now, sir, what I think you ought to do is to put the two parties in the scales against each other, and consider their lives. For I do not believe the Gods would have taken away even his land from the one man, if he had not been a scoundrel ; or given to the other what lay beneath the land, unless he had been a better man than the vendor.

The parties appeared on the morrow to plead their respective causes. The vendor was proved to be a dangerous character, and to have omitted to perform the sacrifices due to the Gods on that estate ; the other was found to be a well-behaved fellow and very punctual in his religious duties. So Apollonius' opinion held the

field, and the honest man was adjudged to owe his good luck to Providence.

After the suit was thus determined, Apollonius came 40 to the Indian and said, 'To-day is the last of the three days for which you offered me hospitality; to-morrow, in accordance with the law of the land, I must depart.'

King. Even the law has nothing to say to you yet. You are free to remain to-morrow, since you arrived 82 after midday.

Apoll. I am delighted with my entertainment. Indeed, you seem to be explaining away the law on my account.

King. Would that I were able to abrogate it, for your sake! But tell me, Apollonius, the camels which I hear you were riding upon—did they not convey you from Babylon?

Apoll. Yes, from Babylon. They were the gift of Vardanes.

King. Then will they be fit to take you further after their long journey from Babylon?

Apollonius was silent, but Damis explained: 'The great man does not understand travelling, or the strange races we must soon be amongst. He fancies that he will find Vardanes and your majesty everywhere, and thinks it child's play to visit India. He does not frankly tell you the truth about the camels and their condition: they are in such a bad state that we are more fit to carry them than they us, and we need relays. For if they founder somewhere in the Indian desert, we shall sit down and scare the vultures and wolves from the camels; but nobody will scare them from us, for we shall all be dead together.'

The King undertook to put this matter to rights: 'I shall give you another set (it is four that you want?), and the Governor at the Indus shall send the other four to Babylon. I have a drove of camels at the Indus, all white.' 'And a guide,' suggested Damis; 'could not your majesty provide us with one?' 'Certainly,' said the King, 'and the guide shall have his camel and provisions as well. And I will also send a letter to Iarchas¹ the Senior Sage, bidding him receive Apollonius as no whit his own inferior, and receive you as philosophers in the suite of a divine man.' He offered them also gold, precious stones, linens, &c. in endless abundance; but Apollonius said that he had gold enough in what Vardanes had secretly given to the guide, and only accepted the linens for their likeness to the habit worn by the ancient and most really Attic¹ inhabitants of Attica. He picked up one of the gems² and addressed these words to it. 'O excellent stone! Here is a timely and providential discovery!'—perceiving in it, I suppose, some secret and divine potency. Even with Damis and Co. gold found no great favour, but they laid hands pretty freely on the precious stones: 'they would do so well for dedicating to the gods when they returned home.'

41 They waited the next day as well, for the Indian would not let them go; but after that, he gave them the letter for Iarchas, which was conceived in these terms:

King Phraôtes to Iarchas, his teacher, and the rest of his company, greeting.

Apollonius, a great man of science, holds you to have more science than himself, and is come here in the intention

of hearing what you can teach him. Let him therefore know all your knowledge, and then send him on his way : none of your lore will be lost on him, for he is peerless in eloquence and in memory. Show him the chair on which I sat when you gave me my kingdom, father Iarchas. His suite deserve praise for their complete devotion to such a man. Farewell, you and yours.

So they departed from Taxila, and after two days' journey reached the plains where Porus is said to have 42 fought the battle against Alexander. Here they saw a gate which enclosed nothing, but had been erected for a triumphal monument : it was surmounted by a statue of Alexander riding in a chariot and four, as he confronted the satraps of Darius at Issa. There was also another pair of gates, not far apart, on one of which stood Porus, and Alexander on the other, represented apparently as they met after the battle, for their respective attitudes are of gracious reception and humble 84 obeisance.

After passing the Hydraôtes ¹ and traversing several 43 nations, they approached the Hyphasis²; at thirty stades' distance from this river they met with an altar inscribed : TO MY FATHER AMMON AND MY BROTHER HERCULES AND ATHENA PRONOIA AND ZEUS OLYMPIAN AND THE CABIRI OF SAMOTHRACE AND THE INDIAN SUN-GOD AND APOLLO OF DELPHI. There was also a memorial tablet of bronze on which was inscribed : HERE ALEXANDER STOPPED. The altar we may attribute to Alexander, signifying the boundaries of his empire ; but I suppose the tablet was put up by the Indians on the other side of the Hyphasis, to their own glory for having stayed Alexander from any further advance.

BOOK III

I THE following account of the Hyphasis may give a sufficient idea of the great size of this river which traverses India, and of its amazing attributes. The springs of it gush out from the plain: it is navigable immediately; but, as its course proceeds, ceases to be a water-way, because rows of sharp rocky points projecting from the surface force the current into eddies and rapids, which are impracticable for ships. In breadth it may be compared to the greatest of all European rivers, the Danube, and the trees that grow beside the banks are also similar. From these trees is produced a sort of myrrh, the nuptial unguent of the Indians, so necessary a part in their weddings that unless the company sprinkle both parties with this myrrh, the ceremony is not thought to be valid nor the bridal pair duly joined together by the
85 favour of Aphrodite. The grove by the river-bank is consecrated to her, and so are the peacock-fishes. These are peculiar to the Hyphasis, and so called from a likeness to their namesakes. They have blue fins, spotted scales, and golden tails, which they can raise and spread at pleasure. There is another strange creature¹ in this river: it looks like a white worm, and they melt it down into an oil: from this oil issues a fire against which nothing but glass is proof. This reptile is fished for the King only, and used as a siege engine: no sooner does the grease touch the battlements than it raises a conflagration too strong to be checked by any of

the ordinary means for extinguishing fiery missiles. The celebrated wild asses are caught, they say, in the marshes of the Hyphasis. This is the beast that has a horn on his forehead², which he uses for fighting, like a bull, with uncommon ferocity. The Indians make a cup of this horn, and any person who drinks out of it can for that day neither fall sick, nor take any hurt from a wound, nor from fire, though he should walk through the thick of it, nor from any poisonous thing. The cup is reserved for royalty, and so is the hunting of this game.

Apollonius says he saw the animal and thought it very curious; but when Damis asked him if he believed the story about the cup, he answered, 'I shall believe it when I learn that the King of this part of India is immortal. For who can conceive that he who proffers to me or anybody else a draught of such healthful efficacy, does not help himself freely to it and drink out of this horn every day?—drink till he is fuddled, for I don't suppose any one will find fault with him for exceeding in this liquor.'

It was here also that they met with a woman who was black from the head downwards to the breasts, and from the breasts to the feet perfectly white. The rest shunned her as an uncanny object; but Apollonius shook hands with her and understood the case. It seems that such are sacred to the Indian Aphrodite, and that a particoloured woman is born to that divine vocation just as is an Apis in Egypt.

They next crossed that range of the Caucasus which reaches to the Erythrean Sea. It is thickly wooded with aromatic vegetation. On the foothills grows

cinnamon, which looks like young vine-shoots. A goat is the test of this spice: offer a goat cinnamon, and she will whine to your hand, like a dog; when you go away she will follow, thrusting her nose into the leaf, and when the goatherd drives her off she will make a plaintive sound as if forcibly deprived of her lotus. Tall libanus trees grow in the cliffs; and, among many other varieties, here is found the pepper-tree, cultivated by the apes. The travellers did not fail to note what this tree resembles, and I will set forth their account. The pepper-tree generally resembles the Greek *agnus*, and particularly in its corymbus of fruit. It grows in precipices inaccessible to man, but inhabited by a nation of apes, who find a lodging in the recesses and caverns of the mountains. They enjoy high esteem from the Indians, who police them with dogs and weapons against the attacks of lions, in return for their services as pepper-gatherers. A sick lion will attack a monkey for medicine, since monkey-meat cures his complaint; an old lion for food, since when their venison and hogsflesh days are done they spend the residue of their strength
87 devouring the apes. That is to say, they would, . . . only man interferes, and goes to war with the lions from a sense of his obligations to the useful little creatures. The business of the pepper-trees¹ is as follows: the Indians go to the low-growing trees and strip the fruit off them; they then prepare a sort of little threshing-floor round the trees, on which they heap and tumble the pepper, as though it were a thing of no value or human importance. Whereupon the apes, who have watched all this from their lofty fastnesses, come down at nightfall and mimic the behaviour of the Indians, strip-

ping the trees of their ringlets, and flinging the stuff down on the prepared floors. At daybreak the Indians gather up piles of the spice, got without any trouble while they were comfortably asleep.

Upon surmounting this range they saw a level plain **5** all cut up into canals full of water, some oblique and some straight. These conduits derive from the river Ganges, and serve both for district boundaries and for irrigation in time of drought. This is the best land in India, and the largest of its provinces, being fifteen days' journey to the Ganges, and eighteen days' from the sea to the Apes' Mountains, with which it marches. It is all flat ; a black soil that will bear anything. They saw ears of corn standing the height of bulrushes, beans three times as big as the Egyptian bean, with sesame and millet of an enormous growth : here grow those nuts of which many specimens are treasured as curiosities in our temples. The vines are of small growth, like those of Lydia or Maeonia, but the grapes yield a good drinking wine of delicate flavour even during the vintage. They met with a tree that resembles a bay, **88** but produces a husk like a huge pomegranate¹ ; and in the husk a fruit, blue in colour like a hyacinth, but most delicious of all the bounties of the seasons.

On the descent they came in for a dragon² hunt, which **6** I must tell about : for it is highly absurd that the devotees of hare-hunting should have found so much to say about the hare, and how she is, or shall be, caught, and we should pass over the record of this noble and marvellous sport ; especially considering that the man of whom I am writing a memoir did not omit it. All the land of India is wreathed with dragons of vast size ;

the marshes are full of them, the mountains are full of them ; there is not a hillock but has its dragons. The marsh variety are of sluggish temper, thirty cubits long ; with no erect crests, but more like she-dragons ; pretty black on the back and less scaly than the others. Homer gives a more scientific account of it than most poets : the dragon which dwelt in Aulis beside the fountain was 'russet brown about the back', he tells us, whereas the other poets say that its congener in the grove at Nemea actually had a crest : this could not be true of the marsh kind.

- 7 Those which are found in the borders of the mountains and on the hills make for the plains in search of their prey. They have the advantage of the marsh dragons at every point : they grow to greater lengths, move faster than the most rapid rivers, and nothing escapes them. They grow a crest, of moderate height while they are young, but which increases as they mature and develops to a great size : at this stage they have a
 89 fiery red colour and a serrated back. This kind likewise grows a beard, and can erect the neck to a great height ; their scales flash like silver, their eyeballs are a lucent fiery gem, of incalculable potency for many occult purposes.

The dragon of the plains is a godsend to the hunters when he catches an elephant in his coils, for this means the death of both creatures. The spoils which the dragon yields to his captor are the eyes, the skin, and the teeth, which in general resemble the tusks of huge boars, but are slenderer, twisted, and as finely pointed as the teeth of great fishes.

- 8 The mountain dragons have scales which show

golden ; they are longer than the plain-land variety, have a curly beard (also golden), a more scowling brow, and beneath it an eye which glares frightfully and ruthlessly. As they come rolling and heaving along the ground they give a metallic sound, and from their flamboyant crests shoots a fire stronger than torchlight. They make the elephants their prey, and themselves fall a prey to the Indians in this fashion : the Indians place before the dragon's hole a scarlet robe embroidered with golden characters, in which by magic they put a soporific charm strong enough to vanquish the abashless eyes of the reptile. They proceed to sing many incantations of mysterious art, the effect of which is to draw the dragon until he puts his head out of his hole and goes to sleep on the characters. Then the Indians attack him as he lies, laying about them with axes till they have cut off his head and despoiled it of the precious stones. Imbedded in the mountain dragon's head, they say, are stones of rich lustre, emitting every-coloured rays and of occult virtue, after the manner of Gyges' ring¹ in the story. . . .

But it often happens that the dragon seizes the Indian, axe and all, cunning and all, and then off he goes with 90 his victim into his hole, making the very mountain well-nigh to tremble. This kind are said to inhabit the mountain by the Erythrean Sea ; their frightful hissing can be heard, and sometimes they come down to the water and sail the high seas at large. It is impossible to ascertain, and unwarrantable to assert, the length of years to which this animal attains. This is all that I know about dragons.

Of the great city under the mountains they tell us 9

that it is called Paraca, and is remarkable for the very many dedicated dragons' heads which are to be seen in the midst of it: for the inhabitants practise this sport from boyhood. They are also said to understand the language and the mind of animals: this faculty they get by feeding on dragon's heart, or sometimes dragon's liver.

Upon leaving this place they seemed to recognize the familiar sound of a shepherd's pipe, marshalling his flock; but to their surprise it was a herd of white does, which the Indians keep for the dairy, judging their milk to be highly nutritious.

IO From hence they travelled four days' journey through a rich and well-cultivated country till they reached the tower of the Sages. Arrived there, the guide bade his camel lie down, and jumped off it, terrified and sweating.

Apollonius perceived what the place must be, and laughed at the Indian's terror. 'This is like a fellow who on reaching port after a long sea voyage would be dismayed by the land and alarmed at being in harbour.' So saying, he ordered his camel to kneel; for by now he was accustomed to this kind of thing. What terrified the guide was nothing else but being in such neighbourhood to the Sages: for the Indians are more
91 afraid of them than of their own King, since the King himself, to whom the country belongs, consults these personages as to what he must say and do on all occasions. He inquires of them as men inquire of a god's oracle, and they signify what is well for him to do; and what is not well, they denounce and forbid.

II They were about to take their lodging in the neighbouring village (less than a stade distant from the Hill of the Sages), when they saw a young man running

towards them at full speed. He was the blackest of Indians, but in the middle of his forehead was a faintly luminous crescent. (I hear that the same appearance was observed at a later date, in the person of Meno, the adopted son of Herodes the Rhetorician¹; and he was an Ethiop; the appearance lasted during boyhood, but as he advanced towards manhood the gleam suffered eclipse and vanished together with his prime of life.) This Indian carried a golden anchor, which is the accepted symbol of a parley, because an anchor stays things.

Running up to Apollonius he accosted him in Greek, **12** which was not particularly surprising, as the villages all talked Greek; but his 'Greeting!', and the name added, while it astonished the others, reassured the master as to the man's errand. For he looked at Damis and said, 'These are Sages, and no mistake, that we have reached; it appears they know the future.' And thereupon he asked the Indian for instructions: he was already eager for the interview. The Indian said that the rest must stop where they were, 'but you are to come, just as you are. It is Their orders.' Here was a good beginning: the phrase *Ipsi dixerunt*²! had an air of Pythagoras about it; and Apollonius went with the messenger gladly.

The hill³ on which the Sages have their high dwell- **13** ing-place is compared to the Acropolis of Athens for altitude; it rises from the plain, fortified regularly by a happy natural formation of surrounding rock. At many 92 points of the circuit were to be seen traces of cloven hoofs and imprints of beards and masks; and occasionally they saw what looked like the dint made by a body slipping backwards. For Dionysus, when he made his attempt

on the place with Hercules, ordered the Pânes to make the assault, as being able to stand earthquake ; but they were thunderstruck by the Sages and fell in confusion : and from that day the rock bears as it were engraved the various attitudes of their discomfiture. They saw the hill enveloped in a cloud, in which the Sages live, visible or invisible at pleasure. Whether the mount had any other gates they could not tell : for the encircling cloud did not permit either the excluded or the admitted observer to determine this particular.

- 14 Apollonius went up somewhere on the south side, following the Indian. The first thing he saw was a well four fathoms wide, from the depths of which a bright blue radiance rose to the surface ; and when the sun at noon stood over it, this radiance was hoisted by the sunlight and moved upwards, giving the appearance of a summer rainbow. Later he learned that the ground beneath this well was sandaracinous, and the water of it accounted sacrosanct : none drank it or drew it, but all the neighbouring part of India took their solemn oaths by it. Near this was a natural cauldron of fire which emitted a leaden-coloured flame ; but neither smoke nor any smell issued from it ; nor did the cauldron ever overflow, but always rose in sufficient volume just to brim the pit. In it the Indians purify themselves for involuntary sins ; and the Sages therefore call the well the *Well of Detection*¹, and the fire the *Fire of Pardon*². They saw also a pair of black stone jars, called *Of the Rains* and *Of the Winds*³. Should India be oppressed by a drought, the *Jar of the Rains* on being opened gives forth clouds and moistens the whole country : but should the rains be in excess, the closing of it stops
- 93

them. The *Jar of the Winds*, I conceive, has the same function as Aeolus' skin-bag¹: for by opening it a little they give vent to some one wind for the comfort of the land.

They also met with images of gods. Now, had these been Indian or Egyptian, that would have been no surprise: on the contrary, it was the most ancient Greek types²—Athena *Polias*, Apollo of *Delos*, Dionysus of the *Marsh*, and of *Amyclae* and such-like antiquities—that these Indians set up and worshipped with Greek ritual. They call their dwelling the centre of India, and make out the mound to be the navel of the hill; on it they worship fire, which they profess to derive from the Sun's rays. And every day they sing the hymn of the Sun at noon.

The great man himself describes what the inhabitants **15** were like, and the manner of their life. In one of his addresses to the Egyptians he says: 'I saw the Indian Brahmins dwelling in the earth, yet not in the earth; fortified without fortifications; possessed of nothing and of all things that all men have.' This is somewhat mystical phrasing of his; but Damis explains that they lay on the earth, strewing couches of such herbs as they prefer; and that he saw them levitated two cubits off the ground, not for an exhibition of magic (for they disclaim such vanity), but because they hold that all such actions are well pleasing to the Sun, as they perform detached, like him, from the earth. The fire which they extract from the Sun's rays, although it is substantial, they neither burn on altars nor preserve in hearths; but it is seen floating and shimmering in the air, like the beams of sunlight refracted from water. They pray to **94**

the Sun by day to make the seasons, which are in his personal charge, pass in happy regularity for the good estate of India; and at night they entreat the sunbeam not to be angry with the night, but to abide as induced by them.

So much for Apollonius' expression that the Brahmins were 'in the earth and not in the earth'. 'Fortified without fortifications' signifies the vapour in which they live sheltered; for though their life seems to be a bivouac under the naked sky, they erect a shade over themselves, so that when it rains they are not wetted, and, at will, are in sunshine. 'Possessed of nothing and of all that all men have' is thus expounded by Damis: when they feast, themselves and their guests, these Indians are favoured with such fountains as leap from the earth for the pleasure of the Bacchanals when Dionysus makes them and the earth alike to quake. So Apollonius might properly describe them as having what they have not, when, without making any provision, their wants are spontaneously supplied. Their practice is to wear their hair long, like the Lacedaemonians of old, and the Thurians, Tarentines, Melians, and all the peoples who held the Laconian use in esteem; for head-dress, a white turban; bare feet; garments arranged very much in the style of the *exomis*; the material, that natural wool¹ which the earth produces, white as the Pamphylian, but finer in quality, and distilling an oily humour like olive-oil. This is considered a sacred vestment; and should any other Indian try to pluck it, the earth will not let the wool go. They carry a ring and a wand, both which are of omnipotent virtue, but are esteemed to be two mysteries.

At Apollonius' approach the other Sages greeted him **16** with gestures of welcome. Iarchas was seated on a 95 high chair, made of black bronze damascened with golden emblems; the rest had chairs of bronze, but unadorned and less in height, for they recognized the presidency of Iarchas. When he saw Apollonius, he welcomed him in the Greek language and asked for the Indian King's letters. Apollonius wondered at such prescience; whereupon Iarchas told him further that there was a letter wanting on the epistle (namely a delta) because of an oversight in the writer. And so it proved to be. After he had read them he said, 'And what is your opinion of us, Apollonius?'

Apoll. Surely that may be inferred from my having made such a journey for your sake as never any man of my country before undertook.

Iarch. And what do you suppose that we know which you know not?

Apoll. I credit you with superior Science and far superior inspirations. But if I can get no more from you than I have already, I shall at least have nothing more to learn.

To this the Indian replied: 'Others ask strangers what countrymen they are and what is their errand; with us, it serves as a first indication of Science that we need no information about a visitor. This shall be your first criterion.' And so saying he told the parentage of Apollonius, on both the father's side and the mother's; the particulars of his life at Aegae; how Damis had joined him; and all that they had studied for themselves on the journey or learned by the study of another. This Indian Sage might have been their

travelling companion, so glib and pat was his recital. Apollonius in amazement asked whence he knew it all, and Iarchas answered that his visitor also partook of this Science, but not yet completely.

Apoll. And will you teach it me in its completeness?

96 *Iarch.* Yes, freely : this is more scientific than to grudge and keep secret what is worth studying. And besides, Apollonius, I see that you are well supplied with memory, and Memory is our favourite among the divinities.

Apoll. Can you possibly have gauged my natural abilities already?

Iarch. We can see all the aspects of the soul, Apollonius ; we have innumerable clues for investigating them. But now, since it is nearly noon and we have our religious services to prepare for, let us first give our whole attention to that ; and afterwards we will converse to your heart's content. You are welcome to assist at our ceremonies.

Apoll. By Zeus, it would be an outrage against the Caucasus and the Indus, which I have crossed for your sake, to come here, if I did not glut my curiosity in all your proceedings.

Iarch. Glut it you shall. Let us go.

17 So they went to a spring of water, which Damis afterwards thought to resemble Dirce in Boeotia (at the time he had not seen Dirce); and here they first stripped themselves, and next anointed their heads with some drug in the nature of amber. This so heated the Indians that their bodies steamed and ran down with sweat, like persons in the hot chamber at the baths. After this they flung themselves into the water ; and

after this bath, proceeded to the temple, with much chanting of hymns and their heads crowned with flowers. They now took up their stations in the figure of a Chorus, Iarchas acting as their Coryphaeus, and with uplifted staves beat the floor, which thereupon bounced up like a wave and sent them two cubits into the air. They continued to sing a chant of the same kind as Sophocles' pæan which is sung to Asclepius at Athens. When they had alighted on the ground again, Iarchas called the lad who carried the anchor, and said, 'Attend to Apollonius' companions.' Faster than a swift bird could fly, the boy went and returned, saying, 'I have attended to them.' The chief part of the service was now over, and it was time to rest on their chairs. Iarchas had another errand for the lad: 'to 97 fetch for the learned Apollonius the seat of Phraôtes, that he might sit in it and converse.' And when he 18 had made him sit down, he said, 'Now ask what you will, for you are amongst the omniscient.' So Apollonius asked whether their omniscience included the knowledge of themselves; supposing that, like the Greeks, Iarchas would think self-knowledge difficult. But, contrary to Apollonius' expectation, he faced him with these words: 'We are omniscient just because we begin with self-knowledge: none of us may approach this philosophy of ours until he know himself first of all.' Apollonius remembered what he had heard from Phraôtes, and how the aspirant intending for philosophy must assay himself; and allowed this statement. Indeed, such was already his fixed conviction in his own instance. So his next inquiry was 'what they held themselves to be?' 'Gods,' was the answer; and upon further

asking 'For what reason?' he was informed 'Because we are good men', an answer which struck Apollonius as so full of enlightened wisdom that he afterwards quoted it to Domitian in his defence.

19 He resumed his interrogatory: 'And what is your doctrine about the soul?'

Iarch. The same that was delivered to you by Pythagoras and by us to the Egyptians.

Apoll. Pythagoras declared himself to have been Euphorbus: will you tell me that, before coming into this present body, you were a Trojan or an Achæan or somebody?

Iarch. Troy was ruined by the Achæan armada, but the legends about it have been your ruin. You have no ideas beyond the heroes who went against Troy, and no regard for all the rest—the many more and far
98 diviner men whom your country and Egypt and India has produced. But since you ask me about my former body, tell me whom you consider to be more admirable than all the others who went to fight against and for Troy?

Apoll. My answer must be: Achilles, son of Peleus and Thetis, for Homer has sung that he was the handsomest, and great beyond comparison of all the Greeks, and his great exploits are matter of poetry. And though he glorifies an Ajax or a Nireus, their beauty and chivalry is celebrated as second to Achilles.

Iarch. Well, Apollonius, take him for a standard by which to consider my ancestor, or rather my ancestral body, for that is how Pythagoras conceived of Euphorbus.

20 Time was, he continued, the Ethiopians lived here, an Indian race; Ethiopia was not yet; the boundaries

of Egypt were above Meroe and the Cataracts, and Egypt could claim that the sources of the Nile belonged to her and not only that she ended at its mouth. Well, in the days when the Ethiopians dwelt here, subject to King Ganges, the land nourished them in sufficiency, and the gods took thought for their well-being. But after they killed their King, the rest of the Indians accounted them unclean, and the earth would not allow them to stand; but wasted, before it came to the bud, all they sowed in it; made the increase of childbirth to perish unconsummated, and yielded evil pasture to their flocks and herds; and wheresoever they laid the foundation of a city, the earth sank and fell away beneath. And, worst of all, the ghost of Ganges attached itself to their company and worried their advance, never abating until they devoted the guilty persons and the agents of the crime for expiation to the earth. Now this Ganges was ten cubits high, his youthful beauty such as never was seen in the world, and he was son to the river Ganges. When his father flooded India, it was he who diverted the waters into the Erythrean Sea and reconciled the river and the land. And this was why the land enriched him abundantly in his life, and avenged his death. Homer brings Achilles to Troy for the sake of Helen, but tells us that he had sacked twelve cities by the sea and eleven by land; and that when he was robbed of his woman by the King he fell into a rage, upon which occasion he cut a furious and savage figure. Now let us compare the Indian with this. As for cities, he was founder of sixty, and they are the most celebrated in this part of the world: nobody holds it more glorious to ravage than to build up a city. One time when the

Scythians marched across the Caucasus against the country he repelled them. Heroism in liberating a man's own country is far nobler than enslaving a city for the sake of a woman—who was probably not even carried off without her consent. He was in alliance with the ruler of that country which Phraôtes now governs; and when his ally most lawlessly and outrageously robbed him of his wife, Ganges refused to violate his oath, saying that he was so solemnly pledged that he would not harm him even to requite an injury.

21 I would continue the story if I did not scruple to engage in praising myself, for I am HE. I proved the fact when I was four years old, in the following way: this Ganges once planted seven swords¹ of diamond in the earth to safeguard the land against the approach of any terror; the gods commanded that all comers to the place where these were planted should offer sacrifice; but they did not reveal the place of planting. I, being quite a child, led the interpreters to a trench and bade them dig, saying the swords were there deposited.

22 You need not be surprised at my translation from an Indian into an Indian, look at *him* (and he pointed to
100 a lad of about twenty). Naturally qualified above all men for philosophy, healthy (as you see him to be), with a noble constitution, of endurance to bear any pain of fire or surgery—for all that, he hates philosophy.

Apoll. Why, what ails the lad, Iarchas? It is monstrous that, so constituted by nature, he does not take kindly to philosophy or feel any passion for learning—and living in your company too!

Iarch. He is not our companion, but our reluctant captive and prisoner, like a caged lion; he scowls upon

our caresses and our attempts at domestication. Well, this lad was once Palamedes, the hero of the Trojan War. His two worst enemies have been Odysseus and Homer—the man who framed a plot which ended in his being stoned to death, and the man who did not vouchsafe him so much as a line of his poems. And since the science he had availed him nothing, and he failed to gain the praises of Homer, thanks to whom many none too worthy warriors were brought into renown, and he was worsted by Odysseus though innocent, the result is that he is at daggers drawn with philosophy and makes a bitter grievance of his case. Palamedes he is: he can actually write, though he never learned his letters.

They were talking in this wise when a messenger 23 came to Iarchas and announced that ‘the King was coming early in the afternoon to confer with them about his affairs’. Iarchas answered, ‘Let him come: he will go away all the better for having made acquaintance with a man of Greece.’ And when he had said this, he resumed their former conversation by asking Apollonius, ‘Can you tell me your first body, and who you were before this time?’

Apoll. I have little remembrance of it, since it was little to my honour.

Iarch. Little to your honour, do you consider it, to be the steersman of an Egyptian vessel? For that is 101 what I see you have been.

Apoll. True, Iarchas—that is just what I was. I do consider it not only little to my honour, but positively abject. The profession may be as valuable to mankind as royalty or generalship, but it is brought into disrepute

by those who take to the sea. At any rate, the handsomest action I ever performed was never in those days deemed to be worth recording.

Iarch. And what is there that you can claim as handsome in having doubled Malea and Sunium by putting a curb on the ship's racing speed; or in having been sharp to discern from what quarter, fore or aft, the wind was going to blow; or in keeping your vessel clear off the rocks in the Sound of Euboea where many of the headlands are sharp as spikes?

- 24 *Apoll.* Since you start me talking of a skipper's life, listen to what I believe to have been a sound action of mine, performed in those days. There was a time when pirates infested the Phoenician Sea and went about among the towns to get information of the sailings and the cargoes. Certain representatives of these pirates discovered that I was richly laden, and taking me aside, began to make proposals. 'How much would be my share of the freight?' I said, 'A thousand, because we were four officers on board.' 'Had I a house?' A miserable hovel, I told them, in the isle of Pharos¹—where Proteus lived of old. 'Would I like to exchange the sea for the land, have a house instead of a hovel, ten times the freight I was getting, and escape from the thousand and one plagues and perils which threaten a sailor, from the surges of the sea?' 'I would like it well enough', was my answer; but I didn't fancy the rover's trade now that I was getting to be a skilful hand at my own, and
- 102 had gained prizes from the profession. They persevered, and offered to give me a purse of 10,000 drachmas if I would oblige them; whereupon I invited them to speak, giving them to understand that I was their man.

heart and soul. They then explained to me that they were agents of the pirates, and begged me not to spoil their game of capturing the ship: when I sailed I was not to make for the city, but lie to under the headland; the pirate ships were all round in the offing. They were ready to give me their oath to save my own life and the life of any man for whom I might plead. I dared not rebuke them for their wickedness, for fear lest, seeing the game was up, they might attack me when out of sight of land and murder us on the high seas; so, as if consenting to help their designs, I required them to swear solemnly that they would keep their word. They pledged their oath (the conversation, I should tell you, took place in a temple), and I then said, 'Go to the pirates' ships: we shall cast off at night.' I managed still better to avoid their suspicions by talking about the money, and stipulating the sum should be counted out to me in current coin, and not before they should be in possession of the ship. So they departed, and I . . . rounded the point and headed for the open sea.

Iarch. And this is what you consider a righteous action, Apollonius?

Apoll. And a humane action as well. To refuse to sell human lives and traffic with my employer's good, to be superior to the temptation of money—this, for a sea-faring man—seems to me to be many virtues combined in one.

The Indian laughed at this, and said, 'You seem to think righteousness means not doing wrong: and so, I fancy, do all the Greeks. I heard from some Egyptians who came here once, that you are visited by 25

governors from Rome, with naked axe erect against you, even before they know what sort of subjects you are likely to prove; and you call them righteous governors, if justice be not bought and sold under them. I hear that the slave-dealers in those parts behave likewise: if they arrive with a freight of Carians¹, and want to advertise their qualities, the best they can find to say of the slaves is that they do not steal. Well, this is how you treat the governors who, as you say, are your lords and masters: you think it a distinguished compliment to dignify them with the very praises that are applied to slaves. But, the fact is, your most ingenious poets do not allow you to be righteous and kind even if you would. Minos was of surpassing cruelty; his navies enslaved the coasts and the islands—nevertheless your poets give him a sceptre of honour and enthrone him in a judgement-seat over souls. Tantalus², again—Tantalus, because he was kind and gave his friends a share in the immortality he had got from the gods—is debarred from meat and drink; and some of them, not content with that, suspend stones above him—a shocking insult to the divine virtues of such a man. I should have preferred them to souse him in pools of that nectar, to which he had so benevolently and liberally treated them.’

And, so saying, he pointed to a statue on his left, which was inscribed TANTALUS. It was four cubits high, and resembled a man of fifty, garbed in the Argolic style, with a Thessalian variation of the mantle. He was in the attitude of raising a beaker, large enough for one thirsty man, in which foamed a liquor of purest juice, but never bubbled over the beaker’s brim. (I shall

presently explain what they hold this liquor to be, and on what condition they drink it.) Only we are bound to suppose that Tantalus, who could not hold his tongue and communicated the nectar to mankind, is not on bad terms with the gods, though he is so persecuted by the poets. For if he had been at enmity with the gods, he 104 could never have been esteemed a good man by the Indians, those favourites of heaven who are in all things guided by divine influence.

Whilst they were engaged in this conversation, they 26 were disturbed by a noise from the village. What should it be but the King, arrived in somewhat Median fullness of pomp and equipage. Iarchas was annoyed, and said, 'If it had been Phraôtes stopping here, you would have seen everything as silent as at a religious ceremony.' From this Apollonius inferred that the difference between this potentate and Phraôtes was not one of small degree, but of the whole measure of philosophy. But seeing how little the Sages bestirred themselves to make any of the preparations which the King's expected visit in the afternoon required, he asked where his majesty would reside. They answered, 'Here: the business which brings him is discussed at night, for that is a better time for taking counsel.'

Apoll. And will a table be laid for his refreshment?

The Sages. By Jupiter, yes, a substantial table, and plenty of everything that is found here.

Apoll. Oh! and do you diet substantially?

The Sages. Our fare is light: we are content with little, though we might have plenty. But the King wants a great deal because he likes it. However, he will get no animal food to eat, for such is the rule of

the house : only sweetmeats and roots, and such fruits of this season as India can produce—or of next season.

27 ‘But look,’ said Iarchas, ‘here he is!’ And there was the King advancing, accompanied by a brother and a son, and blazing with gold and precious stones. Apollonius would have stood up to receive him, but Iarchas made him keep his seat, saying that it was not traditional etiquette even for them.

Now Damis does not claim to have assisted at this scene ; he was spending the day in the village. But he says that he recorded what Apollonius told him of it in his narrative ; and this is the account.

105 The King held out his hands as if in prayer to the seated figures ; they bowed their heads as if consenting to his request, and he was as highly delighted at their condescension as if he had been admitted to the shrine of a god. The King’s brother and his son (a very beautiful youth) were no more regarded than if they had been slaves in your ordinary establishment. After this the Indian rose, and in a loud voice invited the King to take some refreshment ; and upon his accepting (with a hearty goodwill), four Pythian three-legged tables came forward, of themselves ¹, moving like those in Homer ², and cup-bearers of black bronze to serve them, as it might be your Ganymede or your Pelops in Greece. The earth laid a carpet for them far softer than our couches. And sweetmeats, loaves of bread, vegetables, dainties of the season—all came and went in proper style, more exquisitely arranged than if cooks had dressed them. Two of the three-legged stools flowed with wine ; and of the other pair one offered a fountain of hot water and one of cold. The stones which Greek commerce

imports from the Indies are so small that they are set in necklaces and rings : in India they are big enough to be decanters and coolers, and bowls fit to satisfy four thirsty men at midsummer. The cup-bearers of bronze drew wine and water in suitable proportions, and circulated the cups as at a wine party. The guests reclined as at a banquet, only there was no place of honour assigned to the King (the distinction which is so highly valued among Greeks and Romans) : they ranged themselves casually as each man's fancy prompted him.

In the course of the feast Iarchas said, 'I pledge **28** your majesty, and I have the honour to present you with **106** a man of Greece, Apollonius' : and he designated him, where he sat next the King, with a gesture that implied he was something noble and divine.

The King. I heard that he, and the persons who are stopping in the village, had to do with Phraôtes.

Iarch. You were truly and properly informed. Apollonius is here as his guest.

The King. What is their business ?

Iarch. None other than Phraôtes' business.

*The King.*¹ Your guest cannot be good for much if he takes to the same business which has kept Phraôtes from being a gentleman.

Iarch. I beg you to moderate your censures upon philosophy and upon Phraôtes. In the days of your boyhood, youth permitted such extravagances ; but now that you are growing up to manhood, let us be chary of such cheap and foolish sallies.

Here Apollonius interposed, Iarchas interpreting : 'And you, sir, what good have you got from *not* studying philosophy ?'

The King. I have to thank my ignorance for perfect virtue, and my being one with the Sun.

Apollonius put a muzzle on his pride by saying, 'Had you learned philosophy, you would not think so.'

The King. And you, my good sir, as you are a philosopher, what is your opinion of yourself?

Apoll. That I should be a good man if I practised philosophy.

The King (*lifting up his hand towards heaven*). Great Sun-god! You have had a full dose of Phraôtes!

But Apollonius asked nothing better than this opening: 'My travels have not been for nothing, if I have had a full dose of Phraôtes. And if you should now meet him you will surely say that he is full of me. Indeed, he meant to write to you on my behalf; but as he told me you were a good man, I begged him not to be at the trouble of a letter, considering that I had come without introduction to him either.'

29 Here ended the King's first impertinence; for he no
107 sooner heard that Phraôtes had spoken in praise of him than he forgot his suspicions and altered his key.

'I greet you, as a good man,' he said. To which Apollonius replied, 'And I you, sir, for you seem to be a sensible person.'

The King. And who brought you to us?

Apoll. These gods or Sages.

The King. And is there much talk about me in Greece?

Apoll. Quite as much as the talk about the Greeks here.

The King. There is nothing Greek worth talking about.

Apoll. I shall take that piece of intelligence home with me, and they will crown you at Olympia.

And so saying, he turned towards Iarchas, and said, 30
‘Better leave his drunken folly alone ! But I wish you would tell me why you do not deem his companions—his brother and his son, as you tell me—worthy to share your table or show them any other mark of respect ?’

Iarch. Because they expect one day to be kings, and it is good for them to be disregarded, as a lesson not to disregard others.

Apollonius noted that there were eighteen of the Sages, and he now asked Iarchas what was the significance of the number, ‘since it was neither square nor one of those which are particularly esteemed and prized, such as ten, twelve, sixteen, and the like.’

Iarch. We are not enslaved to number nor number to us ; preferment goes by knowledge and worth ; and we are sometimes more than our present number and sometimes less. For instance, I am told that, when my grandfather was elected to the College of Sages, they numbered seventy members, and he was the youngest. But when he attained the age of 130 years he was the sole survivor of his colleagues, and in all India there could not be found a philosopher or a noble character to recruit the membership. The Egyptians wrote to congratulate him warmly on the distinction of being, for 108
four years, the sole representative of this bench ; but he requested them not to insult India again by referring to the depopulation of the Faculty. For our part, Apollonius, we have heard from the Egyptians about the usage of the Eleans and of the ten Hellenodicae¹ who preside at the Olympic games, and we do not approve

the law which regulates these appointments. They make the election by drawing lots : that is, they leave it to blind chance, and there is nothing to prevent the lot from choosing one of the less worthy candidates. However, even if they were appointed by desert or by votes, would there have been nothing amiss ? It is much the same : the inexorable number ten would still have debarred some deserving candidates from recognition, supposing that more than ten honest men were forthcoming ; or if all the ten be not honest men, none will be thought so. It follows that the Eleans would have been better advised to keep their number variable and their honesty constant.

- 31 They were engaged in this instructive talk when the King set himself to interrupt them by making all conversation impossible with his senseless and absurd remarks. He again asked what they were talking about. Apollonius answered, ‘ We are discussing matters of moment and of great consideration in Greece ; but you would think them petty, since you say that you are against Greek things.’

The King. So I am against them, that’s true. But I’d like to hear, all the same : I fancy you are talking about the Athenians, Xerxes’ slaves.

Apoll. We were speaking of something different ; but since you have applied an absurd and false expression to the Athenians, just tell me this : has your majesty any slaves ?

The King. Twenty thousand, and I never bought a single one—all home-bred.

Apoll. (*Iarchas again interpreting*). Do you run away from your slaves, or they from you ?

The King (insolently). Just the question that human cattle might ask! You shall have an answer, though: 109 the one who runs away is the slave, and a rascally slave at that; but the master would not run away from a man whom he has the right to rack or to flay.

Apoll. Then, sir, you have surely proved that Xerxes was the slave of the Athenians, and, like a rascally slave, ran away from them. He was defeated by them in the naval battle of the Straits¹, and in alarm for his rafts in the Hellespont, he fled in one night.

The King. That is all very well, but he fired Athens with his own hand.

Apoll. And had to make amends for the exploit as never man besides: he had to shift for it and run from those whom he thought he had annihilated. For my part, when I figure Xerxes at the outset of his ambitious enterprise, I could well conceive how some people might take him for Zeus; but in his retreat I feel he was the most unhappy man in the world. Had he died by the hands of the Greeks, who would have been dignified with greater splendours of language? To whom would Greece have assigned a grander sepulchre? What tournaments and artistic competitions would they not have founded in his honour? A Melicertes², a Palæmon, an alien intruder from Lydia like Pelops³—all have been divinized in memory by the Greeks, though two of them died as infants at the breast, and the last was the enslaver of Arcadia, Argolis, and all the lands within the Isthmus: what would not have been done for Xerxes by a nation always so naturally eager to hail great merits, and who always felt that in praising the vanquished a conqueror praises himself?

32 At these words of Apollonius the King burst into tears and exclaimed, 'Beloved sir, what men you do make these Greeks out to be!'

110 *Apoll.* Then why was your majesty so displeased with them before?

The King. The Greek race is maligned by Egyptian travellers who come here, and represent themselves to be holy and learned and the founders of all established rites and ceremonies of Greece; whereas they say that there is nothing sound in the Greeks, but they are just a mob of impudent bravoës, a mass of anarchy—liars, fablemongers, a pack of needy scoundrels, who make a display of poverty not for the natural majesty of it, but as an excuse for thieving. But now that I hear what you say, and how kind and full of noble ambition they are, from this day forth I make peace with the Greeks, and promise them the favour of my praise and my best prayers for Greece, and my hearty disbelief in an Egyptian's word.

Iarch. I knew, sir, that these Egyptians had debauched your ears, but I never made any explanations about the Greeks till such time as you should meet with so instructive an example. But now, since, thanks to our Sage, you have found amendment, let us drink the loving cup of Tantalus and go to rest to prepare for our night's business. And as for Greek notions—which are most of the notions in the world—I shall be as glad to fill you with them, as you will be to listen, upon any future visit.

So saying, he inaugurated the ceremony by stooping his lips towards the bowl, which in due course supplied each guest in turn with sufficient drink; for the liquor abounded in perpetual increase like a natural wellspring.

Apollonius also drank, for this cup is for the Indians the sacrament of loving-kindness. And they choose Tantalus for Cupbearer of it because he seems to have been the kindest of men.

After they had drunk, earth received them on the 33 couches which, of herself, she spread for them.

At midnight the Sages first rose and sang their hymns to the solar ray, elevated off the ground as they 111 had been at midday, and then had their meeting with the King for such affairs as he required. Damis says that Apollonius was not present at the transaction of the King's business, but thought the conference had to do with state secrets. Well, at daybreak the King sacrificed, and then coming to Apollonius invited him to be his guest at the palace, and 'he would send him home in such style that the Greeks would envy him'. Apollonius thanked him, but refused to bestow himself on a man with whom he had nothing in common; his excuse was that he was already longer absent on his travels than he ought, and felt scruples that his friends at home would think themselves slighted. But the King said that he implored him to come, and pressed him with such ill-bred persistency that at last Apollonius said, 'When a King forgets his dignity in expressing his desires, it argues a treacherous purpose.'

Iarchas now came up and remonstrated with the King for violating their sanctuary by taking a man thence against his will; and added that Apollonius being one of those who have second sight, knew that the commerce between them would bring him no good, and possibly be of no use to his majesty either.

So he went down towards the village, as the rule of 34

the Sages did not allow the King to be with them for more than one day. Iarchas now instructed the messenger: 'Damis is also privileged to learn our secrets, and he may come.' Upon Damis' arrival, they sat down as usual and gave Apollonius leave to ask questions. He asked: Of what did they hold that the Universe¹ consisted? They answered, 'Of elements.'

Apoll. Not four elements?

Iarch. Not four, but five.

Apoll. And what might be the fifth, besides water, air, earth, and fire?

Iarch. Ether, which we ought to believe is the origin
112 of gods; for all that breathes air is mortal; but such as breathes ether, immortal and divine.

Apoll. Which element was first created?

Iarch. All were created at once. An animal is not born piecemeal.

Apoll. And am I to consider the universe an animal?

Iarch. Surely, if you hold the sound doctrine: it is the very parent of all things.

Apoll. Are we to call it feminine, or of the male and opposite sex?

Iarch. Both. It copulates with itself, performing both the father's function and that of the mother in procreation; it has more ardent desire for itself than any creature for any other, and this desire is its co-ordinating and constitutive principle. There is nothing improbable in this self-coalescence. And just as motion in the creature, and the creature's mind which furnishes the impulse, have created the function of hands and feet; so we must believe that the parts of the universe are by its mind directed to lend themselves to all things that

are begotten and conceived. The calamitous visitations of drought visit the earth in obedience to the mind of the Universe at such times as justice is banished from mankind and left to pine in dishonour. And this great cosmic creature is tended and guided not by one hand, but by many and mysterious hands with which it is furnished; a creature too vast to be bridled—and yet it is manageable and docile in its movements. And, 35 though I know not what illustration will be adequate to so vast and transcendent a doctrine, let us take the instance of a ship, such as the Egyptians build and send into our seas when they traffic Egyptian for Indian commodities. There was an ancient ordinance concerning the Erythrean Sea, laid down by King Erythras¹ when he was master of that sea, which forbade the Egyptians to enter it in a ship of war and restricted them to a single merchantman. Accordingly the ingenious Egyptians designed a vessel to be a match for many ordinary craft. To the keel and ribs, which are 113 the framework of a ship, they added extra height of bulwarks and mast, and fitted the vessel with several cabins, like the usual deck-house. She carries several masters, all under the orders of the senior and most experienced; several captains of the forecastle, a crew of picked men, very smart and quick at going aloft; and a force of heavy-armed troops as well: for she has to fight the natives in the Gulf, in case of a predatory attack by their cruisers. We may believe that the Universe is analogous to this. Thus, when we consider it in terms of this vessel, the first and most authoritative post is to be assigned to the god who created this animal or creature; the next, to those gods who are

in command of its several divisions. And since the poets assure us it is so, let us take their word for it that there are many gods in the heavens, many in the sea, many more in springs and river-floods, and many whose province is earth, and some also beneath the earth. But the region beneath the earth (if it exists), since they sing of it as a place of horror and corruption, we must exclude from our Universe.

36 Damis says he was transported with awe and shouted aloud when the Indian had finished this exposition: he could never have believed that an Indian could get such lengths in the Greek language; or, even if he had learned the language, prove himself so facile and charming in elocution. He also praises his look, his smile, his inspired air while delivering these tenets. Indeed, he tells us that Apollonius, graceful and quiet as was his style of speech, improved after listening to this Indian's; and when he discoursed sitting, as he often did, had a resemblance to Iarchas.

37 When all the rest had praised both the delivery and
114 the matter, Apollonius asked another question: Did they hold that the sea was greater than the land? To which Iarchas answered, 'If the earth be compared in measurement to the sea, it will be greater, for it holds the sea; but if it be considered in relation to the whole aqueous element, we shall pronounce the earth to be the less, for it also is upborne by water.'

38 They were in the midst of this conversation when the same messenger appeared, bringing with him a number of Indians petitioning for salvation. He presented a woman who pleaded on behalf of her son, who was sixteen years old, and for two years past, she said, had

been possessed by a devil, and a devil of a sly and deceitful disposition. One of the Sages asked her what grounds she had for saying so. 'Because', said she, 'this is rather a good-looking boy, the devil is in love with him and will not allow him to behave well; it forbids him to attend the school or the archery-lesson, or to stay at home, and turns him astray into the waste country. The boy has not even the control of his own voice, but speaks in deep hollow tones like a man, and looks with alien eyes instead of his own. It makes me weep and beat my breast, and I rebuke my son, as I ought, but he does not know me. When I made up my mind to take the journey here (it was last year I made up my mind to come), the devil declared himself, making the boy his mouthpiece; and this was the story. He was the ghost of a man who died long ago in battle, and died much in love with his wife. He had not been three days dead before the wife outraged his marriage-bed by marrying another man. This gave him a loathing for the love of women, and his affections were directed to this boy. He promised that he would do great things for my son's honour and advantage, if I would not denounce him to you. And his promises 115 had some effect on me; but now he has kept fobbing me off for such a long while, and he is absolute master of my house, and, besides, he has no idea of truth or decency.'

The Sage asked if the boy were at hand; she said, No; she had done all she could to get him here, but *he* threatens me with precipices and abysses, and he will kill my son if I summon him here.' 'Be of good courage,' said the Sage, 'he will not kill him when he

has read this.'—And with that he drew from his bosom a letter and gave it to the woman. What do you think
 39 this letter contained? Orders to the ghost, reinforced by threats and awful denunciations.

There came also a lame man, thirty years old already, and a great lion-hunter. In an encounter with a lion which had attacked him, he had dislocated his hip and was a cripple in one leg. Massage of the hip restored to the young man the proper use of his limbs. Another who had lost both his eyes went away with the light of vision fully repaired; another recovered the use of a paralysed hand, and so departed. Then there was a woman who had a difficult and dangerous labour at each of seven births: her husband pleaded for her. The cure was as follows: The Sage told him, when his wife should be in labour, to bring a live hare, concealed in his bosom, into the room where she lay in, to walk round her, and then immediately to let the hare go. Unless the hare were instantly removed from the house, the birth would be followed by a *prolapsus uteri*.

40 Then there was a father who said that sons were born to him, but died as soon as they began to drink wine. Iarchas answered him. 'And better dead they were: they could not else have escaped madness, apparently from excess of congenital caloric. Yes, your family must abstain from wine; and in case of your having another son (and I see, by the way, that one was
 116 born a week ago to-day), I will give you a prescription to prevent even the inclination for wine from developing. You must watch an owl and find where it nests; take the eggs and give them to the infant to eat, lightly boiled.¹ Any such diet taken before the child shall

taste wine will give him an ingrained loathing for wine; and he will be of a perfectly sober habit, left to the natural heat of his idiosyncrasy.'

Thus did they regale their curiosity and their admiration for the universal science of their hosts; and many were the questions proposed by them and to them. Both the visitors took part in the dialectical conferences; 41 but Damis says that the esoteric studies in which they considered points of astrological prophecy, or concerned themselves with Second Sight, or handled questions of sacrifice and of the appellations in which the gods delight—in all these Apollonius alone shared the researches of Iarchas; and this was the source of his treatise in four books concerning *Prophecies of the Stars* (Moeragenes² mentions this) and *How to sacrifice duly and acceptably to each god*.³

As for questions of astrology and all other such supernatural dealings, I hold that they are beyond human scope, and I know not whether any man really possesses such faculties. But I have found his work *On Sacrifices* in many temples, many cities, many houses of clever men; and (needless to say) it is written with dignity and answerable to the great man's reputation.

Damis also tells us that Iarchas gave seven rings to Apollonius, named after the seven stars, and that Apollonius wore them in turns each on the respective day. Apollonius took a deep interest in the science of 42 Second Sight, and was fond of giving this turn to their conversations; on one occasion when this topic was under discussion, Iarchas paid him the compliment of 117 saying that the devotees of divination become inspired under its influence and contribute to the salvation of

mankind. 'Yes, my dear sir, to be able of oneself to foresee and foretell to others what men must go to a god's house to discover—what a height of blessedness! This is to share the powers of Delphian Apollo! And since precept requires that such as visit a god's house to get an oracle must walk in purity (or else they will be met by a "get you gone from the temple"), it seems to me that the man who hopes to have the faculty of Second Sight must also keep holy, and have no slur or taint on his soul, no scars of sin imprinted on his mind, but be a pure and intelligent interpreter of himself and of the tripod in his breast. So shall he the more clearly and truly deliver his dicta. And therefore it is no wonder that you, who have so much of the ethereal in your soul, have comprehended this science.'

- 43 At the same time he had his joke with Damis. 'And have you no Second Sight, Assyrian—you the companion of such a man?' 'By Jove,' said Damis, 'for my own wants, I have! When I first met this Apollonius, and thought him full of science and cleverness and moral dignity and true asceticism, and when I saw his talent of memory, his immense information, and overpowering passion for knowledge, something extraordinary happened to me: I got the notion that by attaching myself to him I might come to be a man of science instead of a stupid amateur, an educated man instead of a barbarian; and that if I followed him and joined in his studies I should see the Indians and see you, and, graccized by his influence, mix with the world of Greece. That is what my Second Sight told me! Your Second Sight concerns great matters; call it your Delphi or your
118 Dodona or what you please. Mine—as it is only

Damis' Second Sight and concerns himself alone—must be thought as merely the prophecies of an old catch-penny crone soothsaying about sheep and the like.'

All the Sages laughed at this sally; but when the laughter abated, Iarchas harked back to the subject of Divination, which he said had done many services to mankind. 'Above all other boons it had given the world medicine: the scientific sons of Asclepius would never have attained to any knowledge of this blessing, had not Asclepius been son of Apollo; it was by his father's revelations and oracles that he apprehended what drugs are agreeable to human ailments; and he then delivered the tradition to his sons, and taught his disciples what herbs must be applied to running sores, and what to withered and dry; the right proportions for compounding draughts, the art of drawing off dropsical humours, stopping a flow of blood, arresting a phthisis or other internal mischief. And who shall take away from Divination the honour of discovering both the remedies for poisons, and the various uses of poisons themselves in pharmacy? But for scientific Second Sight I do not see how they would ever have ventured to compound healing ingredients with the most deadly.' 44

Damis' narrative contains further an account of his studies in the fabulous beasts and springs; and so I must not omit it. It is surely a good policy neither to believe nor to disbelieve everything. Apollonius asked the question, was there in those parts a creature called *Martichoras*¹? 45

Iarch. And what is the nature of this animal, as you have heard?

Apoll. Great and incredible things are reported of 119

it : that it is a quadruped, but has the semblance of a human head ; it may be compared to a lion for size, but its tail is furnished with bristles a cubit long and as sharp as spikes, which it shoots like arrows at its pursuers.

He also asked about the golden water, said to come from a spring ; about the pebble which is said to have the same properties as the magnet ; about the men who dwell underground, and the Pigmies¹, and the Umbrella-Foot¹. Iarchas answered, ‘Why should I tell you about animals, or plants, or springs, which you saw for yourself when you came here ? It is your business now to report them to others. I have never heard tell, in these parts, of any arrow-shooting animal or fountain of golden
46 water. But there is no need to be sceptical about the pebble which attracts and attaches other stones to itself ; it is open to you to see this stone and admire all its properties. It is found, at its biggest, the size of this finger-nail’—he showed his thumb—‘it is bred in the bowels of the earth, at four fathoms depth ; and is so highly charged with spirit as to make the earth to swell and often to crack during the generation of the stone. No man can seek it, for it runs away unless it be elicited by rule. We alone by certain practices and certain words can raise the *Pantarbes*²—that is its name. It makes daylight in darkness, like fire, being of a fiery red and blazing ; whereas, if seen by day, it smites the eye with innumerable sparkles. The light in it is a spirit of such mysterious force that it assumes to itself whatever is near it—near it, did I say ? Why, you may sink as many stones as you please anywhere in rivers or in the sea, and not even near each other, but broadcast and at
120 random. This stone, if you let it down to them, gathers

them all by the diffusive action of its spirit ; and the stones will fasten themselves to it beneath in a cluster, like swarming bees.' And so saying, he showed the 47 stone itself and all its effects.

The Pigmies he described as dwelling underground ; they are situated beyond the Ganges, and their way of life is as has generally been related. But as for Umbrella-Foot, or Long Heads, and all the romantic particulars given in Scylax'¹ history, as they do not exist anywhere, so most assuredly do they not exist in India.

The gold which the gryphons dig up² is really stones 48 tattooed with specks of gold that look like sparks, which this creature quarries by means of its powerful beak. For the creature exists in India and is accounted sacred to the Sun ; Indian artists who portray the Sun in statues represent gryphons harnessed to his chariot in a team of four ; for size and strength they are a match for lions ; but, thanks to the advantage of their wings, they attack the lion, and overpower the elephant and the dragon. They fly no great distance, only as far as short-winged birds ; for they have not feathers after the manner of birds, but only webs of red membrane on the *tarsus* enabling them to fly in circles and fight in the air. The tiger is the one beast they cannot vanquish, because in virtue of its swiftness it is the adopted of the winds.

The bird called Phoenix, which appears in Egypt 49 once in five hundred years, flies in India during the interval ; it is unique, engendered of sunbeams and shining with gold ; in size and appearance like an eagle, it settles on a nest of spices which it makes for itself by

121 the sources of the Nile. The romantic Egyptian tale how it comes to Egypt is corroborated by the Indians, who add the romantic detail that the phoenix while in process of dissolution upon the nest sings to itself a chant of envoy. This is what swans are said to do . . . by those who listen cleverly enough.

50 Such were the colloquies of Apollonius with the Sages during four months which he spent there in a comprehensive survey of all their doctrines both public and esoteric.

When he made up his mind to depart, his hosts invited him to send his former guide and the camels back to Phraôtes with a letter; and after they had provided him with a new escort they put him on his road. They congratulated themselves and him, and when they took leave of him, said that the multitude would look on him as a god, not only after his death but even in his lifetime; and with that, returned to their Speculatory, often looking backwards and manifesting their unwillingness to part.

Apollonius travelled with the Ganges on his right and the Hyphasis on his left, ten days' journey from the holy hill seawards. On the way they saw many ostriches and many wild cattle; also asses, lions, panthers, and tigers in plenty; and another sort of ape than that which is found among the pepper-trees, black, shaggy, and dog-like, and in size equal to small men. Talking of all the sights they saw, after their custom, they reached the sea, and found a small factory built there, and passenger boats at anchor in the port, very like the Tyrrhenian craft.

They report that the Erythrean Sea is very blue;

but it is called (as I have mentioned before) after King Erythras, who imposed his name on these waters.

Arrived here, he sent back the camels to Iarchas **51** with a letter.

'Apollonius to Iarchas and the other Sages, greeting. 122

'The pilgrim who came to you on foot has to thank you for the sea, but the inquirer admitted to partake in your science has to thank you also for a free pass through heaven. I shall let the Greeks know of my obligations, and I shall still partake in your discourses as if present, if I have drunk of Tantalus to any good purpose. Farewell, excellent philosophers.'

Taking ship he sailed with an equable and favouring **52** wind, admiring meanwhile the mouth of the Hyphasis where it disembogues with terrific force. As I mentioned, this river finally gets into a region of rocks and gorges and precipices, through which it bursts a passage to the sea¹, presenting a dangerous navigation to the sailor who hugs the shore too fast.

They tell us they also saw the mouth of the Indus, **53** and that there is the city called Patala², surrounded by the river, to which Alexander's fleet came, under the command of Nearchus³, an admiral not untrained in naval organization. Orthagoras'³ statements about the Erythrean Sea—viz. that the Bear is not visible there, that mariners do not calculate the noon (or the south), that the visible stars vary their proper order there—are confirmed by Damis; and we are to believe that these statements genuinely describe the celestial conditions of those parts. They also mention a little island, named Biblos, in which mussels, oysters, and the like are found growing

on the rocks, ten times as big as the Greek shell-fish. They also fish there for the stone called Pearl, which is found in a white oyster-shell, taking the place of the oyster's heart.

- 54 We hear of their landing at Pêgades in the country of the Ôritae. These Ôritae—their rocks are bronze, their sand is bronze, and their rivers roll a bronzen dust.
- 123 The land is thought to be auriferous, because the bronze
- 55 is of such fine quality. Also of their meeting with the Ichthyophagi, whose city is called Stobêra. This tribe are dressed in the skins of huge fishes; the sheep of the country are fish-like too, and queer feeders—the shepherds pasture them on fish, as they do on figs in
- 56 Caria. Also of their putting in to Balara. Balara is a factory, rich with myrtles and palms; they saw bay-trees too, and the place is irrigated with springs: and there were thriving orchards and flower gardens and anchorages full of tranquillity. In front of this place there is a holy island, called Selêra (a hundred stades across the firth), in which a Nereid lives, a terrible deity who preys upon mariners and will not so much as permit a ship to moor off the island.
- 57 I ought not to omit the account of another sort of pearl, since Apollonius saw nothing childish in it. It is a very pretty story, and as marvellous as any that ever was told of the sea. The side of the island towards the open sea is deep water: here is produced an oyster in a white shell, very fat, and which develops no pearl. The natives wait for calm weather and smooch the sea artificially—which is done by pouring oil on the
- 124 surface-- and then a diver goes down to fish for oysters. He is accoutred like the divers who cut sponges,

except that he has a plate of iron and a casket of myrrh. The Indian alights beside the oyster and proceeds to allure it with a bait of myrrh. The shell-fish opens and becomes intoxicated with the spicy influence. It is then perforated with a spike, and discharges its fluid, which the diver catches on the iron plate. The iron is grooved in a pattern; and the fluid presently petrifies upon it according to the mould, and is just like a natural pearl. The pearl is a white blood from the Erythrean Sea.

The Arabians of the opposite shore are also said to practise this fishery.

From there onward the sea was full of monsters, and they saw schools of whales. As a protection against them the ships carry bells fore and aft, the noise of which scares the brutes and keeps them from coming to close quarters with the vessel.

Arriving at the mouth of the Euphrates, they sailed up to Babylon and visited Vardanes. Finding him still like his former self, they came again to Nineveh. Antioch being, as usual, full of turbulent pride, and showing no interest in things Hellenic, they went down to the sea at Seleucia. Thence taking passage they sailed to Cyprus, putting in at Paphos. Apollonius admired the symbolic¹ image of Aphrodite which is in her shrine there, and instructed the priests in many particulars of temple ritual. And so to Ionia, duly applauded and honoured by all such as valued Science.

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